

THE
ENGLISH POETS

SELECTIONS

WITH CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS

BY VARIOUS WRITERS

AND A GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

EDITED BY

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VOL. III

ADDISON to BLAKE

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JOSEPH ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the 1st of May 1672. His first English poem was an address to Dryden on the publication of the latter's Translations of Ovid. This was written in his twenty-second year. In 1694 he published in one of Dryden's Miscellanies his *Account of the Principal English Poets*. In 1695 appeared his *Address to King William*. Having obtained a pension of £300 to enable him to travel he visited the continent and in 1701 wrote his *Letter from Italy* to Lord Halifax. When Godolphin in 1704 was in search of a poet to celebrate in an adequate manner the victory of Blenheim Halifax directed him to Addison who in answer to the Treasurer's application produced *The Campaign* and obtained as a reward the post of Under Secretary of State. His opera *Ramond* was performed in 1706. In 1709 *The Tatler* began to appear and *The Spectator* in 1711. Addison's tragedy of *Cato* was brought out in 1713. He also wrote Prologues and Epilogues to various plays among others the Prologue to *The Tamer Tam'd* and the Epilogue to Lord Lansdowne's *British Emulators*. He died on the 17th of June 1719.]

No English poet illustrates more vividly than Addison the truth of the principle *Poeta nascitur non fit*. I possessed of an inimitable prose style, which makes him the most graceful of all social satirists the creator of Sir Roger de Coverley rarely succeeds as a poet in impressing us with the sense—the true touchstone of poetical art—that what he is saying is expressed better in verse than it could be expressed in prose. Nor is this to be attributed to the comparatively prosaic nature of the subjects he undertakes. Dryden, Pope and Goldsmith write on themes which seem unpropitious when compared with the materials of the Elizabethan poets but the best work of these three poets is in its class first rate. Addison's work is never more than second rate. His *Account of the Principal English Poets* is just but tame he probably wrote it in metre merely because Roscommon had done something of the same kind before him. At any rate by the side of the animated judgments of Pope in his *Epistle to Augustus* his historical survey of English poetry seems flat and languid. His

Letter from Italy is certainly his most successful composition, but those who compare it with Goldsmith's *Traveller* will be chiefly struck with the different degrees of fertility a somewhat barren subject may exhibit when treated by an ordinary versifier and a master of poetical design. The same is true of Addison's complimentary verse compared with that of Pope. Poems of this kind are seldom very sincere, but some of Pope's noblest lines of praise were addressed to the not very noble Earl of Oxford. Whether or no Pope really felt as he pretended, he seemed at least to write with ardour, but the style of Addison's panegyrics on King William III is as artificial as the sentiments by which they were prompted. His sole conception of poetical compliment is hyperbole. When, for instance, he wishes to excuse himself for an inadequate celebration of William's heroic prowess, he says that, as Troy had perished long before Homer appeared, so perhaps some mighty bard may lie hid in futurity to write an *Iliad* on the Battle of the Boyne, when that river shall have ceased to flow. If he seeks to represent the terrors of Algiers and Tunis under the British attack, he says—

‘Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves much nearer to the sun’

We see in such a conceit the evil influence of Dryden, but the large opulence of thought and the noble diction with which Dryden atoned for his extravagances are wanting in his pupil.

Yet with all Addison's deficiencies in poetical genius, his fine taste and blameless character were not without their effect on the course of our poetry. He never, like Dryden, prostituted his Muse to utterly unworthy objects, if his poetry is not free from ‘courtly stains,’ it is at least animated by a genuine love of freedom, and his lines on Liberty are a fine expression of the Whig spirit of the times. *The Campaign* was called by Warton, not unjustly, a ‘gazette in rhyme,’ the epic style however seems to have been considered indispensable to the subject, and allowing for this preliminary condition, Addison deserves credit for having depicted the character of his hero with some loftiness and dignity.

Addison's versification is pure though not vigorous, his treatment of the heroic couplet, in its antithesis and careful selection of epithet, marks the period of transition between the large and flowing style of Dryden and the compressed energy of Pope.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY

[From the *Letter from Italy*]

Oh Liberty thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train
 Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay
 Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day

Thee goddess thee Britannia's isle adores
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grapes soft juice and mellow it to wine
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
 smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give
 Or teach their animated rocks to live
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate
 And hold in balance each contending state

To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r
 The Dane and Swede rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms
 Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM

[From *The Campaign*]

Behold, in awful march and dread array
 The long extended squadrons shape their way !
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ,
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life
 No vulgar fears can British minds control
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host
 Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examn'd all the dreadful scenes of war ,
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,

Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm

WILLIAM WALSH.

[WILLIAM WALSH was born at Aberley in Worcestershire, in 1663 He died in 1708 His principal works are *A Defence of the Fair Sex*, 1690, and *Poems*, 1691]

The praise of Dryden first recommended to the public a poet who has since his death been solely immortalised by the praise of Pope The lines of the latter, written in 1709, are familiar to most readers, but may be quoted here

‘ To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author’s merit, but his own,
Such late was Walsh—the Muse’s judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend,
To failings mild, but zealous to desert,
The clearest head and the sincerest heart ’

The qualities which Pope attributes to the person of Walsh are found in his writings, which have certainly been unduly neglected The Propertius of the Restoration, he alone among the writers of his age understood the passion of love in an honourable and chivalric sense Dryden, however, was almost the only person who perceived the moral beauty of Walsh’s verse, and certainly was alone in praising his very remarkable *Defence of the Fair Sex*, in which the young poet, in an age given up to selfish gallantry, recommended the honourable equality of the sexes and the views now understood as the extension of women’s rights He possessed little versatility, but much sweetness in the use of the heroic measure, and a certain delicate insight into emotion His poem entitled ‘Jealousy’ cannot be quoted here, but it is by far the most powerful of his productions, and a marvellously true picture of a heart tossed in an agony of jealousy and love In studying the

versification of Pope the influence of Walsh upon the style of the younger and greater man should not be overlooked and there will be found in Walsh couplets such as this—

Embalmed in verse through distant times they come
Preserved like bees within an amber tomb

which Pope did not disdain to rework on his own anvil into brighter shapes. It should be noted that Walsh is the author of the only sonnet written in English between Milton's in 1638 and Warton's about 1750.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

TO HIS BOOK (1691)

Go, little Book, and to the world impart
 The faithful image of an amorous heart,
 Those who love's dear, deluding pain have known,
 May in my fatal stories read their own,
 Those who have lived from all its torment free,
 May find the thing they never felt, from me,
 Perhaps, advised, avoid the gilded bait,
 And, warned by my example, shun my fate.
 While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
 I view the waves on which I once was tost
 Love is a medley of endearments jar,
 Suspicions, quarrels, reconciliations, war,
 Then peace again—O would it not be best
 To chase the fatal passion from our breast?
 But since so few can live from passion free,
 Happy the man, and only happy he,
 Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
 That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
 Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away,
 What's built upon esteem, can ne'er decay.

SONNET

What has this bugbear death that's worth our care?
 After a life of pain and sorrow past,
 After deluding hopes and dire despair,
 Death only gives us quiet at the last,
 How strangely are our love and hate misplaced!
 Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee,
 Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,
 And shunning death that only sets us free
 'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,—
 Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?
 That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see,
 'Tis not the loss of riches or of fame,
 Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name,
 'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee!

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon her lover,
Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish
 Nor bear so much anguish,
But mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes
Where a leap from above
 Would finish his woes

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep,
His torments projecting
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
 Can never be set
And, that he could die
 Whenever he would
Whereas he could live
 But as long as he could,
How grievous soever
 The torment might grow
He scorned to endeavour
 To finish it so
But bold unconcerned
 At thoughts of the pain
He calmly returned
 To his cottage again.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

[WILLIAM CONGREVE was born in 1670 His first comedy, *The Old Bachelor*, was acted in 1693 In 1694 and 1695 respectively appeared two others, *The Double Dealer* and *Love for Love* These were followed in 1697 by the tragedy of *The Mourning Bride* His last and best comedy, *The Way of the World* conspicuous for its all-conquering character of 'Millamant,' so admirably interpreted by the beautiful Mrs Bracegirdle, was produced in 1700 After this he practically retired from literature His works, which include a volume of miscellaneous poems, were published in 1710 He died in 1729]

The poetical remains of Congreve, especially when considered in connection with those remarkable dramatic works which achieved for him so swift and splendid a reputation, have but a slender claim to vitality His brilliant and audacious Muse seems to have required the glitter of the foot-lights and the artificial atmosphere of the stage as conditions of success, in the study he is, as a rule, either trivial or frigidly conventional A translation of the third book of Ovid's *Art of Love* has the merit of being still readable, but his *Pindaric Odes* and *Pastorals*, such as that to the King on the taking of Namur, and *The Mourning Muse of Alexis*, can now only detain those who are curious in the class of poetry which flourishes under the patronage of royalty The opening stanza of the lines *On Mrs Arabella Hunt singing* has a suave and delicate movement —

'Let all be hushed, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder grasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of Death
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,

Be still gently ah' gently leave
Thou busy idle thing to heave
Stir not a pulse and let my blood
That turbulent unruly flood
Be softly staid
Let me be all but my attention dead.
Go rest, unnecessary springs of life
Leave your officious toil and strife
For I would hear her voice and try
If it be possible to die

This is beautifully and musically said. The second stanza is not so good and in the third the charm is altogether loosed by the absurd appearance of Silence draped in a melancholy Thought and insecurely seated upon an ancient Sigh—an intrusion from which the reader barely recovers in time to recognise a strange, and we think hitherto unnoticed anticipation of the last lines of Keats' famous last sonnet in the concluding couplet of the whole —

Wishing for ever in that state to lie
For ever to be dying so yet never die

In his songs and minor pieces Congreve is more successful though he never reaches the level of his contemporary Prior. *Amoret* which we quote sets a tune which has often since been heard in familiar verse and the little song *False though she be to me and love'* has almost a note of genuine regret

AUSTIN DOBSON

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray,
Pursue and seek her every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct 'em

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes,
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises

SONG

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge,
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last,
And though the present I regret
I'm grateful for the past

SIR SAMUEL GARTH

[SAMUEL GARTH was born at Bolam in Durham about the year 1660. He was knighted at the accession of George I and died on Jan. 18, 1718. *The Dispensary* appeared in 1699 and quickly ran through numerous editions. The short poem on *Clamor* came out in 1715 and in 1717 Garth edited a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in which Dryden's versions were completed by a great number of hands, he himself contributing the fourteenth book and parts of others.]

Garth is mainly interesting at the present day because he was the first writer who took the couplet as Dryden had fashioned it from Dryden's hands and displayed it in the form it maintained throughout the eighteenth century. In some respects it may be said that no advance in this peculiar model was ever made on *The Dispensary*. Its best lines are equal to any of Pope's in mere fashion and in it appear clearly enough the inherent defects of the form when once Dryden's energy, divine and his cunning admixture of what looked like roughness had been lost or rejected. The monotony, the mannerism and the other defects emerge side by side with the polish and smoothness which are its great merits. Except for its versification which not only long preceded Pope but also anticipated Addison's happiest effort by some years *The Dispensary* is not now an interesting poem. The dispute on which it is based is long forgotten, its mock heroic plan looks threadbare to our eyes and the machinery and imagery have lost all the charm that they may at one time have had. But as a versifier Garth must always deserve a place in the story of English literature. *Claremont* and his other minor works display the same faculty but at their date it was already common enough. We therefore here give extracts from *The Dispensary* only reminding the reader that the poem gives a burlesque account of the opposition made by some physicians and apothecaries to the plan of giving gratuitous advice and medicine to the poor. We may add that our selections form part of the 'descriptions and episodes' added by the author in the edition of 1703.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

FROM 'THE DISPENSARY'

[Dr Horoscope flies to consult Fortune at Teneriffe]

The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
 To settle seasons here, and fates above,
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
 The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades,
 The shining lyre with strains attracting more
 Heaven's glittering mansions now than Hell's before;
 Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.

Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
 With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn
 Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
 And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps
 As through the gloom the magus cuts his way
 Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day
 Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
 And bend beneath the burden of the skies,
 His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
 Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
 Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
 Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns,
 With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
 As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow
 Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
 His subject islands raise their verdant heads,
 The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
 The land seems floating, and the ocean still
 Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
 Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
 From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow,
 The tuberoses ever breathes, and violets blow,

The vine undressed her swelling clusters bears
 The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers
 Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shows
 And as she pays discovers still she owes
 The orange to her sun her pride displays
 And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
 No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky
 The springs but murmur and the winds but sigh
 The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float
 And warbling dirges die on every note
 Where Flora treads her zephyr garlands flings
 And scatters odours from his purple wings
 Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jasmine groves
 Chant their glad nuptials and unenvy'd loves
 Mild seasons rising hills and silent dales
 Cool grottos silver brooks and flowery vales
 Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs in pomp appear
 And scent with gales of sweets the circling year
 These happy isles where endless pleasures wait
 Are styl'd by tuneful bards--the Fortunate.
 On high where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort
 The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court
 Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits
 Gives and resumes and smiles and frowns by fits
 In this still labyrinth around her lie
 Spells philters globes and schemes of palmistry
 A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears
 In th other a prophetic sieve and sheers

* * * * *

[Fortune speaks]

'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power
 Faith to the Jew complexion to the Moor
 I am the wretches wish the rooks pretence,
 The sluggards ease the coxcombs providence
 Sir Scrape quill once a supple smiling slave
 Looks lofty now, and insolently grave
 Builds settles purchases and hys each hour
 Caps from the rich and curses from the poor

Spadillo, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich tokay himself and eats in plate ,
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before
Souls heavenly born my faithless boons defy ,
The brave is to himself a deity ,
Though blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains
Where Fortune is the slave, and Merit reigns
The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolemy
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode ,
She lost a hero, and she found a god

MATTHEW PRIOR

[MATTHEW PRIOR was born in 1664 near Wimborne Minster in Dorsetshire. He was educated at Westminster under Dr Busby and at St John's College Cambridge where he took his B.A. degree in 1686. In the following year he published in connection with Charles Montague afterwards Earl of Halifax a caricature of Dryden's *Hind and Panther* under the title of *The Hind and the Panther transversed to the story of the Coventry Mouse and the City Mouse*. In 1709 he published a volume of poems and another with additions in 1718. He died in 1721.]

Dan Prior next belov'd by every Muse

So sings Gay in that welcome to Pope after his labours of the *Iliad*. And indeed not every Muse but all the world seem to have looked kindly on the fortunate young Horatian whom the noble Dorset had taken from the Rummier tavern to be successively a Secretary of Embassy a Secretary of State a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations a Member of Parliament and to crown all an Ambassador. Among the subscribers to that stately *folio* of 1718 by which its author happy man! cleared some £4000 are numbered most of the illustrious names of the age from Newton to Beau Nash—to say nothing of lively maids of honour like 'the Hon^{ble} Mrs Mary Bellenden' and bishops like his Right Reverence of Winchester. Bishops and maids of honour would, we imagine, be somewhat embarrassed now a days by much of the ingenuous verse which the tall volume contains. But readers under Anna Augusta were either not squeamish or they confined themselves to the portentous poem of *Solomon on the Vanity of the World* which occupies its latter pages.

When one looks to the general character of Prior's writings it is hard to understand how he could ever have penned this egregious didactic work. Yet he not only wrote it, but he hoped to live by

it, and grew petulant when Pope declined to praise it as a masterpiece

‘Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime,’

exclaimed its disappointed author in his last-published piece of *The Conversation*. Another long poem, the frigid paraphrase of the fine old ballad of *The Not-Browne Maid* to which he gave the title of ‘Henry and Emma,’ although it contains the oft-quoted (and mis-quoted) ‘Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,’ is almost equally unendurable. Nor are the official performances of Prior,—the *Carmen Seculare* and the rest, always excepting the clever skit upon Boileau’s pompous *Ode sur la prise de l’amour*, likely to attract the modern reader. His distinctive and personal note is to be found in one only of his longer pieces, and in his vivacious tales, songs, epigrams and familiar verses. This long poem is *Alma*, written in 1715 and 1716 while the author lay in prison under suspicion of high treason. It is a whimsical and delightfully vagrant dialogue between Mat (Prior) and Dick (his friend Mr Shelton) upon the various speculations of philosophers as to the relations of the soul and the body, and full of fine caprices and fitful fresh departures. Plan there is little or none, but the wayward turns of the humour lure the reader from page to page with all the fascination of a Will o’ the Wisp.

We suspect, however, that in spite of its many good things, *Alma* is more quoted than read. With Prior’s minor pieces the case is different. In these he exhibits all the verbal fitness and artful ease of such Latins as Horace and Martial, with both of whom he has considerable affinity. But his continental residence had also made him familiar with their Gallic imitators, and added a French grace and lightness to his already unencumbered muse. In his treatment of love and women he thoroughly follows his masters. However ardent, his adoration of the other sex is always conventional, while his appreciation of their foibles is keen even to malice. He seldom or never writes of them with real respect and deep feeling. What interests him most, it is clear, is not the tender passion in its more refined conditions, but those pretty episodes and accidents at which, they say, Dame Venus laughs,—

‘ridens
Simplexes Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentem acuens sagittas
Cotè cruenta’

That is to say his favourite poetical attitude is rather cynical than enthusiastic—rather material than ideal. Now and then, as in the verses *To a Child of Quality five years old* he can assume a playful gravity which is altogether charming but it is in such pieces as *The Merchant, to secure his treasure* *A Beller Answer* *A Song* that he shines most equably. As a tale teller he comes near to La Fontaine for ease of narrative and careless finish although his themes like those of his model are generally more witty than delicate. In his *Epistles* and pieces like *The Secretary* and *A Simile* he is delightful. As an epigrammatist he is unrivalled in English.

But however much one might attempt to define the work of Prior there would always be a something left undefined—a something that animates the whole and yet defies the critic, who falls back upon the old threadbare devices for describing the undescribable. His is the 'nameless charm of Piron's epigram—that fugitive *je ne sais quoi* of gaiety of wit, of grace of audacity it is impossible to say what, which eludes analysis as the principle of life escapes the anatomist. In the present case it lifts its possessor above any other writer of familiar verse but it is a something to which we cannot give a name unless indeed we take refuge in paradox, and say that it is

MATTHEW PRIOR.

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE SECRETARY.

[Written at the Hague, in the year 1696]

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right,
No *Mémoire* to compose and no Post-boy to move
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love,
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate
I drive on my car in processional state
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new God
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse,
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half-drowned in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say,
When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrouw,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man *dar* is
So blessed as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY FIVE YEARS OLD

Lords, knights and squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell
Dear five years old befriends my passion
And I may write till she can spell

For while she makes her silk worms beds
With all the tender things I swear
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair

She may receive and own my flame
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet

Then too alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends
She'll give me leave to write I fear
And we shall still continue friends

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

A SONG

In vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love ?
 Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose •
 That thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain ,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain

TO A LADY *she refusing to continue a dispute with me, and
 leaving me in the argument*

Spare, generous Victor, spare the slave,
 Who did unequal war pursue ,
 That more than triumph he might have,
 In being overcome by you

In the dispute whate'er I said,
 My heart was by my tongue belied ;
 And in my looks you might have read
 How much I argued on your side

You, far from danger as from fear,
 Might have sustained an open fight •
 For seldom your opinions err ,
 Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny
I must at once be deaf and blind

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desired.

But she however of victory sure
Contemns the wreath too long delayed
And armed with more immediate power
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight
She drops her arms to gain the field
Secures her conquest by her flight
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed
And from the hostile camp withdrew
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent and as he fled he slew

AN ODE

The merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrowed name
Euphelia serves to grace my measure
But Chloe is my real flame

My softest verse my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing that I should play

My lyre I tune my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes

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 But with my numbers mix my sighs
 And whilst I sing Eupheha's praise
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes

Fair Chloe blushed Euphelia frowned.
 I sung and gazed. I played and trembled.
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remarked, how ill we all dissembled

CUPID MISTAKEN

As after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river;
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New-strung his bow, new-filled his quiver
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart
 With all his might his bow he drew.
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too-well-guided arrow flew
 I faint! I die! the goddess cried,
 O cruel, could'st thou find none other
 To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
 Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak,
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye.
 Alas! how easy my mistake!
 I took you for your likeness, Chloe

A BETTER ANSWER¹.

Dear Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face!
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled
 Prythee quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world
 How can'st thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy
 More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping

¹ i.e. than the 'Answer to Chloe jealous,' which usually precedes it

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ
 Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong
 You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit
 Ods life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?
 What I speak, my fair Chloe and what I write shews
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art
 I court others in verse but I love thee in prose
 And they have my whimsies but thou hast my heart.
 The god of us verse men (you know Child) the sun
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest
 If at morning oer earth tis his fancy to run
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.
 So when I am wearied with wandering all day
 To thee, my delight in the evening I come
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way
 They were but my visits but thou art my home.
 Then finish dear Chloe this pastoral war
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

A SIMILE.

Dear Thomas didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin man's shop ?
 There Thomas didst thou never see
 (Tis but by way of Simile !)
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round a rolling cage ?
 The cage as either side turned up
 Striking a ring of bells a top ?—
 Moved in the orb pleased with the chimes
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher

So fares it with those merry blades,
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades
 In noble songs, and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars, and talk with Gods,
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleased with their own verses' sound,
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
 Always aspiring, always low

EPIGRAM.

To John I owed great obligation ;
 But John, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation
 Sure John and I are more than quit

ANOTHER

Yes, every poet is a fool
 By demonstration Ned can show it
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet

FOR MY OWN TOMB-STONE

To me 'twas given to die to thee 'tis given
 To live alas ! one moment sets us even
 Mark ! how impartial is the will of Heaven !

LADY WINCHILSEA

[ANNE FINCH Countess of Winchelsea was born about 1660 at Sidmouth Hants the residence of her father Sir William Kingsmill She married Heneage Finch fourth Earl of Winchelsea who survived her six years She died on the 5th of August 1720 leaving no issue Her works consist of *The Spleen* a pindaric ode 1,01 *The Prodigy* 1,06 *Miscellany Poems* 1713 and *Aristomenes* a tragedy]

In that invaluable Essay which Wordsworth appended to his *Lyrical Ballads* in 1815 he says that excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature This remark although rather acute than exact since the poet forgets both Gay and Parnell, did eminent service in restoring to the list of English poets a name entirely and unworthily forgotten Since Wordsworth's mention of Lady Winchelsea, the one piece that he cites has been often reprinted in collections of verse but it cannot be said that any further effort has been made to investigate the claims of the neglected authoress Her poems have never been edited or described and we believe that our present selection will reveal to almost all our readers a writer positively unknown to them Yet she was a poetess of singular originality and excellence her lines *To the Nightingale* have lyrical qualities which were scarcely approached in her own age and would do credit to the best, while her odes and more weighty pieces have a strength and accomplishment of style which make the least interesting of them worth reading

Lady Winchelsea was one of the last pindaric writers of the school of Cowley Her odes display that species of writing in the

final dissolution out of which it was redeemed by Gray and Collins. Such a poem as her *All is Vanity*, full as it is of ingenious thought, and studded with noble and harmonious lines, fails to impress the attention as a vertebrate composition. Her *Ode to the Spleen*, from which Pope borrowed his famous 'aromatic pain,' is still more loose and fragmentary in structure. On the other hand, her less ambitious studies have a singular perfection of form and picturesqueness of manner. She lights upon the right epithet and employs it with precision, and gives a brilliant turn, even to a triviality, by some bright and natural touch. Her *Nocturnal Reverie* is worthy of Wordsworth's commendation, it is simply phenomenal as the creation of a friend of Prior and of Pope, and some of the couplets, especially those which describe the straying horse, and the cries of the birds, are worthy of the closest observers of nature in a naturalistic age. In light verse Lady Winchelsea took Prior as a model, and succeeded respectably, her reply to Pope's complimentary verses to her under the name of Ardelia deserves higher praise.

From her age to this Lady Winchelsea has received nothing but neglect from the English public. Her contemporaries disregarded her writings, as she herself complains, and in 1753 there were still existing two collections of her poems in MS, which no one had taken the trouble to print. To the public of the eighteenth century her delicate observation of nature seemed less important than the didactic lyricism of Mrs Barber or the frivolity of Lætitia Pilkington. If those unpublished poems, to which reference has been made, are still in the possession of her family, it is highly desirable that they should be given to the world.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

Exert thy voice sweet harbinger of Spring !
This moment is thy time to sing
This moment I attend to praise
And set my numbers to thy lays
Free as thine shall be my song
As thy music, short or long
Poets wild as thou were born
Pleasing best when unconfined
When to please is least designed,
Soothing but their cares to rest
Cares do still their thoughts molest,
And still the unhappy poet's breast
Like thine when best he sings, is placed against a thorn
She begins ! Let all be still !
Muse thy promise now fulfil !
Sweet ! oh sweet ! still sweeter yet !
Can thy words such accents fit ?
Canst thou syllables refine
Melt a sense that shall retain
Still some spirit of the brain
Till with sounds like those it join ?
'Twill not be ! then change thy note,
Let division shake thy throat !
Hark ! division now she tries
Yet as far the Muse outflies !
Cease then prithee cease thy tune
Trifler, wilt thou sing till June ?
Till thy business all lies waste
And the time of building's past ?
Thus we poets that have speech —
Unlike what thy forests teach, —
If a fluent vein be shown
That's transcendent to our own
Criticise reform or preach
Censuring what we cannot reach.

THE TREE.

Fair Tree ' for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made ,
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows, and to thee
When thou to birds dost shelter give
Thou music dost from them receive ,
If travellers beneath thee stay
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend,
And thy protecting power commend ,
The shepherd here, from scorching freed.
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,
Whilst his loved nymph in thanks bestows
Her flowery chaplets on thy boughs
Shall I then only silent be,
And no return be made by me?
No ' let this wish upon me wait,
And still to flourish be thy fate,
To future ages mayst thou stand
Untouched by the rash workman's hand,
Till that large stock of sap is spent,
Which gives thy summer's ornament ,
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,
Shall on thy lifeless hour attend,
Prevent the axe and grace thy end,
Their scattered strength together call,
And to the clouds proclaim thy fall,
Who then their evening dews may spare,
When thou no longer art their care,
But shalt, like ancient heroes, burn
And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

In such a night when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings
And lonely I in'ornel, still wakin' sings
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight
She hollowing clear directs the wanderer right —
In such a night, when passing clouds give place
Or thinly veil the heavens mysterious face
When in some river overhung with green
The wavin' moon and trembling leaves are seen
When freshened grass now bears itself upright
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite
Whence spring the woodbind and the bramble rose
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes
Where scattered glowworms — but in twilight fine —
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine
While Salisbury stands the test of every light
In perfect charms and perfect beauty bright
When odours which declined repelling day
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear
And falling waters we distinctly hear
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric awful in repose
While sunburned hills their swarthy looks conceal
And swelling haystacks thicken up the vale
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads
Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining meads
Whose sterling price and lengthened shade we fear
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food
And unmolested kine rechew the cud

When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls,
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilst tyrant Man doth sleep,
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals,
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own,
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks and all's confused again,
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued

FROM 'AN ODE TO THE SPLEEN'

Falsely the mortal part we blame
Of our depressed and ponderous frame,
Which, till the first degrading sin
Let thee, its dull attendant, in,
Still with the other did comply,
Nor clogged the active soul, disposed to fly
And range the mansions of its native sky
Nor, whilst in his own heaven he dwelt,
Whilst Man his paradise possessed,
His fertile garden in the fragrant East,
And all united odours felt,
No arm'd sweets, until thy reign,
Could shock the sense, or in the face
A flushed, unhandsome colour place,
But now a jonquil daunts the feeble brain,
We faint beneath the aromatic pain,
Till some offensive scent thy powers appease,
And pleasure we resign for short and nauseous ease

IN ANSWER TO MR. POPE.

Disarmed with so genteel an air,
The contest I give o'er
Yet, Alexander have a care
And shock the sex no more.
We rule the world our lives whole race
Men but assume that right
First slaves to every tempting vice
Then martyrs to our spite.
You of one Orpheus sure have read
Who would like you have writ
Had he in London town been bred
And polished too his wit
But he poor soul thought all was well
And great should be his fame
When he had left his wife in hell,
And birds and beasts could tame.
Yet venturing then with scoffing rhymes
The women to incense
Presenting heroines of those times
Soon punished his offence
And as the Hebrus rolled his skull,
And harp besmeared with blood
They clashing as the waves grew full
Still harmonised the flood
But you our follies gently treat,
And spin so fine the thread
You need not fear his awkward fate
The Lock wont cost the Head.
Our admiration you command
For all that's gone before
What next we look for at your hand
Can only raise it more
Yet soothe the ladies I advise —
As me too pride has wrought —
We're born to wit, but to be wise
By admonitions taught

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Hoey's court, Dublin, on the 30th of November 1667. Belonging to a Yorkshire family and directly descended from a vicar in Herefordshire, one of whose younger sons, the poet's father, married a Leicestershire lady, he was of unmixed English blood. A posthumous child, left in indigent circumstances, he was sent to school at Kilkenny and then to Trinity College, Dublin, by the charity of his uncle Godwin, who died in 1688. Swift seems to have neglected the studies requisite to his degree and having been plucked at his first examination only obtained it, on a second trial, Feb. 1686, 'speciali gratia'. On the outbreak of the war, 1688, he fled to England, and found his way from Chester on foot to his mother's residence. She obtained for him the patronage of Sir William Temple, to whose wife she was related, and he remained at Moor Park for eleven years in the capacity of secretary to that accomplished statesman, at a salary of £20 a year. This residence, interrupted by a short absence during which he held an Irish country living in the diocese of Connor, brought him into the frequent society of Hester Johnson (Stella), an inmate of the same house, and reputed daughter of Sir William's steward. In 1692 Swift went to Oxford, and was admitted there to a Master's degree. On occasion of this visit he produced his first verses—an indifferent rendering of Horace (Odes ii. 18), followed a little later by his *Pindaric Odes*. A more substantial result of his studies in his master's library was *The Battle of the Books*. In 1694 he took Deacon's, and in 1695 Priest's orders. Ere his death in 1699 Sir William had from the king a promise of promotion for his client—a promise afterwards forgotten. In 1700 Swift accompanied Lord Berkeley to Ireland as chaplain, and obtained the living of Laracor in the county of Meath, at an income of £200 a year, which by the addition of the Piebend of Dunlavin was increased to £350. Initiated into the intrigues of party, he first came before the public as a champion of the Whigs, in his pamphlet entitled *A Discourse on the contests and dissensions of Athens and Rome* (1701). In 1704 appeared the *Tale of a Tub*, perhaps the wittiest of controversial works, and in 1708 the papers ridiculing the astrologer Partridge, under the signature of Isaac Bickerstaff. In 1710, with a change of opinion, quickened by chagrin at patronage deferred, Swift passed to the side of the Tories and became their most effective literary champion. His *Conduct of the Allies*

(1712) brought about in 1713 the Peace of Utrecht and the gratitude of Harley and Bolingbroke procured for him the Deanery of St. Patrick's. During these years he spent a considerable portion of his time in London, exercised a commanding influence in literary and social circles, and was the leading patron of good and the scourge of bad writers. He maintained a close correspondence with Stella and unfortunately won the affections of Miss Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) who followed him to Ireland and died there in 1723. In 1724 on the death of the Queen Swift's hopes of further preferment being closed he withdrew to his deanery, settled in Dublin and commenced Irishman for life. In 1726 he contracted a formal marriage with Miss Johnson. The *Drapier's Letters* were issued in 1724, they effectually stopped Wood's pence, and made their author for a time the most popular man in Ireland. *Gulliver's Travels* were published in 1727. Swift spent much of the year with Pope but was recalled by the illness of Stella who died in 1738. Shortly after this event he wrote to Bolingbroke: "It is time for me to have done with the world." To another friend he remarked, gazing at a blasted elm: "I shall be like that tree and die first at the top—a prediction realised in the gradual loss of his memory, sight, hearing, speech, and finally his reason." He died in Oct. 1745 and left his fortune of about £10,000 to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin.]

Dryden, then the veteran of our literature, sitting in the dictator's chair left vacant by Ben Jonson and waiting for Samuel Johnson, having perused an ode on the Athenian Society, dating from Moor Park, February 14, 1691, hazarded the prediction:

Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet. The unforgotten criticism has received from the judgment of posterity an assent qualified by respect for the strongest satirist of England and for an ability which cannot help making itself here and there manifest even in his verse.

Swift's satire is of two kinds: the party polemic of his earlier years, which culminated in 1741 in the *Drapier's Letters*, and the expression of a misanthropy as genuine as that of Shakespeare's Timon, of a rage directed not against Dissent or Church or Whig or Tory, but mankind, finding mature vent in the most terrible libel that has ever been imagined—a libel on the whole of his race—the hideous immortal mockery of the closing voyage of Gulliver. Such a work could only have been written by one born a cynic, doubly soured by some mysterious affliction, and by having had

To fawn to crouch to wait to rule to run

To spend to give to want to be undone

till he had lost any original capacity he may have had for

becoming a poet. His genius, moreover, was from the first as far removed from that peculiar to poetry as it is possible for any genius of the first rank to be. The power of Swift's prose was the terror of his own, and remains the wonder of after times. With the exception of a few clumsy paragraphs thrown off in haste, he says what he means in the homeliest native English that can be conceived. Disdaining even those refinements or shades of expression to which most writers touching on delicate or dangerous subjects feel compelled to resort, he owes almost nothing to foreign influence. 'I am,' he wrote, 'for every man's working on his own materials, and producing only what he can find within himself'—he consistently carved everything he had to set before his readers out of the plain facts with which he professed to deal. In his masterpieces there is scarce a hint from any known source, rarely a quotation. His sentences are self-sufficient, and fit the occasion as a glove the hand. In the *Tale of a Tub* he anticipates Teufelsdröckh in his contempt for trappings of speech as of person; he regarded fine language as leather and prunella. Though Swift's Allegories are abundant, he disdained ordinary metaphor, in the spirit in which Bentham defined poetry as misrepresentation. But towards the close of the seventeenth and during the early years of the 18th century, almost every English writer—apart from those purely scientific—had to pay toll to what he called the Muses. Bunyan seems to have written his bad lines to italicise the distinction between the most highly imaginative prose and poetry. In the next age no one who addressed the general public could escape the trial, and Swift's verses are at least as worthy of preservation as Addison's. In following a fashion he also gratified a talent,—nor Pope nor Byron had a greater,—for fluent rhyme. Generally careless, often harsh, his versification is seldom laboured. His pen may run till it wearies the reader, but we see no reason in fall of energy why Swift's Hudibrastic jungle should cease, any more than why the waves of Spenser's stanza should not roll for ever. The other merits of our author's verse are those of his prose—condensation, pith, always the effect, generally the reality, of sincere purpose, and, with few exceptions, simplicity and directness. The exceptions are in his unhappy Pindaric odes, and some of his later contributions to the pedantry of the age. The former could scarcely be worse, for they have almost the contortions of Cowley, without his occasional flow and elevation. Take the following lines from the *Athenian Ode*

Just so the mighty Nile has suffered in its fame
 Because tis said (and perhaps only said)
 We ve found a little inconsiderable head
 That feeds the huge unequal stream

And again

And then how much and nothing is mankind
 Whose reason is weighed down by popular air
 Who by that vai ly talks of baffling de th
 And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath
 Which yet whoc cr ex mines right will find
 To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind

As in Congreves *Address to Silence* the force of cacophony can no further go It may be said that these lines were the products of green unknowing youth but during the same years the same writer was maturing the *Tale of a Tub* Swift had no ear save for the discords of the world and in such cases a stiff regular measure which is a sort of rhythmic policeman is the only safe guard Pindaric flights unless under the guidance of the genius that makes music as it runs invariably result in confusion worse confounded Not least among our debts to Dryden may be ranked his fencing the ode from his cousin Swift Of the pseudo classic efforts of the latter *Cadenus and Vanessa* published in 173 probably written about ten years earlier may be taken as a type No selection from his verses would be esteemed satisfactory that did not exhibit a sample of this once celebrated production but apart from the tragic interest of the personal warning it conveys it is as M Taine says a threadbare allegory in which the author's prosaic freaks tear his Greek frippery The same critic justly remarks that Swift wore his mythology like a wig that his pleading before Venus is like a legal procedure and that he habitually turns his classic wine to vinegar The other writers of the time had turned it into milk and water but Prior and the rest had a grace to which Swift was a stranger Their laughter is genuine though light his was funereal and sardonic His pleasantry is rarely pleasant and he is never at heart more gloomy than when he affects to be gay Most of his occasional verses written at intervals from 1690 till 1733 are either frigid compliments or thinly veiled invectives many of which like the epigrams that disfigure the otherwise exquisite pages of Herrick have all the coarseness with only half the wit of Martial His

addresses to women are, as might be expected, singularly unfortunate. He says truly of himself that he

‘could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what it was to love’

He can never get out of his satiric pulpit, and while saluting his mistresses as nymphs, he lectures them as school-girls. His verses to Stella, whom he came as near to loving as was for him possible, and whose death certainly hastened his mental ruin, are as unimpassioned as those to Vanessa, with whose affections he merely trifled. Swift's tendency to dwell on the meaner, and even the revolting facts of life, pardonable in his prose, is unpardonable in those tributes to Venus Cloacina, in which he intrudes on a lady's boudoir with the eye of a surgeon fresh from a dissecting-room or an hospital. His society verses are like those of a man writing with his feet, for he delights to trample on what others caress. Often he seems, among singing birds, a vulture screeching over carrion.

Of Swift's graver satiric pieces, the *Rhapsody on Poetry* has the fatal drawback of suggesting a comparison with *The Dunciad*. In *The Beast's Confession*, vivid and trenchant though it be, the author appears occasionally to intrude on the gardens of Prior and Gay. Had he been an artist in verse, he might have written something in English more like the sixth satire of Juvenal than Churchill ever succeeded in doing. But Swift despised art—he rode rough-shod, on his ambling cynic steed, through bad double rhyme and halting rhythm, to his end. War with the cold steel of prose was his business—his poems are the mere side-lights and pastimes of a man too grim to join heartily in any game. Only here and there among them, as in the strange medley of pathos and humour on his own death, there is a flash from the eyes which Pope—good hater and good friend—said were azure as the heavens, a touch of the hand that was never weary of giving gifts to the poor and blows to the powerful, a reflection of the universal *condottiere*, misanthrope and sceptic, who has a claim to our forbearance in that he detested, as Johnson and as Byron detested, cowardice and cant.

J NICHOL.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING WRITTEN IN APRIL
1709 AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing show'd the ruddy morn's approach.

* * * * *

The slip shod prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt and sprinkled round the floor
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennels edge where wheels had worn the place
The small coal man was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney sweep
Duns at his lordships gate began to meet
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street
The turnkey now his flock returning sees
Duly let out a nights to steal for fees
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands

HORACE BOOK IV ODE IX. ADDRESSSED TO
ARCHBISHOP KING 1718

Virtue conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies
Either to govern or advise

Your steady soul preserves her frame,
In good and evil times, the same
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,
Stand in your sacred presence awed,
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains

Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown,
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows,
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine
The man who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend,
With life, his country or his friend

APOLLO'S EDICT OCCASIONED BY 'NEWS FROM PARNASSUS

Ireland is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son !
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too ?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way :
Then study to correct your taste,
Nor beaten paths be longer traced
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun,
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare,

And when you d make a hero grander,
Forget he s like a salamander¹

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day
Or ever name the milky way
You all agree I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out

The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity

When Damon's soul shall take its flight
Though poets have the second sight
They shall not see a trail of light
Nor shall the vapours upwards rise
Nor a new star adorn the skies
For who can hope to place one there
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet if his name you d eternize
And must exalt him to the skies
Without a star this may be done
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison

If Anna's happy reign you praise
Pray not a word of halcyon days
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep yet clear

Whenever my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phoenix I protest
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaeton to hold the reins

¹ Referring to some verses in which Swift had described Lord Cutts under the form of salamander

When you describe a lovely girl,
 No lips of coral, teeth of pearl
 Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
 However beauteous, for his mother,
 Nor shall his darts at random fly
 From magazine in Celia's eye
 With woman compounds I am cloy'd,
 Which only pleased in Biddy Floyd¹
 For foreign aid what need they roam,
 Whom fate has amply blest at home?

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
 Has form'd a model for your land,
 Whom Jove endued with every grace,
 The glory of the Granard race,
 Now destined by the powers divine
 The blessing of another line
 Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
 Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
 Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid,
 Nor need you on the Graces call,
 Take qualities from Donegal²

FROM 'CADENUS AND VANESSA'

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
 Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
 On whom the Queen of Love was bent
 To try a new experiment
 She threw her law-books on the shelf,
 And thus debated with herself

Since men allege, they ne'er can find
 Those beauties in a female mind
 Which raise a flame that will endure
 For ever uncorrupt and pure,

¹ A lady whom Swift had praised as a 'happy composition' of innocence, breeding, wit, &c

² The Countess of Donegal, daughter to the first earl of Granard

If tis with reason they complain
This infant shall restore my reign
I ll search where every virtue dwells
From courts inclusive down to cells
What preachers talk or sages write
These will I gather and unite
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infants mind.

This said she plucks in Heavens high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers
In nectar thrice infuses bays
Three times refined in Titans rays
Then calls the Graces to her aid
And sprinkles thrice the newborn maid
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes
From whence a cleanliness remains
Incapable of outward stains
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind
Where not one careless thought intrudes
Less modest than the speech of prudes
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid
A virtue but at second hand
They blush because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art
Their work was half already done
The child with native beauty shone
The outward form no help required
Each breathing on her thrice inspired
That gentle soft engaging air
Which in old times adorn'd the fair
And said Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame
Vanessa by the gods enroll'd
Her name on earth shall not be told

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION

When beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day,)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout,)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins,
And thus the pious Wolf begins —
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was ! I broke my fast
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood
The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he loved a jest
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred,
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame :
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short,
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king

Then for his voice, there s none disputes
That he s the nightingale of brutes

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud
In diet was perhaps too nice
But gluttony was ne er his vice
In every turn of life content
And meekly took what fortune sent
Inquire through all the parish round
A better neighbour ne er was found
His vigilance might some displease
'Tis true he hated sloth like pease

The mimic Ape began his chatter
How evil tongues his life bespatter
Much of the censuring world complain'd
Who said his gravity was feign'd
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels
He saw, and he was grieved to see t
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.

The Goat advanced with decent pace
And first excused his youthful face
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard
'Tis true he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind
Not as his enemies object
From chance or natural defect
Not by his frigid constitution
But through a pious resolution
For he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity as monks do now
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human kind
Some faults we own, but can you guess?
—Why, virtue's carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us

The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeezed a needy client,
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool,
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term,
While others of the learned robe,
Would break the patience of a Job
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch,
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He failed, because he could not flatter,
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote
His crime he quickly understood,
Too zealous for the nation's good
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn
He passed his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes,
But owns he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit,

Would rise by merit to promotion
Alas! a mere chimeric notion

The Doctor if you will believe him
Confess'd a sin (and God forgive him ¹)
Call'd up at midnight ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave
But see how Satan spreads his snares
He quite forgot to say his prayers
He cannot help it, for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance
And when his medicines do no good
Supports their minds with heavenly food
At which however well intended
He hears the clergy are offended
And grown so bold behind his back
To call him hypocrite and quack
In his own church he keeps a seat
Says grace before and after meat
And calls without affecting airs
His household twice a day to prayers
He shuns apothecaries shops
And hates to cram the sick with slops
He scorns to make his art a trade
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid
Old nurse keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the squire
Which others whom he will not name
Have often practised to their shame

The Statesman tells you with a sneer
His fault is to be too sincere
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory
Were all the schemes he had in view
Yet he was seconded by few

Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot,
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity.
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good,
Their kind affections he has tried,
No love is lost on either side
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year,
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him license to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin,
He thought it base for men in stations,
To crowd the court with their relations
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame,)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood,
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.

The Sharper swore he hated play
 Except to pass an hour away
 And well he might for to his cost
 By want of skill he always lost
 He heard there was a club of cheats
 Who had contrived a thousand feats
 Could change the stock, or cog a die
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye
 Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he s drunk.

I own the moral not exact
 Besides the tale is false in fact
 And so absurd that could I raise up
 From fields Elysian fabling Æsop
 I would accuse him to his face
 For libelling the four foot race
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers
 While we whom reason ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day
 The Ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap
 There to be stroked and fed with pap
 As Æsop would the world persuade
 He better understands his trade
 Nor comes whenever his lady whistles
 But carries loads and feeds on thistles
 Our author's meaning I presume is
 A creature *bipes et implumis*
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human kind
 For here he owns that now and then
 Beasts may degenerate into men

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

(First printed in a letter from Lord Chesterfield to Voltare, Aug. 27, 1752.)

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest
 A horrid vision seized my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead !
 Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
 And thunder roars and lightning flies !
 Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne !
 While each pale sinner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said
 ' Offending race of human kind,
 By nature, reason, learning, blind,
 You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside,
 And you, who never fell from pride
 You who in different sects were sham'd,
 And come to see each other damn'd,
 (So some folk told you, but they knew
 No more of Jove's designs than you,)
 —The world's mad business now is o'er,
 And I resent these pranks no more
 —I to such blockheads set my wit !
 I damn such fools !—Go, go, you're bit '

FROM 'VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR SWIFT'

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all on me a usurpation

I have no title to aspire
 Yet, when you sink I seem the higher
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry Pox take him and his wit!
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend
 Who dares to irony pretend
 Which I was born to introduce
 Refined it first and show'd its use.
 St John as well as Pultney knows
 That I had some repute for prose
 And till they drove me out of date
 Could maul a minister of state
 If they have mortified my pride
 And made me throw my pen aside
 If with such talents Heaven has bless'd em
 Have I not reason to detest em?

* * * *

From Dublin soon to London spread
 'Tis told at court 'the Dean is dead
 And Lady Suffolk in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell the queen
 'The queen so gracious mild and good
 Cries 'Is he gone' 'tis time he should.
 'He's dead you say then let him rot
 I'm glad the medals were forgot'¹
 I promised him I own but when?
 I only was the princess then
 But now as consort of the king
 You know, 'tis quite another thing

¹ The Queen had promised Swift a present which she never gave him

As for his works in verse and prose,
 I own myself no judge of those
 Nor can I tell what critics thought em
 But this I know, all people bought em.
 As with a moral view design'd
 To cure the vices of mankind
 His vein ironically grave,
 Exposed the fool and lash'd the knave.
 To steal a hint was never known
 But what he writ was all his own.

He never thought an honour done him
 Because a duke was proud to own him
 Would rather slip aside and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes
 Despised the fools with stars and garters
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station,
 Nor persons held in admiration
 Of no man's greatness was afraid
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs
 He gave himself no haughty airs
 Without regarding private ends,
 Spent all his credit for his friends
 And only chose the wise and good
 No flatterers no allies in blood
 But succour'd virtue in distress
 And seldom fail'd of good success
 As numbers in their hearts must own
 Who, but for him had been unknown

* * * * *

Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein
 And seem'd determined not to starve it
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Yet malice never was his aim
 He lash'd the vice but spared the name
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant

His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct ,
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest ,
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote

‘He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories
Was cheerful to his dying day ,
And friends would let him have his way

‘He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ,
And show'd by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much ’

ALEXANDER POPE

[ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard Street in the city of London 1688 His father was a wholesale linen-draper who having realised a modest competence retired to the country to live upon it Pope's youth was spent at Binfield in the skirts of Windsor Forest Pope was brought up a Catholic his father though the son of a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church having become a convert to Catholicism during a residence on the continent On the death of his father Pope who had largely increased his inheritance by the profits of his translation of Homer established himself at Twickenham Here he resided till his death in 1744 employing himself in writing in embellishing his grounds of five acres and in intercourse with most of the wits and other famous men and women of his time among whom Gay Swift Arbuthnot and Lord Bolingbroke were his especial intimates Pope was deformed and sickly from childhood and his constant ill health made his temper fretful waspish and irritable Notwithstanding these defects of character he secured the warm attachment of his friends Bolingbroke said of him that he never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends Warburton after spending a fortnight at Twickenham said of him He is as good a companion as a poet and what is more appears to be as good a man Pope's principal works are—*Pastorals* published in 1709 *Essay on Criticism* 1711 *Pollio* 1712 *Rape of the Lock* 1714 *Translation of Homer Iliad* 1715 18 *Editor of Shakespeare* 1725 *Translation of Homer Odyssey* 1726 *Dedicatory* 1st form 1728 *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington* 1731 *On the Use of Riches* 1732 *Essay on Man Part I* 1732 *Horace Sat. 2. 1. m. sat. d.* 1733 *Epistle to Lord Cobham* 1733 *Epistle to Arbuthnot* 135 *Horace Epistle 1. 1. m. sat. d.* 1737 *Dunciad* altered and enlarged 1742 His works were collected by his literary executor Bishop Warburton and published in 9 volumes in 1751]

Pope is not only the foremost literary figure of his age but the representative man of a system or style of writing which for a hundred years before and after him pervaded English poetry

The writers in this style are sometimes spoken of as the 'school of Pope'. But the title is a misnomer. A school consists along with other schools from which it is distinguished by some special characteristics, all the contemporaneous schools taken together bearing the common and more general stamp of their age. During the period now under review, which extends, speaking roughly, from the Restoration to the French Revolution, the whole of English literary effort, but especially poetical effort, has one aim and is governed by one principle. This is the desire to attain perfection of form, a sense of the beauty of literary composition as such. It was the rise within the vernacular language of that idea, which impregnating the Latin language as written and spoken in the fifteenth century had produced the revived, neo-latin literature of the Renaissance. Pope himself (*Sat* and *I* p 5), in describing this 'manner,' spoke of it as French, and attributed it to the imitation of French fashions introduced into England at the Restoration.

'We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms,
Britain to soft refinements less a foe
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.'

De Quincey (*Works*, vol 9) expatiates upon the deficiencies of this explanation of a revolution in literary taste. Certainly the court of Louis XIV exercised a great influence in all matters of taste. But this influence of fashion ceased when the ascendancy of France was broken by the war of the Spanish succession, while the direction which had been impressed upon English poetry continued to dominate it till towards the close of the eighteenth century.

A better denomination for the period of our literature which extends from the Restoration to the French Revolution is 'the classical period'. And this is not to be taken to mean that English writers now imitated the Greek and Latin writers, or consciously formed themselves upon classical models, as the Latinists of the Renaissance imitated Cicero and Virgil. English writers had begun to perceive that there was such an art as the art of writing, that it was not enough to put down words upon paper anyhow, provided they conveyed your meaning. They found that sounds were capable of modulation, and that pleasure could be given by the arrangement of words, as well as instruction conveyed by their import. The public ear was touched by this new harmony, and

began imperatively to demand its satisfaction and from that moment the rude volubility of the older time seemed to it as the gabble of savages. A poem was no longer to be a story told with picturesque imagery but was to be a composition in symmetry and keeping. A thought or a feeling was not to be blurted out in the first words that came but was to be matured by reflection and reduced to its simplest expression. Condensation terseness neatness finish—all qualities hitherto unheard of in English—had to be studied. It was found to be possible to please by your manner as well as by your matter. And having been shown to be possible it became necessary. No writer who neglected the graces of style could gain acceptance by the public.

This fastidiousness of the public ear required on the part of writers greatly increased labour. It was no longer possible to take a sheet of paper and write out your thoughts as fast as the pen would move. The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease were distanced in the race. It was evident that under the new standard thus set up the prize would be to him who should be willing to take most trouble about his style. Pope was willing. As a boy he took as his life's lesson the advice given him by knowing Walsh who used to tell him there was one way left of excelling for though we had several great poets we never had any one great poet that was correct and desired me to make that my study and aim. De Quincey misconstruing Walsh's meaning has been at the pains to show that Pope's verses abound in grammatical incorrectnesses. The language he says does not realise the idea it simply suggests or hints it. That conveyance by suggestion instead of a perfect and plenary deliverance is just what Pope aimed at and what Walsh inculcated though he may not have chosen the very best word for what he meant.

Pope at once took the lead in the race of writers because he took more pains than they. He laboured day and night to form himself for his purpose that viz of becoming a writer of finished verse. To improve his mind to enlarge his view of the world to store up knowledge—these were things unknown to him. Any ideas any thoughts such as custom chance society or sect may suggest are good enough but each idea must be turned over till it has been reduced to its neatest and most epigrammatic expression.

If this definition of the literary aim which dominated all writing during the hundred years which followed 1660 be just, it follows from it that the period would be more favourable to prose than to

poetry What in fact came to pass was that a compromise was effected between poetry and prose, and the leading writers adopted as the most telling form of utterance prosaic verse, metre without poetry It is by courtesy that the versifiers of this century from Dryden to Churchill are styled poets, seeing that the literature they have bequeathed us wants just that element of inspired feeling, which is present in the feeblest of the Elizabethans

But if these versifiers are not poets in the noblest sense of the term, it does not follow that what they produced is destitute of value In the romantic reaction at the beginning of this century, the worthlessness of eighteenth-century poetry was part of the revolutionary creed Sheer lawlessness was then admired, while labour was disdained as the badge of an unimaginative and artificial school The sounder judgment of a riper period of criticism can now do justice to the writers of our classical period What they had *not* got we know well enough They wanted inspiration, lofty sentiment, the heroic soul, chivalrous devotion, the inner eye of faith—above all, love and sympathy They could not mean greatly But such meaning as they had they laboured to express in the neatest, most terse and pointed form which our language is capable of If not poets they were literary artists They showed that a couplet can do the work of a page, and a single line produce effects which in the infancy of writing would require sentences

Of these masters of literary craft Pope is the most consummate In two directions, in that of condensing and pointing his meaning, and in that of drawing the utmost harmony of sound out of the couplet, Pope carried versification far beyond the point at which it was when he took it up Historical parallels are proverbially misleading Yet the analogy between what Virgil did for the Latin hexameter as he received it from Lucretius, and Pope's maturing the ten-syllable couplet which he found as Dryden left it, is sufficiently close to be of use in aiding us to realise Pope's merit Because, after Pope, his trick of versification became common property, and 'every warbler had his tune by heart,' we are apt to overlook the merit of the first invention

But epigrammatic force and musical flow are not the sole elements of Pope's reputation The matter which he worked up into his verse has a permanent value, and is indeed one of the most precious heirlooms which the eighteenth century has bequeathed us And here we must distinguish between Pope when he attempts general themes, and Pope when he draws that which

he knew viz. the social life of his own day. When in the *Pastorals* he writes of natural beauty in the *Essay on Criticism* he lays down the rules of writing in the *Essay on Man* he versifies Leibnitzian optimism he does not rise above the herd of eighteenth century writers except in so far as his skill of language is more accomplished than theirs. *The Rape of the Lock* and *The Dunciad* have a little more interest because they treat of contemporary manners. But even in these poems because the incidents are trivial and the personages contemptible Pope is not more than pretty in *The Rape of the Lock*, and forcible where force is ludicrously misplaced in *The Dunciad*. It is where he comes to describe the one thing which he knew and about which he felt sympathy and antipathy, viz. the court and town of his time in the *Moral Essays* and the *Satires and Epistles* that Pope found the proper material on which to lay out his elaborate workmanship. And even in these capital works we must distinguish between Pope's general theorems and his particular portraits. Where he moralises or deduces general principles he is superficial second hand, and onesided as the veriest scribbler. For example in the splendid lines on the Duke of Wharton (*Mor Ess* 1 174) we must separate the childish theory of the ruling passion from the telling accumulation of epigram on epigram which follows under that spurious rubric. Or again we might instance his *Epistle to Augustus* (Ep 5) sparkling with lines of wit and pregnant sense and yet offering as our literary history the grotesque theory that the French style which came in with the Restoration was a consequence of the conquest of France in the fifteenth century.

In short Pope wherever he recedes from what was immediately close to him the manners passions prejudices sentiments of his own day has only such merit—little enough—which wit divorced from truth can have. He is at his best only where the delicacies and subtle felicities of his diction are employed to embody some transient phase of contemporary feeling. Pope has small knowledge of books. Though he was as Sir W. Hamilton says 'a curious reader' he read for style not for facts. Of history of science of nature of anything except 'the town' he knows nothing. He just shares the ordinary prejudices of the ordinary wit of his day. He was a Tory Catholic like any other Tory Catholic of George II's day. His sentiments reflect the social medium in which he lived. The complex web of society with its indefinable shades its minute personal affinities and repul-

sions, is the world in which Pope lived and moved, and which he has drawn in a few vivid lines, with the keenness and intensity of which there is nothing in our literature that can compare Clarendon's portraits in his gallery of characters are more complete and discriminating, and infinitely more candid. But they do not flash the personage, or the situation, upon the imagination, and fix it in the memory, as one of Pope's incisive lines does. Like all the greatest poets, Pope is individual and local. He can paint with his full power only what he sees. When he attempts abstract truth, general themes, past history, his want of knowledge makes itself felt in feeble and distorted views.

The first production of Pope to appear in print was his *Pastorals*, published 1709, when the author was twenty-one, but written some years earlier. As the work of a youth of seventeen they are a marvellous feat of melodious versification. In any other respect they are only worthy of mention as already exemplifying the false taste which Pope never got rid of when he attempted any other theme than manners. *b-v-v*

Of this false taste his *Messiah* is an elaborate specimen. This poem is an adaptation of Virgil's fourth Eclogue, *Pollio*, to Christ, grafting upon the lines of the Latin poet the images supplied by the prophecies of Isaiah. The ingenuity with which the double imitation is carried through is only surpassed by the mastery shown over the melody of the couplet, and the exhibition of a complete poetical vocabulary. These brilliant qualities carried by storm the admiration of Pope's contemporaries, and continued to command the homage of the eighteenth century down to Johnson. Language experience, enforced by the precept and example of Wordsworth, makes our age too keenly feel that the pathos and sublimity of the Hebrew prophet are destroyed by the artificial embroidery with which Pope has overlaid them. Pope's *Messiah* reads to us like a sickly paraphrase, in which all the majesty of the original is dissipated. 'Righteousness' becomes 'dewy nectar', 'sheep' are the 'fleece care', the call to Jerusalem to 'arise and shine' is turned into an invocation to 'exalt her tow'ry head'. The 'fir-tree and box-tree' of Isaiah are 'the spiry fir and shapely box'. In his translation of the prediction 'the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den,' Pope makes the cockatrice a 'crested basilisk,' and the asp 'a speckled snake', they have both scales of a 'green lustre,' and a 'forky tongue,' and with this last the 'smiling infant shall inno-

cently play 'The leopard, says Isaiah 'shall lie down with the kid, and the young lion and the fawning to ether and a little child shall lead them. Pope could not leave this exquisite picture undecorated and with him boys in flowery bands the tiger lead. The alternative is an example of the justice of De Quincey's observation that the Arcadia of Pope's age was the spurious Arcadia of the opera theatre. (Elwin.)

The *Essay on Criticism* appeared in 1711. This is a didactic poem of which the remote prototype is Horace's *Art of Poetry* and the immediate Boileau's *Art of Critique*. It differs from these models in its subject which is the Art of Criticism. To Dr Johnson this production appeared to display such extent of comprehension such nicety of distinction such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning as are not often attained by the matured age and the longest experience. This verdict of Johnson may be cited to show the great advance which criticism has made in England in the course of a century. We should now say that the precepts of Pope's *Essay* are conventional truisms the ordinary rules of composition which may be found in all school manuals, and which are taught to boys as part of their prosody. The *Essay* says De Quincey 'is a mere versification like a metrical multiplication table, of commonplaces the most mouldy with which criticism has baited its rat traps. It required very little reading of the French text books to find the maxims which Pope has here sprung to ether. But he has dressed them so neatly and turned them out with such sparkle and point, that these truisms have acquired a weight not their own and they circulate as proverbs among us in virtue of their pithy form rather than their truth. They exemplify his own line 'What oft was thought but neer so well expressed. Pope told Spence that he had gone through all the best critics specifying Quintilian Rapin and Le Bossu. But whatever trouble he took in collecting, what to say his main effort is expended upon how to say it. The *Essay on Criticism* abounds in those striking couplets which have lodged in all our memories and given their last and abiding shape to dicta which have been extant in substance since literature began. A good example of this art is supplied by the couplet which has just been quoted from

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd
What oft was thought but neer so well expressed

which is Pope's compressed form of the following prose of Boileau ,
 'Qu'est-ce qu'une pensée neuve, brillante, extraordinaire? Ce
 n'est point comme se le persuadent les ignorants, une pensée que
 personne n'a jamais eue, ni dû avoir C'est au contraire une
 pensée qui a dû venir à tout le monde, et que quelqu'un s'avise le
 premier d'exprimer Un bon mot n'est bon mot qu'en ce qu'il
 dit une chose que chacun pensoit, et qu'il la dit d'une manière
 vive, fine, et nouvelle'

But though the *Essay* abounds with sparkle and point and
 memorable lines, it is very far from being composed throughout
 of nothing but such Besides the general fault, which pervades all
 Pope's longer efforts, of want of coherent texture and consecutive-
 ness of argument, the *Essay on Criticism* offers too many weak
 lines, obscure expressions, and monotonous rhymes Negligences
 of versification, such as no piece of Pope's composition is entirely
 free from, abound in the *Essay* One instance of this slovenliness
 is the want of variety in his endings There are twelve couplets
 rhyming to *wit*, and ten rhyming to *sense*

'Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings'

'Mistaken things' here means 'things wrongly taken by others,'
 which is not the natural sense of the words, and 'atones' stands
 for 'compensates.'

'But sense survived when merry jests were passed'

It requires explanation that 'were passed' here means 'had passed
 away'

'Critics
 Form short ideas, and offend in arts
 As most in manners, from a love to parts'

In this one couplet are three expressions, 'short ideas,' 'offend in
 arts,' and 'love to parts,' the meaning of which has to be guessed,
 or gathered from the context, it is not apparent on the face of the
 words used In some styles of poetry enigmatical expression is
 not a fault, in an Aeschylean chorus it is of the essence of the
 charm that the revelations should be shrouded in clouds But
 Pope's verse, like French prose, is constructed on the principle of
 being immediately intelligible, the moment it is not so, its *raison
 d'être* is gone

Macaulay, and declares it 'the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers' *The Rape of the Lock*, writes Hazlitt, 'is the most exquisite specimen of filigree work ever invented. It is made of gauze and silver spangles. The most glittering appearance is given to everything, to paste, pomatum, billets-doux, and patches. Airs, languid airs breathe around, the atmosphere is perfumed with affectation. A toilet is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the goddess of vanity, and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornament, no splendour of poetic diction to set off the meanest things. It is the triumph of insignificance, the apotheosis of foppery and folly. It is the perfection of the mock-heroic.' And Professor Conington thinks 'there can be little to say about a poem so exquisite in its peculiar style of art as to make the task of searching for faults almost hopeless, that of commending beauties simply impertinent.'

Such warmth of encomium as this is at least testimony to the admiration which the skill of the poet can still excite in the reader. But it is criticism which touches the workmanship rather than the work. Pope's execution is so clever as always to charm us even when his subject is most devoid of interest. The secret of the peculiar fascination of *The Rape of the Lock* lies, I believe, not merely in the art and management, but in the fact that here, for the first time, Pope is writing of that which he knew, of the life he saw and the people he lived with. For Windsor Forest, though he lived in it, he had no eyes, but a drawing-room, a fop, and a belle, these were the objects which had struck his young fancy when he emerged from the linendraper's villa, and he had studied them. About these things he can be real and truthful, when he writes of Abelard and Heloise he is making believe, he is an actor trying to think himself into his part. Only in his *Satires and Epistles* and in the characters of his *Moral Essays* will he again succeed in hitting upon congenial matter on which to lay out his extraordinary power of versification.

Nor is the reflection of social life and manners which the *Rape* offers confined to superficial forms only. The most intimate sentiments of the time find their representation here. As an instance we may point to the mean estimation of women. Contempt veiled under the show of deference, a mockery of chivalry, its form without its spirit,—this is the attitude assumed towards women by the poet in this piece. 'The world of fashion is displayed

in its most gorgeous and attractive hues and everywhere the emptiness is visible beneath the outward splendour. The beauty of Belinda the details of her toilet her troops of admirers are all set forth with unrivalled grace and fascination and all bear the impress of vanity and vexation. Nothing can exceed the art with which the satire is blended with the pomp mocking without disturbing the unsubstantial gewgaw. The double vein is kept up with sustained skill in the picture of the outward charms and the inward frivolity of women.

With varying vanities from every part
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart

this is the tone throughout. Their hearts are toyshops. They reverse the relative importance of things the little with them is great and the great little. (Elwin.) This feeling towards women is not the poet's idiosyncrasy here he is but the representative of his age. The degradation of woman in England does not date from the Restoration. It was complete before the Commonwealth and is aptly symbolised in the behaviour of James I, who compelled all ladies to kneel on being presented to him. But the combination of the forms of chivalrous devotion with the reality of cynical contempt was the peculiar tone of manners which came in with the court of Charles II and gradually spread downwards through the lower social strata. The poem in our literature which gives the most finished representation of this sentiment is *The Rape of the Lock*.

It was to the translation of Homer undertaken as a commercial speculation that Pope owed more than to anything else he produced the great reputation he attained in his lifetime. The verdict of later times has reversed the decision of an age little versed in Greek and whose artificial manners were alien from the primitive simplicity and savagery of Homer. Pope translated from the Latin version from the French of Dacier from the English of Chapman. But it was less his ignorance of Greek, than his theory of poetical expression which led him astray. His solicitude is entirely spent upon the words he is using and not upon the thing he is describing. He introduced ornaments which are not only foreign, but false and out of keeping. He reproduced neither the naïveté nor the dignity of the original. Pope's moonlight scene provoked Wordsworth's remark that the eye of the poet had never been steadily fixed upon its object, and that 'it

shows to what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk' Yet no selection from Pope would be complete which did not offer a specimen of the Homer. We give the moonlight scene from the 8th Book, partly for the sake of comparison with Chapman's rendering of the same lines, (see above, vol 1 p 519), and also because it is a striking example of both the faults and excellences of the translation. We have in these few lines more than average infidelity to the original, we have unhomeric embroidery, such as 'refulgent lamp of night', but we have at the same time twenty-four lines (eleven in the Greek) of finished versification, the rapid, facile, and melodious flow of which, concentrating all the felicities of Pope's higher style, has never been surpassed in English poetry.

The translation of Homer occupied Pope during the ten best years of his life. The *Odyssey* was finished in 1725, and Pope turned to very different work, the composition of *The Dunciad*. *The Dunciad* is a personal satire, or lampoon, directed against the small authors of the day, who are bespattered with much mud and little wit, without any pretence of disguise, and under their own names. *The Dunciad* has been the parent of a numerous progeny, *The Scribleriad*, *The Baviad*, *The Pursuits of Literature*, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, all of which have had much vogue in their day, and lost their savour when the generation they libelled has passed away. It must not be concealed that critics of reputation have spoken with approbation of this amalgam of dirt, ribaldry and petty spite. De Quincey has allowed himself to say that *The Dunciad* is Pope's 'greatest work'. Thackeray, who had no toleration for similar offences when Swift was the offender, thought that the conclusion of *The Dunciad* 'shows the author to be the equal of all poets of all times', and Conington considers the poem as 'unquestionably a very great satire'. It certainly shows Pope's peculiar skill as an artist in its perfection. He has now (1727) attained a complete mastery over the couplet, and can compel it to do the work he requires of it. To the literary historian the value of *The Dunciad* is great, as a chapter of contemporary life, a record of small celebrities, otherwise lost to fame. But of its absolute merit as a poem, a just taste must agree with Taine (*Litt Angl* t 4), that 'seldom has so much talent been expended to produce so much ennui'. The motive of the satire is not the desire of the moral reformer to improve mankind, but the rancour and malevolence of literary jealousy. And against whom is this

petty irritation felt? Against feeble journalists brutal pamphleteers starving rhymesters a crew of hackney authors bohemians of ink and paper below literature. To sting and wound these unfortunates gave Pope pleasure as he sat meditating stabs in his elegant villa, the resort of the rich and the noble! By attacking these he lowers himself to their level. The first poet of the age—of the century—chooses to hand himself down to posterity as bandying scurrilities with the meanest scribblers hired defamers the banditti of the printing-office ready at the shortest notice to deliver half a crown's worth of slander. To be even with these miserable outcasts Pope condescended to employ one of the worst of them Savage, as a spy and informer to bring him gossip from their haunts. When every other trunt fails him Pope can gibbet the poverty of these unsuccessful authors as a crime and turn them into ridicule for wanting a dinner. The superfluous vehemence with which he rails against these insignificant enemies betrays the hollowness of the pretence that the satire was aimed not at individuals but at the spirit of dullness or stupid conservatism. Of Pope's ignorance of everything except society and the art of versifying *The Dunciad* offers one signal instance. The first scholar in Europe one possessing a genius for criticism to which philologists of all countries still pay admiring homage was an Englishman and a contemporary of Pope. Pope looked on Richard Bentley but knew him not. The lines (included in our selection) in which the great critic is quizzed are a typical specimen of the fatal flaw in Pope's writings viz. that the workmanship is not supported by the matter a palpable falsehood is enshrined in immortal lines.

The composition of *The Dunciad* had revealed to Pope where his true strength lay in blending personalities with moral reflection. During the next decade 1730-40 he confined himself to the one style of composition upon which his reputation as an English poet must rest and in which he has never had a rival. The pieces which appear in his collected works under the various titles of *Moral Essays Essay on Man Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot Imitations of Horace Epilogue to the Satires* were brought out singly at various times during these ten years.

The most celebrated of these poems are the four epistles addressed to Lord Bolingbroke and known by the collective title of the *Essay on Man*. It is a didactic or argumentative poem, not on Man, as the title bears, but a *théodicée* or vindication

cation of the ways of Providence The view attempted to be presented is that of Leibnitzian optimism, the end of the universe is the general good of the whole, it was impossible to realise this without admitting partial evil Man is not the end of creation, but only one in a graduated scale of beings, it is his pride which leads him to complain when he finds that everything has not been ordered for his benefit The reasoning of the *Essay on Man* is feeble, the philosophy either trite or inconsistent, or obscure But the less the intrinsic value of the argument, the more is our admiration excited by the literary skill and brilliant execution displayed in the management The particular illustrations, the episodes and side-lights, always sparkle with wit, and are sometimes warm with feeling, when the main thesis is jejune and frigid 'Whilst Pope frequently wastes his skill in gilding refuse, he is really most sensitive to the noblest sentiments of his contemporaries, and when he has good materials to work upon, his verse glows with unusual fervour' (Leslie Stephen) Ruskin points to the couplet

'Never elated, while one man's oppressed,
Never dejected whilst another's blessed'

as 'the most complete, concise, and lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words' 'If the *Essay on Man* were shivered into fragments, it would not lose its value, for it is precisely its details which constitute its moral as well as literary beauties' (A W Ward)

The *Moral Essays*, from which our next specimen is taken, consist of five epistles composed at different times, and placed in the works under a common title Of these the same may be said as of the *Essay on Man*, that the ethical doctrine is not worthy of the exquisite workmanship Our extract is from the first epistle, and includes the celebrated character of Philip Lord Wharton, a piece of portraiture which ranks with those of Addison, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Hervey, and the death-bed of Villiers Duke of Buckingham They are masterpieces of English versification, medals cut with such sharp outlines and such vigour of hand that they have lost none of their freshness by lapse of time 'When the poet engraves one of these figures, his compendious imagery, the surprises of his juxtaposition, the sustained and multiplied antitheses, the terse texture of each line, the incessant shocks from the play of his eloquence, directed and concentrated continually upon one point, from these things the memory receives an impression which it never loses' (Taine)

Pope's peculiar powers found their most perfect development in the pieces which in the collected works are entitled *Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated*. Casually suggested by Bolingbroke in the course of conversation and calling themselves an imitation these satires and epistles are the most original of Pope's writing and the most natural and spontaneous outcome of his genius. These pieces nine in number including a Prologue and two Epilogues form a total of some 600 lines and were the product of the four years 1735-8 and therefore of Pope's meridian period between his fortieth and fiftieth year. The ferocity of Pope's invective and the malice of his antipathies are here subdued and though the coarser horse laugh of the old time breaks out every now and then yet on the whole the finer play of sarcasm and witty inuendo has taken the place of hard names and slander.

The *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot* or *Prologue to the Satires* may be singled out as Pope's most characteristic piece. We give it entire in our selections. It contains the two famous portraits that of Lord Hervey (Sporus) and that of Addison (Atticus). The libel for such it is on Lord Hervey cannot be excused even by the rancour of political party. This accomplished nobleman was Vice Chamberlain in the court of George II a position easy enough to a mere scribbler but which was sure to mark out a man of parts and wit such as Lord Hervey as the object of hatred to the tory and jacobite opposition. Even as art Pope must be considered in this sketch to have failed from overcharging his canvas with odious and disgusting images. Yet it is impossible not to admire however we may condemn the art by which acknowledged wit beauty and gentle manners the Queen's favour and even a valetudinary diet are travestied into the most odious defects and offences. (Croker). The satire on Addison in a more refined style but not less unjust in fact had been written twenty years before during Addison's lifetime. Pope regarded the piece with the affection with which an author regards the product of much time and labour and he had meditated each stab in this finished lampoon for years. Having printed it separately in 1717 he now finally adapted it into this *Prologue to the Satires* only suppressing the real name but not concealing it under the thin disguise of 'Atticus'. The art of these malignant lines is much greater than that of those on Lord Hervey. Pope here not only avoids any images which were in themselves offensive but allows his victim many virtues and accomplishments.

MARK PATTISON

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON CRITICISM'

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line,
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood

Others for Language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress.
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent,
The sense, they humbly take upon content
Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place,
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable,
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed

For different styles with different subjects sort
 As several garbs with country town and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style
 Amaze the unlearn'd and make the learn'd smile
 Unlucky as Fungoso in the play
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best
 As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
 In words as fashions the same rule will hold
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song
 And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong
 In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds as some to church repair
 Not for the doctrine but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire
 While expletives their feeble aid do join
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes
 Where'er you find the cooling western breeze
 In the next line it 'whispers through the trees
 If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep
 The reader's threatend (not in vain) with sleep
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song
 That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow

And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's softness join
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and dances along the main
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise
 While at each change, the son of Labyrinth Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature sound,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify

Some foreign writers, some our own despise,
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes
 Which from the first has shone on ages past
 Enlights the present and shall warm the last
 Tho each may feel increases and decays
 And see now clearer and now darker days
 Regard not then if wit be old or new
 But blame the false and value still the true

Some neer advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town
 They reason and conclude by precedent
 And own stale nonsense which they neer invent.
 Some judge of author's names not works and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings but the men.
 Of all this servile herd the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality
 A constant critic at the great man's board
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines
 How the wit brightens! how the stile refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main
 Than issuing forth the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames
 Fair nymphs and well drest youths around her shone
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide.
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all
 This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth wavy neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slave detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray:
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves,
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize

The Powers gave ear and granted half his prayer
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air

But now secure the painted vessel glides
The sun beams trembling on the floating tides
While melting music steals upon the sky
And soft'nd sounds along the waters die
Smooth flow the waves the Zephyrs gently play
Belinda smil'd and all the world was gay
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold
Waft on the breeze or sink in clouds of gold
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies
Where light disports in ever mingling dyes
While every beam new transient colours flings
Colours that change whenever they wave their wings
Amid the circle on the gilded mast
Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd
His purple pinions opening to the sun
He rais'd his azure wand and thus begun

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids to your chief give ear
Fays Fairies Genui' Elves and Demons hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky
Some less refin'd beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care,
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow

This day, black omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care,
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight,
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw,
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball,
 Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall
 Haste then, ye spirits' to your charge repair
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine,
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale,

Form a strong line about the silver bound
And guard the wide circumference around

Whatever spirit careless of his charge,
His post neglects or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon oertake his sins
Be stop'd in vials or transfix'd with pins
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a riv'd flower
Or as Ixion fix'd the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke the spirits from the sails descend
Some orb in orb around the nymph extend
Some thr'd the mazy ringlets of her hair
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear
With beating hearts the dire event they wait
Anxious and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers
There stands a structure of majestic frame
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphae at home
Here thou great ANNA¹ whom three realms obey
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court
In various talk th instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball or paid the visit last
One speaks the glory of the British Queen
And one describes a charming Indian screen

A third interprets motion, looks, and eyes,
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each part of chat,
 With singing, laughing, o' lips, and all that
 Meanwhile, declining from the room of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray,
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches have that jury-men may dine,
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in petto,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease
 Behind now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventurous fighters,
 At ombre singly to decide their doom,
 And swells her breast with conquest yet to come
 Straight the three bands prepare in war to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred mine
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card
 First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
 Then each, according to the rank they bore,
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their incant'ing rite,
 Are, as when women, wordrons fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a fork'd beard,
 And four fair Queens whose hands curl'd in a flower
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power,
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were

Now move to war her sable matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy moors
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field

Him Basto follow'd but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card
 With his broad sabre next a chief in years
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears
 Puts forth one manly leg to sight reveal'd,
 The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd
 The rebel Knave who dares his prince engage
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage
 Ev'n mighty Pam that kings and queens o'erthrew
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike amazon her host invades
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades
 The Clubs black tyrant first her victim died
 Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride
 What boots the regal circle on his head
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe
 And of all monarchs only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face
 And his refulgent Queen with powers combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find
 Clubs Diamonds Hearts in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs
 Of Asia's troops and Africa's sable sons
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit and of various dye
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
 In heaps on heaps one fate overwhelms them all

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts
 At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth the King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply

Oh thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round,
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp, the fiery spirits blaze
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band,
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case

So ladies in romance assist their knight
 Present the spear and arm him for the fight
 He takes the gift with reverence and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends
 Thus just behind Belinda's neck he spread
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair
 A thousand wings by turns blow back the hair
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear
 Thrice she look'd back and thrice the foe drew near
 Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclind
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind
 Sudden he view'd in spite of all her art
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart
 Amaz'd confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd
 Resign'd to fate and with a sigh retir'd

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide
 To inclose the lock now joins it to divide
 Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd
 Fate urg'd the shears and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head for ever and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
 When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
 (The victor cried) the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams or birds delight in air
 Or in a coach and six the British fair
 As long as Atalanta shall be read
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ,
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel,
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?

FROM THE ILIAD .BOOK VIII

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head ,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

What beck'ning ghost along the moon light shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous ever friendly! tell

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender or too firm a heart

To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky

For those who greatly think or bravely die?

Why bade ye else ye pow'rs! her soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes

The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods

Thence to their images on earth it flows

And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows

Most souls 'tis true but peep out once an age

Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage

Dim lights of life that burn a length of years

Useless unseen as lamps in sepulchres

Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep

And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)

Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky

As into the air the purer spirits flow

And separate from their kindred dregs below

So flew the soul to its congenial place

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,

Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of death

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before

And those love darting eyes must roll no more

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall.
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates,
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face,
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb,
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of thy year shall blow,
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot,

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung
 Deaf the prais'd ear and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er
 The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON MAN'

BOOK I

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state
 From brutes what men from men what spirits know
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
 Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
 Plead to the last he crops the flow'ry food
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n
 Who sees with equal eye as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd
 And now a bubble burst and now a world.
 Hope humbly then with trembling pinions soar
 Wait the great teacher death and God adore.
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast
 Man never is but always to be blest.
 The soul (uneasy and confin'd) from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo the poor Indian¹ whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company

Go, wiser thou¹ and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence,
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, Here he gives too little, there too much
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge his justice, be the God of God
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies,
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be Gods
 Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers 'Tis for mine:
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r,
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew,
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew,

For me the mine a thousand treasures brings
For me health gushes from a thousand springs
Seas roll to waft me suns to light me rise
My foot stool earth my canopy the skies

But errs not Nature from this gracious end
From burning suns when livid deaths descend
When earthquakes swallow or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave whole nations to the deep?

No (tis replied) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws
Th exceptions few some change since all began
And what created perfect?—Why then Man?
If the great end be human happiness
Then nature deviates and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of shows and sun shine as of man's desires
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies
As men for ever temperate calm and wise
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but He whose hand the lightning forms
Who heaves old ocean and who wings the storms
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride from pride our very reasoning springs
Account for moral as for natral things
Why charge we heav'n in those in these acquit?
In both to reason right is to submit

Better for us perhaps it might appear
Were there all harmony all virtue here
That never air or ocean felt the wind
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife
And passions are the elements of life
The general order since the whole began
Is kept in nature and is kept in man

What would this man? Now upward will he soar
And little less than angels would be more

Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say, what their use, had he the pow'rs of all,
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd,
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force,
All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate,
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind,
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends.
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam.

Of smell the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green
 Of hearing from the life that fills the flood
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
 The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread and lives along the line
 In the nice bee what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine
 Compar'd half reasoning elephant with thine!
 Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier?
 For ever separate yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how allied
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide?
 And middle natures how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation could they be
 Subjected these to those or all to thee?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
 See through this air this ocean and this earth
 All matter quick and bursting into birth
 Above how high progressive life may go!
 Around how wide how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal human angel man
 Beast bird fish insect what no eye can see
 No glass can reach from infinite to thee
 From thee to Nothing—On superior powers
 Were we to press inferior might on ours
 Or in the full creation leave a void
 Where one step broken the great scale's destroy'd
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike
 Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.
 And if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole
 The least confusion but in one not all
 That system only but the whole must fall.

Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and stars run lawless through the sky,
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature trembles to the throne of God
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing mind of all ordains

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul,
 That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all

Cease then, nor order imperfection name
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame
 Know thy own point This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, heaven bestows on thee
 Submit—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear
 Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour

All nature is but art, unknown to thee
 All chance direction which thou canst not see
 All discord harmony not understood
 All partial evil universal good
 And spite of pride in erring reason's spite
 One truth is clear, Whatever is is right.

BOOK IV

Oh blind to truth and God's whole scheme below
 Who fancy bliss to vice to virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best
 Best knows the blessing and will most be blest.
 But fools the good alone unhappy call
 For ills or accidents that chance to all
 See Falkland dies the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue or contempt of life?
 Say was it virtue more tho' heaven neer gave
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me if virtue made the son expire
 Why full of days and honour lives the sire?
 Why drew Marcellus good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sickend and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
 What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good
 Or change admits or nature lets it fall,
 Short and but rare till man improv'd it all
 We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease
 Think we like some weak prince th' Eternal Cause
 I rone for his favourites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest,
 Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not A better shall we have ?
 A kingdom of the just then let it be
 But first consider how those just agree
 The good must merit God's peculiar care,
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
 One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him instrument of hell,
 If Calvin feel heaven's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
 Whatever is, is right—This world 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too
 And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?
 'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed,'
 What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain
 The good man may be weak, be indolent
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er,
 'No—shall the good want health, the good want power ?'
 Add health, and power, and ev'ry earthly thing
 'Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king ?'

Nay why external for internal giv'n?
 Why is not man a god and earth a heaven?
 Who ask and reason thus will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give
 Immense the power immense were the demand
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heart felt joy,
 Is virtues prize A better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure a crown
 Weak foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sighst thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go like the Indian in another life
 Expect thy dog thy bottle and thy wife
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd
 As toys and empires for a god like mind.
 Rewards that either would to virtue bring
 No joy or be destructive of the thing
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty one!
 To whom can riches give repute or trust
 Content or pleasure but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind
 The lover and the love of human kind
 Whose life is healthful and whose conscience clear
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year

Honour and shame from no condition rise
 Act well your part there all the honour lies
 Fortune in men has some small difference made
 One flaunts in rags one flutters in brocade
 The cobbler aprond and the parson gown'd
 The friar hooded and the monarch crown'd

‘What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?’
I’ll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool
You’ll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella

Stuck o’er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may’st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece
But by your father’s worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards

Look next on greatness say where greatness lies,
Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?
Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede,
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind !
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne’er looks forward further than his nose
No less alike the politic and wise,
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
’Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's time a fancied life in other's breath
A thing beyond us even before our death.
Just what you hear you have and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends
To all beside as much an empty shade
In Eugene living as in Cæsar dead
Like or where, or where they shone or shine
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
It wit's a feather and a chief a rod
In honest man's the noblest work of God
Fame but from death a villain's name can save
As justice tears his body from the grave
When what's oblivion better were resign'd
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert
Flays round the head but comes not to the heart
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starrers, and of loud hurrys
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known
To see all others' faults and feel our own
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge
Without a second, or without a judge
Truths would you teach or save a sinking land?
All fear none aid you and few understand.
Painful preeminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness and its comforts too
Bring then these blessings to a strict account
Make fair deductions see to what they mount
How much of other each is sure to cost
How each for other oft is wholly lost
How inconsistent greater goods with these
How sometimes life is risk'd and always ease

Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose,
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade
 Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
 Compute the morn and evening to the day?
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 'Virtue alone is happiness below'
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill,

Where only merit constant pay receives
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives
 The joy unequall'd if its end it gain
 And if it lose attended with no pain
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears
 Less pleasing far than virtues very tears
 Good from each object from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd
 And where no wants no wishes can remain
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

FROM 'MORAL ESSAYS.

I

Yes you despise the man to books confin'd
 Who from his study rails at human kind
 Tho' what he learns he speaks and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird so talkative and grave,
 That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books too much.
 To observations which ourselves we make
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake
 To written wisdom, as another's less
 Maxims are drawn from notions those from guess
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain
 Some unmark'd fibre or some varying vein
 Shall only man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss

That each from other differs, first confess,
 Next, that he varies from himself no less
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallow fads,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
 On human actions reason tho' you can,
 It may be reason, but it is not man
 His principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more
 Like following life through creatures you direct,
 You lose it in the moment you detect

Yet more, the difference is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen
 All manners take a tincture from our eyes,
 Or come discolour'd through our passions' dyes
 Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dies

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way
 In vain sedate reflections we would rattle,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take
 Oft, in the passions' wide rotation tost,
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost
 Tird, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field
 As the last image of that troubled heap,
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought,)
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought.
 Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do

True some are open, and to all men known;
 Others so very close they're hid from none,
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light,)
 Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight,
 And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half mankind when generous Manly raves
 All know his virtue for he thinks them knaves
 When universal homage Umbra pays
 All see his vice and itch of vulgar praise.
 When flattery glares all hate it in a queen
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find
 Tho' strong the bent yet quick the turns of mind
 Or puzzling contrivies confound the whole
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul
 The dull flat falsehood serves for policy
 And in the cunning truth itself's a lie
 Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wise
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man in vigour in the goot
 Alone in company in place or out
 Early at business, and at hazard late
 Mad at a fox chase wise at a debate
 Drunk at a borough civil at a bill
 Friendly at Hackney faithless at Whitehall.

Catus is ever moral ever grave
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without.
 Who would not praise Patricius high desert
 His hand unstain'd his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not his pride is in picquet,
 Newmarket fame and judgment at a bet

What made (say Montaigne or more sage Charron!)
 Otho a warrior Cromwell a buffoon?
 A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
 A godless regent tremble at a star?
 The throne a bigot keep a genius quit,
 Faithless through piety and dup'd through wit?
 Europe a woman child or dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

But sage historians ! tis your task to prove
One action conduct one heroic love

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still
A gownman learn'd a bishop what you will
Wise if a minister but if a king
More wise more learn'd more just more ev'ry thing
Court virtues bear like gems the highest rate,
Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate
In life's low vale the soil the virtues like
They please as beauties here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the rose and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power
And justly set the gem above the flower

'Tis education forms the common mind
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough your first son is a squire
The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar
Tom struts a soldier open bold and brave
Will sneaks a scrivener an exceeding knave
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power
A quaker? sly a presbyterian? sour
A smart free thinker? all things in an hour

Ask men's opinions Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases and the world goes well
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain if not Europe is undone

That gay free thinker, a fine talker once
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god or spirit he has lately found
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature? habit can efface
Interest overcome or policy take place
By actions? those uncertainty divides
By passions? these dissimulation hides
Opinions? they still take a wider range
Find, if you can in what you cannot change

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times

Search then the ruling passion there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere,
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies,
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too,
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart,
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt,
His passion still to covet general praise,
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways,
A constant bounty which no friend has made,
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade!
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A rebel to the very king he loves,
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT

P Shut shut the door good John! fatigued I said
 Tie up the knocker say I m sick I m dead.
 The dog star rages! nay tis past a doubt
 All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out
 Fire in each eye and papers in each hand
 They rave recite and madden round the land.
 What walks can guard me or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets through my grot they glide
 By land by water they renew the charge
 They stop the chariot and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred not the church is free
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme
 Happy! to catch me just at dinner time

Is there a parson much be mus'd in beer
 A maudlin poetess a rhyming peer
 A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
 Is there who lock'd from ink and paper scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darkend walls?
 All fly to Twitnam and in humble strain
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain
 Arthur whose giddy son neglects the laws
 Imputes to me and my damnd works the cause
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope
 And curses wit and poetry and Pope

Friend to my life (which did not you prolong
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I m sped
 If foes they write if friends they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and tied down to judge how wretched I!
 Who cant be silent and who will not lie

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
 And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years'

Nine years cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends
 'The piece, you think is incorrect? why take it,
 I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound

Pitholeon sends to me 'you know his grace,
 I want a patron, ask him for a place'
 Pitholeon libell'd me—'but here's a letter
 Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better
 Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine'

Bless me! a packet—'tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse'
 If I dislike it, 'furies, death, and rage!'
 If I approve, 'commend it to the stage'
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends
 Fird that the house reject him, 'sdeath, I'll print it,
 And shame the fools—your int'rest, sir, with Lintot'
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much
 'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch'

All my demurs but double his attacks
 At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks'
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king,)
 His very minister who spied them first,
 (Some say his queen,) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine my friend a sorer case
When ev'ry cowcomb perks them in my face?

A Good friend forbear you deal in dang'rous things
I d never name queens ministers or kings
Keep close to ears and those let asses prick
'Tis nothing—*P* Nothing if they bite and kick?
Out with it Dunciad! let the secret pass
That secret to each fool that he's an ass
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept and so may I

You think this cruel? take it for a rule
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter Codrus! round thee break
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack!
Pit box and gallery in convulsions hurl'd
Thou standst unshook amidst a bursting world
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight self pleasing thread anew
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain
The creature s at his dirty work again
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the arch'd eye brow or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley his free masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—*A* Hold! for God sake—you'll offend
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.
I too could write and I am twice as tall
But foes like these—*P* One flatterer's worse than all
Of all mad creatures if the learn'd are right
It is the slaver kills and not the bite
A fool quite angry is quite innocent
Alas 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, 'subscribe, subscribe'

There are, who to my person pay their court.
 I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short,
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and 'sir' you have an eye—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,
 All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 'Just so immortal Maro held his head'
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd,
 The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my life,
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

A But why then publish? *P* Granville the polite
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write,
 Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays,
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
 And St John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixon, and Cooks

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress or a purling stream.
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill
 I wish'd the man a dinner and sate still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret
 I never answer'd I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint

Did some more sober critic come abroad
 If wrong I smil'd if right I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains reading study are their just pretence
 And all they want is spirit taste and sense
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And twere a sin to rob them of their mite
 Yet neer one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds
 Each wight who reads not and but scans and spells
 Each word catcher that lives on syllables
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs or straws or dirt or grubs or worms!
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry I excus'd them too
 Well might they rage I gave them but their due
 A man's true merit tis not hard to find
 But each man's secret standard in his mind
 That casting weight pride adds to emptiness
 This who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear
 And strains from hard bound brains eight lines a year
 He who still wanting tho' he lives on theft
 Steals much spends little yet has nothing left
 And he who now to sense now nonsense leaning
 Means not but blunders round about a meaning

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad
 All these, my modest satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe,

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise,
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike,
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend,
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause,
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I sought no homage from the race that write,
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song;
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise,

Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town
 To fetch and carry sing song up and down
 Nor at rehearsals sweat and mouth'd and cried
 With handkerchief and orange at my side
 But sick of fops and poetry and prate
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
 Sate full blown Bufo puff'd by ev'ry quill
 Fed with soft dedication all day long
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race
 Who first his judgment ask'd and then a place
 Much they extoll'd his pictures much his seat
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye
 But still the great have kindness in reserve
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the great for those they take away
 And those they left me for they left me Gay
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom
 Neglected die and tell it on his tomb
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
 Oh let me live my own and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please,
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend
 I was not born for courts or great affairs,
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers,
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
 'I found him close with Swift—indeed? no doubt
 (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
 'No, such a genius never can lie still,'
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will, or Bubo makes
 Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile
 When every cockcomb knows me by my style?
 Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love,
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend,
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray
 Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear,
 And sees at Canons what was never there,

Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon and fiction lie
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead
 Let Sporus tremble—*A* What? that thing of silk
 Sporus that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys
 Yet wit neer tastes and beauty neer enjoys
 So well bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks
 And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks
 Or at the ear of Eve familiar toad
 Half froth half venom spits himself abroad
 In puns, or politics or tales or lies
 Or spite or smut or rhymes or blasphemies
 His wit all see saw between that and this
 Now high now low now master up now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart
 Fop at the toilet flatterer at the board
 Now trips a lady and now struts a lord
 Eves temper thus the rabbins have express'd
 A cherub's face a reptile all the rest
 Beauty that shocks you parts that none will trust
 Wit that can creep and pride that licks the dust
 Not fortunes worshipper nor fashions fool
 Not lucre's madman nor ambition's tool
 Not proud nor servile be one poet's praise
 That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways
 That flattery ev'n to kings he held a shame
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit,
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad,
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed,
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own,
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape,
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire,
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit
 This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress.
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moore,
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie,
 To please his mistress, one aspers'd his life,
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:

Let Budget charge low Grubstreet on his quill
 And write whatever he pleased except his will
 Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
 His father mother body soul and muse
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore
 Hear this and spare his family James Moore!
 Unspotted names and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue, or in song

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honours cause
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—*A* What fortune pray?—*P* Their own
 And better got than Bestias from the throne.
 Born to no pride inheriting no strife
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife
 Stranger to civil and religious rage
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
 No courts he saw no suits would ever try
 Nor dar'd an oath nor hazarded a lie
 Unlearn'd he knew no schoolmans subtle art
 No language but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise
 Healthy by temperance and by exercise
 His life tho long to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan
 O grant me thus to live and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine
 Me let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath
 Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend
 May Heaven, to bless those days preserve my friend.

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen
A Whether that blessing be denied or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n

FROM THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK
 OF HORACE IMITATED

To Augustus

While you, great patron of mankind¹ sustain
 The balanc'd world, and open all the main,
 Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
 At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend
 How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal²

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
 After a life of generous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws established, and the world reform'd;
 Clos'd their long glories, with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
 All human virtue, to its latest breath,
 Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
 The great Alcides, every labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those suns of glory please not till they set

To thee, the world its present homage pays
 The harvest early, but mature the praise
 Great friend of liberty¹ in kings a name
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.

Wonder of kings ! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen and none e'er shall rise

Just in one instance be it yet confest
Your people Sir are partial in the rest
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone
Authors like coins grow dear as they grow old
It is the rust we value not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote
One likes no language but the Faery Queen
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil
He swears the muses met him at the devil

Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel
We build we paint we sing we dance as well
And learned Athens to our art must stoop
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop
If time improve our wit as well as wine
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we or shall we not account him so
Who died perhaps a hundred years ago?
End all dispute and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalize?

Who lasts a century can have no flaw
I hold that wit a classic good in law

Suppose he wants a year will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once
At ninety nine a modern and a dunce?

We shall not quarrel for a year or two
By courtesy of England he may do

Then by the rule that made the horse tail bare
I pluck out year by year as hair by hair
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow
While you to measure merits look in Stowe

And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier

Shakespeare, (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit,
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart

'Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ,
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow,
But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age'

All this may be, the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule,
Why then, I say, the public is a fool
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,

Or damn all Shakespeare like th affected fool
At court who hates whater he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease
Sprat, Carew Sedley and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)
One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new
While if our elders break all reasons laws
These fools demand not pardon but applause

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow?
One tragic sentence if I dare decide
Which Betterton's grave action dignified
Or well mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho but perhaps a muster roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in Georges age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign
Did not some grave examples yet remain
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill
And having once been wrong will be so still.
He who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards or Merlins prophecy
Mistake him not he envies not admires
And to debase the sons exalts the sires
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?

In days of ease when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd and luxury with Charles restor'd
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd
'All by the kings example, liv'd and lov'd.'

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell,
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flowery courtier writ romance
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate,
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state,
Now for prerogative, and now for laws,
Effects unhappy ! from a noble cause

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school
To worship like his fathers, was his care,
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir,
To prove, that luxury could never hold,
And place, on good security, his gold
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song
I, who so oft renounce the muses, lie,
Not 's self e'er tells more fibs than I,
When sick of muse, or follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

He serv'd a prenticeship who sets up shop
 Ward tried on puppies and the poor his drop
 Ev'n Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
 (Should Ripley venture all the world would smile)
 But those who cannot write and those who can
 All rhyme and scrawl and scribble to a man.

Yet Sir reflect the mischief is not great
 These madmen never hurt the church or state
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind
 And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen
 He ne'er rebels or plots like other men
 Flight of cashiers or mobs he'll never mind
 And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
 To cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose
 Who says in verse what others say in prose
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
 And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
 What will a child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short each accent where to place
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing
 Unless he praise some monster of a king
 Or virtue or religion turn to sport
 To please a lewd or unbelieving Court
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
 No whiter page than Addison remains
 He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,

Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws,
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn
Not but there are, who merit other palms,
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Lark
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain,
The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul.
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew
But times corrupt, and nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind,
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm

It length, by which come dread of saucy board
 The poet's learned to please and not to wound
 Most warped to flattery's ebb but some men
 I revere'd the free and self-thought the vice
 Hence satire rose that I it the more I
 And heals with moral's what I thought with
 We could not trace but for our capricious arms
 Her arts victims to mild net of art
 Linger to so reflect on a less a few
 We grow polite and more learn'd to flow
 Walter was smooth but Dryden's taste to go
 The variety serve the fiction's I
 The long races of match a I (2) civil
 Tho still a trace remain'd and will remain
 And say for some remain'd and will remain
 Laid very far correct to grow or care
 We're the time for great I from evil war
 Exact had a and Corn a row for
 Show'd us that France had something to admire
 But the tragic art was a row
 And fill in Shakespeare far in Otway's time
 But O way fail'd to push or reflect
 And fluent Shakespeare scatter effaced a line
 I've copious Dryden wanted or for
 The last and great art the art to flow
 Some do if equal pairs or equal fire
 The humble muse of comedy re-rite
 But in known images of life I find
 The labor greater as the inducement less
 Observe how seldom can the best succeed
 Tell me if Comedy's fools are fools in need?
 What part low class we have Iarguhat will
 How Van wants grace who never wanted wit
 The stage how loosely does Astraea tread
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed
 And idle Cibber how he breaks the laws
 To make poor Linky eat with vast applause
 But fill their purse our poet's work is done
 Alike to them by pathos or by pun

O you ! whom vanity's light bark conveys
 On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high !
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows
 Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away

There still remains to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the pit
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
 The play stands still, damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse,
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn,
 The champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast
 With laughter sure Democritus had died,
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide
 Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !
 Ah luckless poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more,
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends !
 Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep,
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat,
 Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
 'But has he spoken? Not a syllable.
 What shook the stage and made the people stare?
 Cato's long wig flower'd gown and lacquer'd chair

FROM THE EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Fr Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print
 And when it comes the court see nothing in't
 You grow correct that once with rapture writ
 And are besides too moral for a wit.
 Decay of parts alas! we all must feel—
 Why now this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace Horace long before ye
 Said Tories call'd him Whig and Whigs a Tory
 And taught his Romans in much better metre
 To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter'

But Horace Sir was delicate was nice
 Bubo observes he lash'd no sort of vice
 Horace would say Sir Billy serv'd the crown
 Blunt could do business H—ggins knew the town
 In Sappho touch the failings of the sex
 In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
 And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing
 Who cropt our ears and sent them to the King
 His sly polite insinuating style
 Could please at court and make Augustus smile
 An artful manager that crept between
 His friend and shame and was a kind of screen
 But faith your very friends will soon be sore
 Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory? twill be only thought
 That great men never offer'd you a groat
 Go see Sir Robert—

P See Sir Robert!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have but in his happier hour

Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for power ,
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs no doubt ,
 The only difference is, I dare laugh out

F Why, yes with Scripture still you may be free ,
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty ,
 A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage
 These nothing hurts , they keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue, as they will

If any ask you, 'Who's the man so near
 His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
 Why, answer, Lyttelton, and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
 Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
 But well may put some statesmen in a fury

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes ,
 These you but anger, and you mend not those
 Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more.
 To vice and folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ,
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue, balance all again
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool

P Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth :
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth !
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit ,
 Come Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit !
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng !

The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence
 And all the well whipt cream of courtly sense
 That first was H—vy's F—s next and then
 The S—tes and then H—vy's once again.
 O come that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !
 Then might I sing without the least offence
 And all I sung should be the nation's sense
 Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest
 All parts perform'd and all her children blest !
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
 And let a God's name ev'ry fool and knave
 Be grac'd through life and flatter'd in his grave
F Why so? if Satire knows its time and place
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace
 For merit will by turns forsake them all
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re
 Silent and soft as saints remove to heav'n
 All ties dissolv'd and ev'ry sin forgiv'n
 These may some gentle ministerial wing
 Receive and place for ever near a king !
 There, where no passion pride or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court
 There where no father's brother's friends disgrace
 Once break their rest or stir them from their place
 But past the sense of human miseries
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes
 No cheek is known to blush no heart to throb
 Save when they lose a question, or a job

FROM THE DUNCIAD, BOOK IV

Oh (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign !
 Some gentle James, to bless the land again ,
 To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar school !
 For sure, if dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway
 O ! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king ,
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign
 May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long !
 'The right divine of kings to govern wrong'

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends
 Nor wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,
 (Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away)
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
 On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck
 As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port
 Before them march'd that awful aristarch ,
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark
 His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
 Walker with reverence took, and laid aside
 Low bow'd the rest he, kingly, did but nod ,
 So upright Quakers please both man and God
 Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne
 Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?

Thy mighty Scholiast whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull and humbled Milton's strains,
 Turn what they will to verse their toil is vain
Critics like me shall make it prose again
 Roman and Greek grammarians I know your better
 Author of something yet more great than letter
 While towering o'er your alphabet like Saul
 Stands our digamma, and oertops them all.

'Tis true on words is still our whole debate
 Dispute of *me* or *te* of *aut* or *at*
 To sound or sink in *cano* O or A
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke
 From me what Virgil Pliny may deny
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal
 Be sure I give them fragments not a meal
 What Gellius or Stobaeus hash'd before
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er
 The critic eye that microscope of wit
 Sees hairs and pores examines bit by bit
 How parts relate to parts or they to whole
 The body's harmony the beaming soul
 Are things which Kuster, Burman Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

CONCLUSION OF THE DUNCIAD

More she had spoke but yawn'd—all nature nods
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd
 (St James's first for leaden G preach'd)
 Then catch'd the schools the hall scarce kept awake
 The convocation gap'd but could not speak

Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm,
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept,
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept,
 And chiefless armies dor'd out the campaign,
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none),
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest,
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest,
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull,
 'Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
 O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls the muse obeys the pow'r
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primæval and of Chaos old!
 Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest,
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that lean'd on heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly!

In vain! they gaze turn giddy rave and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires
For public flame nor private, dares to shine
Nor human spark is left nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire CHAOS! is restor'd
Light dies before thy uncreating word
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

[AMBROSE PHILIPS was born in Leicestershire in 1671 and died in his house at Vauxhall on the 18th of June, 1749. His *Pastorals* were published in 1709.]

The reputation of Ambrose Philips has undergone some curious reverses. His *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset*, which Steele pronounced 'as fine a piece as we ever had,' and Goldsmith 'in comparably fine,' seems to us as frigid and as ephemeral as its theme, the *Distressed Mother*, in which he made Racine speak with the voice of Rowe, no longer holds a place, even in memory, on the tragic stage, his translations of Sappho, once thought so brilliant and so affecting, seems to modern readers ludicrously mean, nor is criticism any longer concerned to decide whether the pastorals of Philips or of Pope are the more insipid. But while all these works, on which his contemporary reputation was founded, are forgotten, his odes to private persons, and in particular to children, which won him ridicule from his own age, and from Henry Carey the immortal name of Namby-Pamby, have a simplicity of versification and a genuine play of fancy which are now recognised as rare gifts in the artificial school of Addison in which he was trained. Ambrose Philips is moreover to be praised, not in these odes only, but in his poems generally, for an affectionate observation of natural beauty.

EDMUND W. GOSSE

FROM THE ODE TO MISS CARTERET

By the next returning spring
When again the linnets sing
When again the lumbkins play
Pretty sportlings! full of May
When the meadows next are seen
Sweet enamel! white and green
And the year in fresh attire
Welcomes every gay desire
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year
Fairer sight than orchard shows
Which beside a river blows.
Yet another spring I see
And a brighter bloom in thee
And another round of time
Circling still improves thy prime
And beneath the vernal skies
Yet a verdure more shall rise
Ere thy beauties kindling show,
In each finished feature glow
Ere in smiles and in disdain
Thou assert thy maiden reign
Absolute to save or kill
Fond beholders at thy will.
Then the taper moulded waist
With a span of beauty braced
And the swell of either breast
And the wide high vaulted chest
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound
And the store of charms that shine
Above in lineaments divine
Crowded in a narrow space
To complete the desperate face

Those alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamoured youths adore,
These and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aching heart shall praise

TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY, IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy pretty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot,
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares,
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

THOMAS PARNELL

[THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679 and was buried at Chester on the 18th of October 1718 His *Poems* were first collected after his death by Pope]

In contemplating the Lampadephoria of poetical history we sometimes meet with a figure whose torch was well charged with the resin of genius and ready to be enflamed but whom accidental circumstances removed from the line of light so long and so far that its destiny was never properly fulfilled Such a figure is Parnell who having spent his youth as a thoroughly insignificant amateur in verse was roused during the last five years of his life under the influence of Pope a much younger man than he to strike a few magnificent chords on the lyre of a true poet The last three pieces in the posthumous edition of Parnell's poems show us what he might have been had he lived in London instead of Ireland had he been born in 1699 instead of 1679 and had he understood at once the imperative bent of his genius But his sententious and sonorous writer whose verse in its deeper harmonies surpasses even Pope's in melody fancied himself a satirist a society singer and emulated in his false ambition the successes of Oldham and Prior But while he was vainly attempting to subdue for himself a province in Acrostic land there lay unvisited a romantic island of poesy which was his by birthright and it was Pope who opened his eyes to this fact We know little of Parnell's life but we may be sure from internal evidence that his last three poems were composed during the five years between the publication of *Windsor Forest* and his own death Yet though Pope awakened his genius within him Parnell was not the disciple of Pope within the narrow range of what he did well there was no writer of his time who showed a greater originality

The Hermit may be considered as forming the apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry in England. It is more exactly in the French taste than any work that preceded it, and after it English poetry swiftly passed into the degeneracy of classicism. Parnell's poem is the model of a moral *conte*, the movement is dignified and rapid, the action and reflection are balanced with exquisite skill, the surprise is admirably prepared, and the treatment never flags from beginning to end. The French complaint of the lack of style in our minor poetry might have been triumphantly confronted by the Dennises and Budgells of the infancy of our criticism, by a reference to Parnell's masterpiece, which, if we are ready to grant that polish, elegance and symmetry are the main elements of poetry, could scarcely be surpassed in any language. But more of real inspiration attended the composition of his two remarkable odes, the *Night-Piece* and the *Hymn to Contentment*. In these he originated two distinct streams of poetical influence, for the former was no less certainly the precursor of the curious funereal school of Young, Blair and Porteus, than the latter was of Collins' exquisite strain of lyrical writing. In both he shows himself the disciple of Milton, and wields the ringing octosyllabic measure as no one had done since *Il Penseroso* was published. The lines with which we open our selection from the *Hymn to Contentment* reach a higher range of melody, and strike a more subtle chord of fancy than perhaps any other verses of that age. Yet Parnell has been neglected from his own generation to ours, and it is doubtful whether his moral abstractions can ever hope to regain the popular ear.

EDMUND W. GOSSE

FROM 'A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH'

By the blue tap'r's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er
Their books from wisdom widely stray
Or point at best the longest way
I'll seek a readier path and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below

How deep yon azure dyes the sky
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide !
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe
The lake is smooth and clear beneath
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below
The grounds which on the right aspire
In dimness from the view retire
The left presents a place of graves
Whose wall the silent water laves
That steeple guide thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead
Time was like thee they life possest,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending osier bound
That nameless heave the crumbled ground
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die'

FROM 'A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT'

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground ;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below ,

The rest it seeks in seeking dies
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely lasting peace appear!
This world is self if thou art here
Is once a gain with Eden blest
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus as under shade I stood
I turn my wishes to the wood
And lost in thought no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will
Bid thy wild passions all be still
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow
Then every Grace shall prove its guest
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy!
Raised as ancient prophets were
In heavenly vision, praise and prayer
Pleasing all men hurting none
Pleased and blessed with God alone
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight
While silver waters glide along
To please my ear and court my song
I'll lift my voice and tune my string;
And thee, great source of nature's sin

The sun that walks his airy way
To light the world and give the day

The moon that shines with borrow'd light ,
The stars that gild the gloomy night ,
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ,
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ,
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me .
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes ,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this

THE HERMIT

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ,
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway .
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow .
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun
Banks trees and skies in thick disorder run

To clear this doubt to know the world by sight
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell the pilgrim staff he bore
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before
Then with the sun a rising journey went
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way
His raiment decent his complexion fair
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair
Then near approaching Father hail! he cried
And hail my son the reverend sire replied
Words follow'd words from question answer flow'd
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road
Till each with other pleas'd and loth to part
While in their age they differ join in heart
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around

Now sunk the sun the closing hour of day
Came onward mantled o'er with sober gray
Nature in silence bid the world repose
When near the road a stately palace rose
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home
Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease
The pair arrive the liveried servants wait
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play,
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall,
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe,
His cup was vanish'd, for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds,
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around,
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran

Here long they knock but knock or call in vain
 Driven by the wind and batter'd by the rain
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
 (Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls
 Bread of the coarsest sort with eager¹ wine
 Each hardly granted serv'd them both to dine
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease
 A ready warning bid them part in peace
 With still remark the pondering hermit view'd
 In one so rich a life so poor and rude
 And why should such, within himself he cried,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In every settling feature of his face
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stunted kindness of this churlish soul¹

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display
 And glittering as they tremble cheer the day
 The weather courts them from their poor retreat
 And the glad master bolts the weary gate

While hence they walk the pilgrims' bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought
 His partner's acts without their cause appear
 'Twas there a vice and seem'd a madness here
 Detesting that and pitying this he goes
 Lost and confounded with the various shows

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky }
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie }
 Again they search and find a lodging nigh }
 The soil improv'd around the mansion neat
 And neither poorly low nor idly great

¹ sharp acid

It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies

'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ,
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer '
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died !
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !

How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed
His steps the youth pursues the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way
A river cross'd the path , the passage o'er
Was nice to find , the servant trod before
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ,
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch !'—but scarce his speech began,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer man
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet
His robe turn'd white and flow'd upon his feet
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air
And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight
And moves in all the majesty of light

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends
And in a calm his settling temper ends
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke

Thy prayer thy praise thy life to vice unknown
In sweet memorial rise before the throne
These charms success in our bright region find
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind
For this commission'd I forsook the sky
Nay cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I

Then know the truth of government divine
And let these scruples be no longer thine

The Maker justly claims that world he made
In this the right of Providence is laid
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends
'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye
The power exerts his attributes on high
Your actions uses nor controls your will
And bids the doubting sons of men be still

What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these confess th' Almighty just
And where you can't unriddle learn to trust!

The great vain man who far'd on costly food
Whose life was too luxurious to be good
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost
‘The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne’er mov’d in duty to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head,
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below

‘Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean’d his heart from God,
Child of his age, for him he liv’d in pain,
And measur’d back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run !

But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem’d to go,
And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just

‘But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back !
This night his treasur’d heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !

‘Thus Heaven instructs thy mind . this trial o’er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more ’

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew
Thus look’d Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky,
The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
The prophet gaz’d, and wish’d to follow too

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
‘Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !’
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass’d a life of piety and peace.

JOHN GAY

[JOHN GAY was born at Barnstaple in 1688. Fairly educated, he began life in London as a silk mercer, but soon relinquished that occupation for literature. His first poem was *Rural Sports*, a Georgic inscribed to Mr Pope, 1713. In the following year he produced *The Shepherd's Week*, a set of six pastorals. His principal remaining works are the farce of *The Whistling Call*, 1715, the mock heroic poem of *Trivia or the Art of Walking in the Streets of London*, 1716, *Fables*, 1727-38, and the famous *BeGGars Opera*, 1728. His *Poems on Several Occasions*, including the pastoral tragedy of *De Witt*, published in 1720. He was also concerned in, and bore the blame of, the unlucky comedy of *The History of Mr. M. M. M.*, to which Pope and Arbuthnot had largely contributed. He died in London in December 1732.]

Gay appears to have been one of those easy tempered, indolent, irresponsible good creatures whose lot in this world would probably be either pitiful or tragic if a beneficent Fate did not provide them with charitable friends who watch over them with almost parental solicitude. Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke seem to have cherished a genuine affection for him, and in later life the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury received him into their house and took care both of the helpless poet and his money. His first poem *Rural Sports*, though it contains some happy descriptive passages, is of the *toujours bien jamais mieux* order of performance. Its dedication, however, procured him the friendship of Pope. *The Shepherd's Week*, his next effort, was in fact suggested by Pope, who, fresh from his covert attack in the *Guardian* (Monday April 7, 1713) on the sham pastoral of Ambrose Philips, foresaw what powerful assistance Gay's observant humour and knowledge of the country would furnish to his cause. The rustic life was to be depicted with the gilt off and the right simple Eclogue essayed after the true ancient guise.

of Theocritus' 'Thou wilt not find my Shepherdesses,' says the author's proem, 'idly piping upon oaten Reeds, but milking the Kine, tying up the Sheaves, or, if the Hogs are astray, driving them to their Styes My Shepherd gathereth none other Nosegays but what are the growth of our own Fields, he sleepeth not under Myrtle shades, but under a Hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his Flocks from Wolves, because there are none' Like Fielding's novel of *Joseph Andrews*, the execution of *The Shepherd's Week* was far superior to its avowed object of mere ridicule In spite of their barbarous 'Bumkinets' and 'Grubbinols,' Gay's eclogues abound with interesting folk-lore and closely-studied rural pictures We see the country-girl burning hazel-nuts to find her sweet-heart, or presenting the faithless Colin with a knife with a 'posy' on it, or playing 'Hot Cockles,' or listening to *Gillian of Croydon* and *Patient Grissel* There are also sly strokes of kindly satire, as when the shepherds are represented fencing the grave of Blouzelinda against the prospective inroads of the parson's horse and cow, which have the right of grazing in the churchyard, or when that dignitary, in consideration of the liberal sermon-fee,

'Spoke the Hour glass in her praise—quite out'

These little touches (and there are a hundred more) make us sure that we are reading no mere caricature, but that the country-life of that age of Queen Anne, which her poet loyally declares to be the only 'Golden Age,' is truly and faithfully brought before us

The Shepherd's Week was followed by *Trivia*, for which, the preface tells us, the author received several hints from Swift, with whose *City Shower* it has affinities It is a lively and humorous description of the London streets circa 1716, and has an antiquarian as well as a poetical value The farce of *The What d'ye Call It* contains the musical ballad 'Twas when the seas were roaring,' which we quote Gay's only other important work (for the *Beggar's Opera* does not come within our limits) is the *Fables*, which in 1726 he prepared for the edification of the young Duke of Cumberland As a fabulist he is easy and colloquial, and his work is distinguished by good-humour and good-sense, but he fails to reach the happy negligence and the supreme art of La Fontaine The *Hare and many Friends* is a fair sample of his manner, and it is of additional interest as being in some measure a personal utterance, though the records of his life show that, in spite of his disappointments of court favour, he seldom

failed in finding a Monmouth or a Burlington to soothe his wounded feelings. Moreover the profits from his works which enabled him in spite of losses to die worth £6000 could not have been inconsiderable.

The *Fables* are Gay's most extensive effort. His remaining works consist of *Epistles To an Eclogues Tales* and *Miscellaneous Pieces*. The *Epistles* are sprightly and familiar. One of them *A Welcome from Greece* addressed to Pope on his having finished his translation of the *Iliad* has an unexpected vivacity and lyric movement. It is in an *ottava rima* earlier than Frere or Byron and exhibits the poet's contemporaries assembling to greet him after his six years' toil. Prior Congreve Steele Chandos Bathurst—few of the illustrious names of the age are absent. Nor are the other sex unrepresented.—

What lady's that to whom he gently bends?

Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes!

How art thou honoured numbered with her friends!

For she distinguishes the good and wise

The sweet-tongued Marry near her side attends

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies

Now Hervey's fire of face I mark full well

With thee Youth's youngest daughter sweet Lepell

As to Gay's *Town Eclogues* they are neither better nor worse than Lady Mary's own and probably had a like origin: ridicule of Ambrose Philips. His *Tales* have the indelicacy but not the grace of Prior's. Of his songs and ballads that of *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan* is too well known to need description and too great a favourite to be omitted from any anthology. *Damon and Cupid* and *The Lady's Lamentation* are other examples of that singing faculty which Gay possessed in so marked a degree and which contributed so triumphantly to the success of the *Beggar's Opera*.

AUSTIN DOBSON

FROM 'THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK'

Ah, Colin ! canst thou leave thy Sweetheart true !
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do ?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own-spun yarn ?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait ?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside . . .
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care ,
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain
In mising days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repaired ,
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply ,
Whene'er you mowed I followed with the rake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake ,
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagged the last with Colin on the green ,
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far ,
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I placed,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste
When hungry thou stoodst staring, like an oaf,
I sliced the luncheon from the barley loaf ,
With crumbled bread I thickened well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less !

A BALLAD

[From *The What d ye Call It*]

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind
A damsel lay deploring
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the rolling billows
She cast a wistful look
Her head was crowned with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days
Why didst thou venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease cease thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow
You'd find a richer maiden
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear ;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear
When, o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied ,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care
'Tis thus in friendship , who depend
On many, rarely find a friend

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ,
She hears the near advance of death ,
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ,

Till, fainting in the public way
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay
 What transport in her bosom grew
 When first the Horse appeared in view !
 'Let me' says she your back ascend
 And owe my safety to a friend
 You know my feet betray my flight
 To friendship every burden's light
 The Horse replied Poor honest Puss
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus
 Be comforted relief is near
 For all your friends are in the rear'

She next the stately Bull implored
 And thus replied the mighty lord.

Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well
 I may without offence pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend
 Love calls me hence a favourite cow
 Expects me near yon barley mow
 And when a lady's in the case
 You know all other things give place
 To leave you thus might seem unkind
 But see the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
 Her languid head her heavy eye

My back says he 'may do you harm
 The Sheep's at hand and wool is warm'

The Sheep was feeble and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained
 Said he was slow confessed his fears
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares

She now the trotting Calf addressed
 To save from death a friend distressed.

Shall I says he of tender age
 In this important care engage?
 Older and abler passed you by
 How strong are those how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence
 Excuse me, then You know my heart.
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part !
 How shall we all lament Adieu !
 For see, the hounds are just in view'

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When Black-eyed Susan came aboard,
 'Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew ?'

William, who high upon the yard
 Rocked with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
 And drops at once into her nest
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again
 Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landsmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
They'll tell thee sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find
Yes yes believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go

'If to fair Indias coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright
Thy breath is Africs spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn
Though cannons roar yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word
The sails their swelling bosom spread
No longer must she stay aboard
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land
Adieu! she cries, and waved her hily hand.

THOMAS TICKELL

[THOMAS TICKELL was born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in 1686, and died at Bath in 1740 His longest poem, *Kensington Gardens*, appeared in 1722]

The powers of Tickell were awakened and solely sustained by an unbounded admiration for the person and genius of Addison His Muse hovered around her object, celebrating its beauties from every side, and even Pope, when he was most angry, could not help smiling to see the pompous figure of Atticus accompanied by so tender and importunate a satellite That the great man stooped to make a tool of his friend's fidelity in an unworthy literary quarrel, and by the failure of his intrigue brought ridicule upon them both, is matter of history , but this did not deter Tickell from directing that his tombstone in the church of Glasneven should state that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison,' or from celebrating the death of the latter in a poem wherein he surpassed not himself only but his master too

The famous elegy is justly ranked among the greatest masterpieces of its kind In it a sublime and public sorrow for once moved a thoroughly mediocre poet into utterance that was sincere and original So much dignity, so much pathos, so direct and passionate a distress, are not to be found in any other poem of the period But when Tickell was not eulogising the majesty and sweetness of Addison, he was but a languid, feeble versifier *Kensington Gardens* is one of those works that will not let themselves be read , the once-admired ballad of *Colin and Lucy* seems very trite and silly to a modern reader , while the poem *On Hunting*, in which Tickell posed as the English Grattius Faliscus, progressed so slowly that it was at last anticipated by the *Chase* of Somerville, another of Addison's ardent disciples From this

general condemnation it is only just to except the thoughtful and melodious lines *On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan*

Tickell's first introduction to Addison was through a copy of verses which he addressed to him from Oxford in 1707 in which this couplet occurred —

No charms are wanted to thy artful song
Soft as Corelli and as Virgil strong

For this piece of flattery the young poet was rewarded by Addison's personal friendship. It is worthy of remark that the influence of Addison on English verse was as entirely false and sterile as his influence on prose was fruitful and healthy.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR ADDISON

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate payed,
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine,
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart,
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held
In arms who triumph'd or in arts excelled
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood
Just men by whom impartial laws were given
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven
Neer to these chambers where the mighty rest
Since their foundation came a nobler guest
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assigned
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
Or mixed with milder Cherubim to glow
In hymns of love not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh if sometimes thy spotless form descend
To me thy aid thou guardian Genius lend!
When rage misguides me or when fear alarms
When pain distresses or when pleasure charms
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before
'Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which so ye heavens decree
Must still be loved and still deplored by me)

In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight,
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there,
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove
'Twas there of Just and Good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song,
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe,
There taught us how to live, and (oh ! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die

ALLAN RAMSAY

[ALLAN RAMSAY was born in 1686 in Linlithgowshire. His father was the manager of Lord Hopetoun's lead mines but his grandfather was younger son of a laird of Cockpen and nephew of Ramsay of Duthousie and he took pride in his descent from this ancient stock. He was apprenticed as a boy to a wig-maker but passed from writing poetry and editing poetical collections into being a bookseller. His chief efforts were circulated among his cronies in MS. and sold by himself to the public in penny broad sheets. In 1716 he published an edition of *Christ Kirk the Green* with a second canto of his own composition and soon after another edition with a third new canto. In 1719 he published a collection of *Songs*; in 1721 a collection of his own poems in quarto; in 1722 his *Familiar Tales* and his *Tales of the Bannocks*; in 1723 his *Familiar*; in 1724 a poem on *Halibut*; in the same year miscellaneous collections entitled *The Tattered Melodist* and *The Evening*; and in 1725 the work with which chiefly his fame is associated *The Gentle Shepherd*. He died in 1758.]

Ramsay had an influence upon the growth of the peasant poetry of Scotland which must be taken account of quite apart from the qualities of his own song and perhaps constitutes a better title to remembrance. He did not create the movement which reached its full volume and intensity in the poetry of Burns but it was concentrated in him for a generation and passed on with a mighty impulse. It must always be hazardous work guessing at the beginnings of things but if one were asked to name the great seminal work of the Scotch poetry of the eighteenth century one would have little hesitation in pitching upon Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Songs Ancient and Modern*. Ramsay himself tells us that his inspiration or at least his ambition to write came from this source. It was to the Scotch poetry of the eighteenth

century what *Tottel's Miscellany* was to the English poetry of the sixteenth, only much more powerful in its influence, owing to the fact that fewer influences were at work in the field. Ramsay carried out on a larger scale and with more abundant resources the plan adopted by this pioneer, collecting, adapting, and publishing 'ancient' poems, and getting 'ingenious' friends to assist him in the production of 'modern' poems. His shop at the sign of the Mercury in the High Street of Edinburgh, thus became the headquarters of a school, in which he was the acknowledged master, and the productions of this school, written in the dialect of a peasantry among whom it was a disgrace not to be able to read, and coming home to their 'business and bosoms,' were popular as no literature had ever been before. It was not without some reason that austere moralists lamented the flight of godliness from the land before Ramsay's 'licentious muse'. The *Gentle Shepherd*, with its pagan summons to lads and lasses to 'pu the gowan in its prime,' found its way into the cottages, though as forbidden fruit wherever the authority of the Kirk was respected, almost as freely as the Bible.

To get a correct conception of the general character of Ramsay's poems, we must look at the audience for whom they were written. They were read by peasants, by shepherds, ploughboys, and milk-maids, but they had first passed under the critical eyes of a more lettered circle. It may seem a paradox to call Ramsay's poems *vers de société*, yet such in effect they were, though the society for which they were written had not much of the culture which we now associate with the name. Ramsay was a convivial soul—he has been called a 'convivial buffoon'—and he and his friends had formed themselves into an 'Easy Club,' in imitation of the famous literary clubs of the London coffee-houses. It was for this society that he began to write verses, for a knot of young lawyers, doctors, lairds, and tradesmen, who had a liking for literature and good-fellowship, who read the *Spectator*, Pope, Dryden, and the poets of the Restoration, and met of an evening to sup, crack jokes, and exchange literary essays and small talk. Ramsay's poems smack of this convivial atmosphere. Through the medium of the 'Easy Club,' with such admixture as it could not fail to receive from the vigorous individuality of the members, the spirit of the Restoration passed to do battle among the Scotch peasantry with the austere spirit of the Kirk. The rugged passion and rude pathos, the intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of a hard existence,

which found voice among a people awakened to the charm of song did not come from renowned Allan the canty cullan who was the laureate of the Easy Club. Broad funny touches of satire at the expense of local fashions and local characters compliments to reigning beauties humorous descriptions of local life were the subjects with which Ramsay sought the applause of his boon companions and appealed with success to a wider public.

The Lass o' Patie's Mill and *Bessie Bell and Mary Gray* are examples of the light lyric in which the genial mirth-loving poet was at his ease. When he tried serious themes he soon got beyond his depth. *Farewell to Lochaber* is the only serious lyric of his that has kept its hold and even that is not without traces of artificiality of sentiment such as the departing warrior's explanation that he weeps not because he is going to battle but because he is leaving his sweetheart.

These tears that I shed they are a for my dear
And no for the dangers attending on weir

The humorous imp that was Ramsay's true familiar must have guided his pen when he wrote these lines. The lover's agonies were not within reach of his art although he could paint the lover's delights with genuine lyric rapture his gay science was summed up in the lines —

Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate
And be i ane contented

It is as a painter of manners with keen sly humorous observation and not as a lyricist that Ramsay deserves to be remembered. We can well understand Hogarth's admiration for him. His elegies on *Maggie Johnstone* and *Lucky Wood* and his anticipation of the Road to Ruin in the *Three Bonnets* were after Hogarth's own heart. But the life that he painted in the Scotch capital as he saw it with his twinkling eye broad sense of fun and pawky humour was too coarse to have much interest for any but his own time. In a happy hour for his memory he conceived the idea of describing the life which he had known in his youth in the country. From writing pastoral dialogues after the manner of Spenser such as that in which Pope and Steele as Sandy and Richie are made to lament the death of Adie in broad Scotch he took to making real Scotch shepherds and shepherdesses discuss in verse their loves and all the concerns of their daily life. In *The Gentle Shepherd* Ramsay brought back real pastoral poetry to

literature The Scotch critics of the last century delighted in comparing Ramsay's masterpiece with the pastorals of the Italian masters, and giving him the palm over these competitors But the kind of composition is so different that a fair basis of comparison can hardly be said to exist *The Gentle Shepherd* must be judged on its merits as a picture of real rustic life Its fidelity to nature is attested by the welcome it received from the people whose life it described, and who saw themselves reflected there as they wished that others should see them—the harshness of their struggle for existence forgotten, and all their simple joys gathered up in the poet's imagination.

WILLIAM MINTO

[From *The Gentle Shepherd*]

JENNY AND PEGGY

Jenny

But poortith¹ Peggy is the warst of a
 Gif oer your heads ill chance should beggary draw
 There little love or canty² cheer can come
 Frae duddy³ doublets and a pantry toom⁴
 Your nowt⁵ may die the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw or blashy thows⁷
 May smoor⁸ your wethers and may rot your ewes
 A dyvour⁹ buys your butter woo and cheese
 But or the day of payment breaks and flees
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent —
 'Tis no to gie your merchants to the bent¹
 His honour maunna want he pouns¹¹ your gear
 Syne driven frae house and hold where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg be wise and lead a single life
 Troth it s nae mows¹² to be a married wife.

Peggy

May sic ill luck befa that silly she
 Wha has sic fears for that was never me
 Let fowk bode weel and strive to do their best
 Nae mair's requir'd—let heaven make out the rest.
 I ve heard my honest uncle often say
 That lads should a for wives that s virtuous pray
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well stor'd room unless his wife wad let
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart
 Whateer he wins I ll guide my canny care
 And win the vogue at market tron or fair
 For halesome clean cheap and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs cheese butter and some woo,
 Shall first be sold to pay the laird his due

poerty	chee ful	ragged	empty	⁸ cattle	river flats
thaws	smother	bankrupt	off	¹¹ impounds.	¹² joke.

Syne a' behind's our ain Thus without fear,
 With love and rowth¹ we thro' the warld will steer,
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grow rise,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife

Jenny

But what if some young gigit on the green
 With dimpled cheek and twa bewitching een,
 Should gar your Patie think his half worn Meg
 And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy

Nae mair of that Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly² great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind,
 They'll reason calmly and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their marks³ at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will,
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing-ingle and a clean hearth-stane,
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pots be ready to take aff,
 Clean hagabag⁴ I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford,
 Good-humour and white bigonets⁵ shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny

A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dosens⁶ down to nane, as fowk grow auld

Peggy

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, where love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy

¹ plenty

² wonder

³ mates

⁴ huckaback

⁵ linen caps

⁶ dwindles

See yon twa elms that grow up side by side
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they ve prest
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd
 And in their mixture now are fully blest
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast
 That in return defends it frae the wast
 Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airt¹ maun bow

Jenny

I ve done I yield dear lassie I maun yield
 Your better sense has fairly won the field
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies dernd² within my breast this mony a day

PATIE AND PEGGY

Patie

By the delicious warmth of thy mouth
 And rowing³ eye, which smiling tells the truth
 I guess my lassie that as well as I
 You re made for love and why should ye deny?

Peggy

But ken ye lad gin we confess oer soon
 Ye think us cheap and syne the wooing s done
 The maiden that oer quickly tines her power
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour

Patie

But when they hing oer lang upon the tree
 Their sweetness they may tine and sae may ye
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear
 And I have tholed⁴ and wooed a lang half year

Peggy

Then dinna pu me gently thus I fa
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace
 And mint⁵ nae farther till we ve got the grace.

quarte hidden roll'ng loses ³ suffered aim

Patie

O charming armfu'! Hence, ye cares away
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the livelang day
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain

Chorus

Sun, gallop down the westling skies,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ,
 O lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day ,
 And if ye're wearied, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[From *The Tea-Table Miscellany*]

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence would ease me
 When naething could please me,
 Now dowie ¹ I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Ere through the wood, laddie, until thou return
 Though woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lavrocks are singing
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken some spare no to tell ,
 I'm fashed wi' their scorning
 Baith evening and morning ,
 Their jeering aft gaes to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.
 Then stay, my dear Sandie, nac langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow²,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play

¹ melancholy

² sweetheart

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING

An thou were my ain thing
 I would love thee I would love thee
 An thou were my ain thing
 How dearly I would love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue
 Sae wad I dwell upon thy mow^t
 And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang s I had the use of light
 I d on thy beauties feast my sight
 Sync in saft whispers through the night
 I d tell how much I loved thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean I
 She moves a goddess oer the green.
 Were I a king thou should be queen—
 Nane but myself aboon thee.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou like ivy on the vine
 Around my stronger limbs should twine
 Formed handy to de end thee.

Time s on the wing and will not stay
 In shining youth let s make our hay
 Since love admits of no delay
 O let na scorn undo thee.

While love does at his altar stand
 Hae here s my heart gie me thy hand
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him who loves thee.

An thou were my ain thing
 I would love thee I would love thee
 An thou were my ain thing
 How dearly I would love thee.
 mouth.

JAMES THOMSON

[JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire on the 11th of September, 1700, and died at Kew on the 27th of August, 1748. His first published work, *Winter*, appeared in 1726. The next year *Summer*, *Britannia*, and a few minor poems followed. *Spring* was not published till 1728, and *Autumn* in 1730 completed *The Seasons*. *Sophonisba*, the first of several dramas, appeared in the same year as *Spring*. The first three parts or cantos of *Liberty* were given to the world in 1735, the two last in 1737. *The Cattle of Indolence* appeared in 1746, two years before Thomson's death.]

No competent criticism of any school has ever denied Thomson's claim to a place, high if not of the highest, among poets of the second order. His immense and enduring popularity would settle the question, if it had ever been seriously debated. For the *orbis terrarum* may indeed judge without hesitation on such a point, when its judgment is ratified beforehand by many generations. Popularity which outlasts changes of manners and fashions is a testimony to worth which cannot be left out of the account, and Thomson's popularity is eminently of this kind. Neither the somewhat indiscriminate admiration of the romantic style, of which Percy set the fashion, nor the naturalism of Cowper, nor the great revolution championed in various ways by Scott, by the Lakists, and by Byron, nor the still more complete revolution of Shelley and Keats, availed to shake the hold of *The Seasons* on the popular mind. Every one knows Coleridge's remark on seeing a dogs-eared copy on an inn window-sill. During the last century the reading of poetry, except that of contemporary authors, has somewhat gone out of fashion, yet no one who does read *The Seasons*, much more

A SNOW SCENE.

[From *Winter*]

The keener tempests come and fuming dun
From all the livid east or piercing north
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends
At first thin wavering till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast dimming the day
With a continual flow The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white
Tis brightness all save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current, Low the woods
Bow their hoar head and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray
Earth's universal face deep hid and chill
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
The works of man Drooping the labourer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow and then demands
The fruit of all his toil The fowls of heaven
Tamed by the cruel season crowd around
The winnowing store and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them One alone
The redbreast sacred to the household gods
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid he first
Against the window beats then brisk alights
On the warm hearth then hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the smiling family askance
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—

Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want The bleating kind
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair, then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THE SHEEP-WASHING

[From *Summer*]

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream,
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill—and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed,

Head above head and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit and whet the sounding shears
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores
With all her gay drest maids attending round
One chief in gracious dignity enthroned
Shines o'er the rest the pastoral queen and rays
Her smiles sweet beaming on her shepherd king
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace
Some mingling stir the melted tar and some
Deep on the new shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand
Others the unwilling wether drag along
And glorying in his might the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram
Behold where bound and of its robe bereft
By needy man that all depending lord
How meek how patient the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not ye gentle tribes 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved
No 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears
Who having now to pay his annual care
Borrowed your fleece to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

[From *Spring*]

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise
Scarce staining ether but by fast degrees
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed
Oppressing life but lovely gentle kind
And full of every hope and every joy

The wish of Nature Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm , that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The fallen verdure Hushed in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ,
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once
Into the general choir Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.

STORM IN HARVEST

[From *Autumn*]

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn ,
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,

And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed, and naked to its utmost rage
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round
The billowy plain floats wide nor can evade
Though pliant to the blast its seizing force—
Or whirled in air or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon broad descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom and still
The deluge deepens till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell the meadows swim.
Red from the hills innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar and high above its bank
The river lift before whose rushing tide
Herds flocks and harvests cottages and swains
Roll mingled down all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruined the big hopes
And well earned treasures of the painful year
Fled to some eminence the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along his drowning ox at once
Descending with his labours scattered round
He sees and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided and a train
Of clamant children dear Ye masters then
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride
And, oh be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse
Makes your glass sparkle and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all involving winds have swept away

TO HER I LOVE

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead ?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam
And sometimes share thy lover's woe ,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

Oh ! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee ;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh ! visit thou my soothing dream !

FROM 'THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE'

BOOK I.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ,
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play

Was nought around but images of rest
 Sleep soothing groves and quiet lawns between
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest
 From poppies breathed and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen
 That as they bickered through the sunny glade
 Though restless still themselves a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood
 And up the hills on either side a wood
 Of blackening pines aye waving to and fro
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood
 And where this valley winded out below
 The murmuring main was heard and scarcely heard to flow

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was
 Of dreams that wave before the half shut eye
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
 For ever flushing round a summer sky
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh
 But whateer smacked of noyance or unrest
 Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest

* * * * *

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one citsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man strolled off his own glad way ;
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertained,
 No living creature could be seen to stray ,
 While solitude, and perfect silence reigned ,
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,
 Placed far amid the melancholy moun,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in Ocean Phoebus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro,
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show

* * * * *

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
 And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
 (So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together melt ,
 At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the leirst entrance found they none at all
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep secure in massy hall

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
 That played, in waving lights, from place to place ,
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ,
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay

No fair illusions! artful phantoms no!
 My muse will not attempt your fairy land
 She has no colours that like you can glow
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
 But sure it is was neer a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel seeming sprights
 Who thus in dreams voluptuous soft and bland
 Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights
 And blest them oft besides with more refined delights

* * * * *

To number up the thousands dwelling here
 An useless were and eke an endless task
 From kings and those who at the helm appear
 To gipsies brown in summer glades who bask.
 Yea many a man perdie I could unmask
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show
 With tape ty'd trash and suits of fools that ask
 For place or pension laid in decent row
 But these I passen by with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place
 There was a man of special grave remark.¹
 A certain tender gloom overspread his face
 Pensive not sad in thought involv'd not dark
 As soot this man could sing as morning lark
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart
 But these his talents were yburied stark
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart
 Which or boon Nature gave or nature painting Art

To noontide shades incontinent he ran
 Where purls the brook with sleep inviting sound
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground
 Where the wild thyme and camomile are found
 There would he linger till the latest ray
 Of light fate trembling on the welkin's bound
 Then homeward thro the twilight shadows stray
 Sauntering and slow so had he passed many a day

William Pitt Thomson's amanuensis

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past ,
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew revealed ,
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And marked the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still¹, who quite detested talk ,
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak ,
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven ! the day is done '

¹ Probably the poet Armstrong

JOHN ARMSTRONG

[JOHN ARMSTRONG was born in Liddesdale about the year 1709 and died in London in 1779. His poetical works, which here alone concern us were *The Economy of Love* 1739 *The Art of Pleasing Himself* 1744 and some slight pieces published in volumes of miscellanies later.]

Armstrong is beyond all doubt the most remarkable poet of the school of Thomson. It would appear that the style in his case was not the result merely of imitation of the author of *The Seasons* but came from a similar cause the study at once of the Queen Anne men and of older writers. Both Shakespeare and Spenser were sufficiently attractive to Armstrong when he was quite a boy to induce him to imitate them and though the imitations show more zeal than appreciation they have some merit. *The Economy of Love* from which no extracts can here be given, contains many stately verses and some which exhibit considerable novelty of structure. On the whole Armstrong's versification and language are Thomsonian. The blemishes of that style such as the ridiculous classicism which calls a cold bath a gelid cistern and so forth are present in large measure. But the merits of abundant fancy of surprising range of illustration, and of a certain starchy grace which is not unattractive are present likewise. It would be difficult to find a more unsuitable subject for poetry than preserving health yet in treating it Armstrong has managed to produce many passages which lovers and students of human nature cannot afford to disdain. His vigour is unquestionable and his skill is by no means of an every day order. The poem is however deformed not merely by the unavoidable drawbacks of the subject but by the insertion of a large mass of obsolete technicalities which could at no time be

attractions, and which now make parts of it nearly unreadable. Here and there, too, we are offended by the defect which Armstrong shares with Swift and with Smollett, the tendency to indulge in merely nauseous details. On the whole however the merits of *The Art of Preserving Health* far outweigh its defects. It may indeed be urged by a devil's advocate that it is but a left-handed compliment to say that a man has done better than could be expected a task which, as sense and taste should have shown him, ought not to have been attempted at all. But Armstrong must always have, with competent judges, the praise which belongs to an author who has a distinct and peculiar grasp of a great poetical form. His rhymed verse is on the whole very inferior to his blank. The rhymes are frequently careless, and the poet's ear does not seem to have taught him how to construct couplets with the proper variety and continuity of cadence. His satire however, if a little conventional, is sometimes vigorous, and a specimen of the poem entitled *Taste* is therefore given here.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH¹

BOOK III

The body moulded by the clime endures
The equator heats or hyperborean frost
Except by habits foreign to its turn
Unwise you counteract its forming power
Rude at the first the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance study then your sky
Form to its manners your obsequious frame
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies some frequent
The gelid cistern and where nought forbids
I praise their dauntless heart a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism.
The nerves so tempered never quit their tone
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts
But all things have their bounds and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health should never mix
With human kind nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures ill fitted he
To want the known or bear unusual things
Besides the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar for by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

BOOK IV

How to live happiest? how avoid the pains
The disappointments and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ

The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite Tho' old, he still retained
His manly sense, and energy of mind
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe,
He still remembered that he once was young,
His easy presence checked no decent joy
Him even the dissolute admired, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleased put on,
And laughing could instruct Much had he read,
Much more had seen he studied from the life,
And in th' original perused mankind
Versed in the woes and vanities of life
He pitied man and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has cursed with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy
'Our aim is happiness, 'tis yours, 'tis mine,'
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam and were the fates more kind
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And, cloyed with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream
Let nature rest be busy for yourself,
And for your friend, be busy even in vain
Rather than tease her sated appetites
Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys,
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps
Let nature rest and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge, but shun satiety
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest,
But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of life oppress whom sober sense conducts
 And virtue thro this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin
 Virtue and sense are one and trust me still
 A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
 Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit with humanity
 'Tis sometimes angry and its frown confounds
 'Tis even vindictive but in vengeance just
 Knaves fain would laugh at it some great ones dare
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms
 To noblest uses this determines wealth
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days
 The peace and shelter of adversity
 And if you pant for glory build your fame
 On this foundation which the secret shock
 Defies of envy and all sapping time.
 The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye the suffrage of the wise
 The praise that's worth ambition is attained
 By sense alone and dignity of mind
 Virtue the strength and beauty of the soul
 Is the best gift of Heaven a happiness
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great Nature's favourites a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers nor can be transferr'd.

FROM 'TASTE AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC

Read boldly and unprejudiced peruse
 Each fav'rite modern e'en each ancient Muse
 With all the comic salt and tragic rage
 The great stupendous genius of our stage
 Boast of our island pride of humankind
 Had faults to which the boxes are not blind
 His frailties are to every gossip known
 Yet Milton's pedantries not shock the town

Ne'er be the dupe of names however high,
For some outlive good parts, some misapply
Each elegant Spectator you admire,
But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire?
Masks for the court, and oft a clumsy jest,
Disgraced the muse that wrought the Alchemist
'But to the ancients'—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,
That ev'ry work which lasts in prose or song
Two thousand years deserves to last so long
For—not to mention some eternal blades
Known only now in academic shades,
(Those sacred groves where raptured spirits stray,
And in word-hunting waste the livelong day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,—
Do read Messala's praises if you can
Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart
While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the loves and muses melt in tears,
But not a word of some hexameters!
'You grow so squeamish and so devilish dry
You'll call Lucretius vapid next' Not I
Some find him tedious, others think him lame,
But if he lags his subject is to blame.
Rough weary roads thro' barren wilds he tried.
Yet still he marches with true Roman pride,
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He streams athwart the philosophic night.
Find you in Horace no insipid odes?—
He dared to tell us Homer sometimes nods,
And but for such a critic's hardy skill
Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

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WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

[WILLIAM SOMERVILLE was born in Warwickshire in 1677. He was educated at Winchester and became a Fellow of New College Oxford. In 1704 he inherited the seat of his ancestors Edston where he spent the remainder of his life as a country gentleman. Late in life he began to write and published *The Two Springs* 1725 *Ode on the Poets* 1727 *The Chase* 1734 and *His Works*. He died July 19 1742 and was buried at Wotton near Henley in Arden.]

Somerville was a handsome noisy squire a strapping fellow six feet high a hard rider a crack shot. No more characteristic specimen of the sporting country gentleman pure and simple could be imagined or one less likely to develop into a poet. It was in fact not until fast living had begun to break down his constitution that he took to literature as a consolation. One of his earliest exercises was an epistle addressed to Addison who had bought a property in Warwickshire and so had become Somerville's neighbour. This poem is neatly and enthusiastically versified and contains the well known compliment which pleased Dr Johnson so much —

When panting Virtue her last efforts made
You bought your Clio to the virgins and

Somerville was the disciple of Addison but he enjoyed at the same time the friendship of Pope. A lyric correspondence with Allan Ramsay tells us more about his person than we should otherwise have known and an epistle to James Thomson displays the respect with which he learned to contemplate his own literary judgment. A friendship with the boyish Shenstone was the last event of a career that ended very plaintively in pain financial ruin and drunkenness. His life is a singular variant of the pagan ideal

of the time, it is curious to find a boisterous squire, of the coarse type that Fielding painted in the next generation, assuming the airs of a stoic and a wit, and striking the fashionable Cato attitude in top-boots and a hunting-belt

Somerville, who was a well-read man, took the *Cynegetica* of Grattus Faliscus as his model, when he produced his best poem, *The Chase*. Like the Latin poet, he alternates moral maxims with practical information about the training and the points of hounds. This epic, which is in four books, discusses in its first part the origin of hunting, the economy of kennels, the physical and moral accomplishments of hounds, and the choosing of a good or bad scenting day. The second book, which possesses more natural language and a finer literary quality than the others, commences with directions for hare-hunting, and closes with a moral reproof of tyranny. In the third book hunting is treated from an antiquarian and an exotic standpoint, while the fourth deals with the breeding of hounds, their diseases, and the diseases they cause, such as hydrophobia. It will hardly be guessed from such a sketch of the contents that *The Chase* is a remarkably readable and interesting poem. It is composed in blank verse that is rarely turgid and not very often flat, and the zeal and science of the author give a certain vitality to his descriptions which compels the reader's attention. People that have a practical knowledge of the matters described confess that Somerville thoroughly understood what he was talking about, and that in his easy chair before the fire he 'plied his function of the woodland' no less admirably than he had done in the saddle in his athletic youth.

The success of *The Chase* induced him, when he was quite an old man, to sing of fishing and of the bowling green, but on these subjects he was less interesting than on hunting. His *Hobbinol*, a sort of mock-heroic poem on rural games, written in emulation of *The Splendid Shilling* of John Philips, was intended to be sprightly, and only succeeded in being ridiculous. Less foolish, but somewhat coarsely and frivolously easy, were his *Fables*, in the manner of Prior. Posterity, in short, has refused to regard Somerville in any other light than as the broken-down squire, warming himself with a mug of ale in his ancestral chimney corner, and instructing the magnificent Mr Addison in the mysteries of breeds and points.

EDMUND W. GOSSE

FROM 'THE CHASE'

BOOK I

Ye vigorous youths by smiling fortune blest
With large demesnes hereditary wealth
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers care
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
To enjoy those pleasures for the weak too strong
Too costly for the poor to rein the steed
Swift stretching o'er the plain to cheer the pack
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy
But breathing death. What tho the gripe severe
Of brazen fisted time and slow disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein and nerve unstrung
Afflict my shattered frame undaunted still
Fixed as a mountain ash that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove tho blasted yet unfallen
Still can my soul in fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once recall the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past urge others on
With hand and voice and point the winding way
Pleased with that social sweet garrulity
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all cheering beams when mild he shines
And gilds the mountain tops For much the pack
(Roused from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch
And bask in his invigorating ray
Warned by the streaming light and merry lark
Forth rush the jolly clan with tuneful throats
They carol loud and in grand chorus joined
Salute the new born day

BOOK II

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind,
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ,
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast ,
Throw off thy ready pack See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste , then o'er the fallowed ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks , till more assured
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !
Ah ! there she lies , how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives , she trembles as she sits,
With horror seized The withered grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue
Almost deceived my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betrayed
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hushed,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off , see how direct
To her known Muse she flies ! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground ! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blustering God,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn

Hope gives them wings while she is spurred on by fear
The welkin rings, men dogs hills rocks and woods
In the full concert join. Now my brave youths
Stripped for the chace give all your souls to joy !
See how their coursers thron the mountain roe
More fleet the verdant carpet skim thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
The grass unbruised with emulation fired
They strain to lead the field, top the barred gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound and brush
The thorny twining hedge the riders bend
O'er their arched necks with steady hands by turns
Indulge their speed or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows disappointments wrongs
Vexations sickness cares ? All all are gone
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

MATTHEW GREEN.

[MATTHEW GREEN was born in 1696. He came of a Dissenting family. held a post in the Custom House, and died a bachelor at a lodging in Nag's Head Court, Gracechurch Street, in 1737. His first poem *The Grotto* was published in 1732. *The Spleen*, his chief work, appeared in 1737. In 1796 it was published in a volume with some additional pieces and a preface by Dr Aikin.]

To most people the name of Matthew Green, if it suggests anything, suggests a line in his longest poem,—the familiar

‘Ting but a stone, the giant dies,’

which occurs in his general plea for physical exercise. It would almost appear as if the first discoverer of this happily concise precept, exhausted by the effort, had rested from further enquiry, for it is not often that one hears reference made to any other part of the poem. And yet *The Spleen* is full of things almost if not quite as good, and marked in all cases by distinct originality and a fresh and unfettered mode of utterance. Now it is a clever simile, as when poetasters are spoken of as those who

‘buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes’,

now a picture-couplet, such as this of the divine

‘in whose gay red lettered face,
We read good living more than grace’,

now a perfectly poetic line like

‘Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep’,

or lastly such a pleasantly ingenious passage as that in which the

effect of blue eyes on the old is compared to the miracle of St. Januarius —

Shine but on age you melt its snow
 Again fires long-extinguished glow
 And charmed by witchery of eyes,
 Blood long congeal'd liquefies!
 True miracle and fairly done
 By heads which are adored while on

But to multiply quotations would be practically to reproduce the entire poem which is not long. Green suffered really or poetically from the fashionable eighteenth century disorder which Pope has so well described in *The Rape of the Lock* and in this motley piece as he calls it he sets forth the various expedients which he employed to evade his enemy. Taken altogether his precepts constitute a code of philosophy not unlike that advocated in more than one of the Odes of Horace. To observe the religion of the body to cultivate cheerfulness and calm to keep a middle course, and possess his soul in quiet content as regards the future to ignore what Heaven withholds—such are the chief features of his plan. But in developing his principle he takes occasion to deal many a side long stroke at imperfect humanity and not always at those things only which are opposed to his theory of conduct. Female education faction law religious sects reform speculation place hunting poetry ambition—all these are briefly touched and seldom left unmarked by some quivering shaft of ridicule. Towards the end of the poem comes an ideal picture of rural retirement which may be compared with the joint version by Pope and Swift of Horace's sixth satire in the second book and the whole closes with the writer's views upon immortality and a summary of his practice. Regarded as a whole we can recall few discursive poems which contain so much compact expression and witty illustration. The author was evidently shrewd and observant and unusually gifted in the detection of grotesque aspects and remote affinities. He must have been more than fairly read and although at the outset of his task he appears to disclaim scholarship¹ he must have been familiar with classical commonplaces—

¹ School helps I w nt to climb on high
 Whe e all the ancient t easures lie
 And there un een commit a theft
 On wealth in G eek exchequers left

witness, for instance, the line 'See better things and do the worst', although for this and other examples he may have gone no farther than that eighteenth-century repertory of ready-made learning, the mottoes of the *Spectator*. In his verse, notwithstanding that he occasionally makes use of such hideous Latinisms as 'nefandous' and 'fecundous,' his vocabulary is fresh and exact, and remarkably free from the conventionalism of contemporary poetic diction.

Of Green's remaining pieces, *The Grotto*, and the lines *On Barclay's Apology for the Quakers* are the most noteworthy. Both of these are characterised by the same qualities which are exhibited in *The Spleen*. *The Seeker* is a humorous little picture of the different professors of religion.

AUSTIN DOPSON

FROM 'THE SPLEEN

To cure the minds wrong bias Spleen
Some recommend the bowling green
Some, hilly walks all exercise
Fling but a stone the giant dies
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen
And kitten if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings brisk fools cursed with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence
Who buzz in rhyme and like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes
Poor authors worshipping a calf
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense
The popish dubbing of a priest
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased
Green aproned Pythonissa's rage
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointured widow's ritual state
Two Jews disputing *tele-à-tele*
New almanacs composed by seers
Experiments on felons ears
Disdainful prudes who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye
A coquette's April weather face
A Queenborough mayor behind his mace

And fops in military shew,
Are sovereign for the case in view

* * * *

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ,
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather
Then seek good-humoured tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums ,
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ,
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene ,
Pain, hell , and purgatory, spleen

* * * *

Now, if untired, consider, friend,
What I avoid to gain my end
I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ,
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law licensed breaking of the peace
 To which vacation is disease
 A gypsy diction scarce known well
 By th magi who lay fortunes tell,
 I shun nor let it breed within
 Anxiety and that the Spleen
 Law grown a forest where perplex
 The mazes and the brambles vex
 Where its twelve verderers every day
 Are changing still the public way
 Yet if we miss our path and err
 We grievous penalties incur
 And wanderers tire and tear their skin
 And then get out where they went in.

* * * * *

I rail not with mock patriot grace
 At folks because they are in place
 Nor hir'd to praise with stallion pen
 Serve the ear lechery of men
 But to avoid religious jars
 The laws are my expositors
 Which in my doubting mind create
 Conformity to church and state.
 I go pursuant to my plan
 To Mecca with the Caravan
 And think it right in common sense
 Both for diversion and defence

Reforming schemes are none of mine
 To mend the world's a vast design
 Like theirs who tug in little boat,
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While to defeat their labour'd end
 At once both wind and stream contend
 Success herein is seldom seen
 And zeal when baffled turns to Spleen.
 Happy the man who innocent
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent

And fops in military shew,
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 Success herein is seldom seen
 And zeal when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent

His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pulled against the tide
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
 Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
 And when he can't prevent foul play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray

By these reflections I repeal
 Each hasty promise made in zeal
 When gospel propagators say,
 We're bound our great light to display,
 And Indian darkness drive away,
 Yet none but drunken watchmen send
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
 When they cry up this holy war,
 Which every christian should be for,
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,
 We find employ'd as engineers
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,
 In vain they hold the money-box.
 At such a conduct, which intends
 By vicious means such virtuous ends,
 I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
 From spoiling Indian innocence

* * * * *

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
 Avoid, elaborate waste of time,
 Nor are content to be undone,
 To pass for Phœbus' crazy son
 Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
 Afford the most uncertain gain ,
 And lotteries never tempt the wise
 With blanks so many to a prize
 I only transient visits pay,
 Meeting the Muses in my way,
 Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
 Nor skill'd to call them by their names
 Nor can their passports in these days,
 Your profit warrant, or your praise

On Poems by their dictates writ,
 Critics as sworn appraisers, sit,
 And mere upholsterers in a trice
 On gems and painting set a price.
 These tailoring artists for our lays
 Invent cramped rules and with strait stays
 Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
 Emaciate sense before they fit

* * * * *

Forced by soft violence of prayer
 The blithesome goddess soothes my care
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small tight salubrious, and my own
 Two maids that never saw the town,
 A serving man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive while t other holds the plough
 A chief, of temper formed to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys
 And better to preserve the peace
 Commissioned by the name of niece
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May heav'n (it s all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup board little plate,
 Display benevolence not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool and geese may swim
 Behind a green like velvet neat
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet

Where odorous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air,
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
 Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song,
 With opening views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day

* * * * *

Thus sheltered, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life,
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy,
 Debarred the pleasure to impart
 By avarice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard earned by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs
 May I, with look ungloomed by guile,
 And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,

When Fate extends its gathering gripe
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again

* * * *

Thus thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale
 At helm I make my reason sit
 My crew of passions all submit
 If dark and blustering prove some nights
 Philosophy puts forth her lights
 Experience holds the cautious glass
 To shun the breakers as I pass
 And frequent throws the wary lead
 To see what dangers may be hid
 And once in seven years I m seen
 At Bath or Tunbridge to careen
 Though pleased to see the dolphins play
 I mind my compass and my way
 With store sufficient for relief
 And wisely still prepared to reef
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul
 I make (may heav'n propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalmed nor over blown
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS.

These sheets primæval doctrines yield
 Where revelation is reveal'd
 Soul phlegm from literal feeding bred
 Systems lethargic to the head
 They purge and yield a diet thin
 That turns to gospel chyle within.

Truth sublimate may here be seen
 Extracted from the parts terrene
 In these is shewn, how men obtain
 What of Prometheus poets feign
 To scripture-plainness dress is brought,
 And speech, apparel to the thought
 They hiss from instinct at red coats,
 And war, whose work is cutting throats,
 Forbid, and press the law of love.
 Breathing the spirit of the dove.
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,
 As manufactured by the priest,
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
 For stuff, which never mends the way,
 And tithes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
 And frank the gospel for our use
 They sable standing armies break,
 But the militia useful make
 Since all unhired may preach and pray,
 Taught by these rules as well as they,
 Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
 Bid us to follow what we feel.

* * * * *

Well-natured, happy shade, forgive !
 Like you I think, but cannot live.
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
 That, from dependence life exempt,
 And constitution fram'd so strong,
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
 Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
 I live by pulling off the hat,
 Compelled by station every hour
 To bow to images of power;
 And in life's busy scenes immersed,
 See better things, and do the worst.
 Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
 And make ten thousand truths give way,

While I your scheme with pleasure trace
Draws near, and stares me in the face
Consider well your state she cries
Like others kneel, that you may rise
Hold doctrines by no scruples vexed
To which preferment is annexed
Nor madly prove where all depends
Idolatry upon your friends
See how you like my rueful face
Such you must wear if out of place.
Cracked is your brain to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use
They who have lands and safe bank stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease
And construe scripture how they please.
The honoured prophet that of old
Used heav'n's high counsels to unfold
Did more than courier angels greet
The crows that brought him bread and meat

JOHN DYER

[BORN at Aberglasney, Caermarthenshire, 1698 or 1699, died 1758
Grongar Hill was published 1726, *The Ruins of Rome*, 1740, *The Fleece*,
1757]

‘The subject of the *Fleece*, sir, cannot be made poetical How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets?’ So, in his way of prompt finality, pronounced Johnson the dictator Yet Akenside, whose poetical aims were sufficiently remote from the common, had declared that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer’s *Fleece*, ‘if that were ill received he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence’ Gray ventured to brave the elegant disdain of Horace Walpole by affirming that ‘Mr Dyer has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our number’ And one in our own century, of loftier genius than Gray, looking back from his Westmoreland solitudes to his humbler brother poet among the Cambrian hills, has left his protest against the injustice of ‘hasty Fame’ in her neglect of Dyer

‘Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still
A grateful few shall love thy modest Ly,
Long as the shepherd’s bleating flock shall stray
O’er naked Snowdon’s wide aerial waste,
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill’

The power of hills was not on Johnson, Fleet Street, with its roar, had more music for his ear than the piping of a thrush or the tender clamour of the mother-ewes

Grongar Hill, and *The Country Walk*, appeared in Poetical Miscellanies of the year 1726, the same year that saw the publica-

tion of Thomson's *Winter*. It was the year in which Pope was imagining his goddess of Dulness as she surveyed through fog her long succession of Grub Street children. From remote Scotland and from Southern Wales came a gift to English poetry which neither Grub Street nor Twickenham could bestow. While Pope a paladin in ruffles and periwig was doing to death by exquisite rapier thrusts the swarming hosts of Dulness his own position was threatened unawares. That poetry of external nature which was to alienate for a season the general heart from such poetry as his was already inaugurated by the youthful singers of *Winter* and of *Grongar Hill*.

Dyer had been for a time pupil to the painter Richardson and master and pupil may have laid down their brushes now and again to con over some passage of Milton whom they both knew well and honoured. In Dyer's love of landscape there is something of the painter's feeling. He loves a wide prospect diversified by stream and wood backed by blue aerial steeps. solemnly vast the effect is heightened if the landscape include the ragged walls of some crumbling castle or some peasant's smoky nest leaning against its gnarled tree. There remains but to add a human figure or two—an old man white bearded in weed ragged and brown leaning on his spade in the little garden or a fisher in the willow shade,

Who with the angle in his hand
Swings the nibbling fry to land

The poetry of ruins was not reserved for the romantic second half of the century. It is Dyer who describes

The spacious plain
Of S rum spre d l ke ocean's boundless round,
Whe e solitary Stonehenge grey with moss
Ruin of ges nods

And Johnson could not withhold his admiration from some lines conceived among Rome's dilapidating edifices

The Pilgrim oft
At dead of night mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of t me disparting towers
Tumbling all prec p tate down dash d
Rattling around loud thundering to the moon

But Dyer, as even these lines show, is not a painter who would constrain words to be the medium of his art, he is a poet. He has a heart that listens, an eye that loves, his landscape is full of living change, of tender incident, of the melody of breeze and bird and stream. Here under glossy-rinded beeches 'the burrowing rabbit turns the dust', here the new-dropped lamb,

'Tottering with weakness by his mother's side
Feels the fresh world about him',

here the husbandman returning at eve to his 'little smiling cottage warm embowered,' meets his rosy children at the door,

'Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard'

Dyer loves solitary musing on some gentle hillside, and sometimes moralises amiably on the gains of a private life remote from men,

'Grass and flowers Quiet tread'

But it is one of his distinctions that he never really opposed nature and human society, as poets of Rousseau's part of the century were wont to oppose them, and he not only pays homage to trade in the way of easy platitudes, but really receives thrills of poetic excitement from the life of man in commerce, its force, its vividness, its picturesqueness, its variety. "'Tis art and toil," he exclaims, 'give nature value'. Could he choose his lot it would be on some healthful waste, 'far from a Lord's loath'd neighbourhood', yet he would not be neighbourless, for he loves his toiling fellow-men, and if the soil were coarse and sterile, it should be so only 'till forced to flourish and subdued by me'.

The farmer still collecting his scattered sheaves under the full-orbed harvest moon, the strong-armed rustic plunging in the flood an unshorn ewe, the carter on the dusty road beside his nodding wain, the maiden at her humming wheel, delight Dyer's imagination no more than do the Sheffield smiths near the glaring mass 'clattering their heavy hammers down by turns,' the builder, trowel in hand, at whose spell Manchester rises and spreads like Carthage before the eyes of Æneas, the keen-eyed factor inspecting his bales, the bending porter on the wharf where masts crowd thick. The poet's ancestors, as he is pleased to record in verse, were

weavers who flying from the rage of superstition brought the loom to

that soft tract
Of Cambria deep-embayed Dimetian land
By green hills fenced by ocean's murmur lull'd

From them he obtained a goodly heritage—his love of freedom and his love of industry He honoured traffic the friend to wedded love he honoured England for her independence and her mighty toil America for her vast possibilities of well being He pleaded against the horrors of the slave trade He courted the favour of no lord. And in an age of city poets he found his inspiration on the hillside and by the stream

EDWARD DOWDEN

GRONGAR HILL

Silent Nymph, with curious eye¹
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky¹
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells,
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
'Till Contemplation had her fill

About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistles shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal.

The mountains round unhappy fate !
Sooner or later of all height
Withdraw their summits from the skies
And lessen as the others rise
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads
Still it widens widens still
And sinks the newly risen hill

Now I gain the mountains brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds no vapours intervene
But the gay the open scene
Does the face of nature show
In all the hues of heavens bow !
And swelling to embrace the light
Spreads around beneath the sight

Old castles on the cliffs arise
Proudly towering in the skies
Rushing from the woods the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks
And glitters on the broken rocks

Below me trees unnumbered rise
Beautiful in various dyes
The gloomy pine the poplar blue
The yellow beech the sable yew
The slender fir that taper grows
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs
And beyond the purple grove
Haunt of Phillis queen of love
Gaudy as the opening dawn
Lies a long and level lawn
On which a dark hill steep and high
Holds and charms the wandering eye
Deep are his feet in Towys flood
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood

And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ,
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ,
And there the fox securely feeds ,
And there the poisonous adder breeds
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds ,
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state ,
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky ,

The pleasant seat, the ruined tower
The naked rock the shady bower
The town and village dome and farm
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiops arm
See on the mountains southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide
Where the evening gilds the tide
How close and small the hedges lie'
What streaks of meadows cross the eye'
A step methinks may pass the stream
So little distant dangers seem
So we mistake the future's face
Eyed thro' Hopes deluding glass
As yon summits soft and fair
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near
Barren brown and rough appear
Still we tread the same coarse way
The present's still a cloudy day

O may I with myself agree
And never covet what I see
Content me with an humble shade
My passions tamed my wishes laid
For while our wishes wildly roll
We banish quiet from the soul
Tis thus the busy beat the air
And misers gather wealth and care
Now ev'n now my joys run high
As on the mountain turf I lie
While the wanton Zephyr sings
And in the vale perfumes his wings
While the waters murmur deep
While the shepherd charms his sheep
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with musick fill the sky
Now ev'n now my joys run high
Be full ye courts be great who will
Search for Peace with all your skill

Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain you search, she is not there ,
 In vain ye search the domes of care '
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

FROM 'THE FLEECE' Bk. I

Ah gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
 Of all, that feel distress, the most assail'd,
 Feeble, defenceless lenient be thy care
 But spread around thy tenderest diligence
 In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
 Tottering with weakness by his mothers side,
 Feels the fresh world about him , and each thorn,
 Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet
 O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
 Th' innumerable ills, that rush around his life ,
 Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
 Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ,
 Observe the lurking crows , beware the brake,
 There the sly fox the careless minute waits ,
 Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky .
 Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide
 Eurys oft flings his hail , the tardy fields
 Pay not their promised food , and oft the dam
 O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
 Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
 Alights, and hops in many turns around,
 And tires her also turning to her aid
 Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms

Gently convey to the warm cote and oft
 Between the lark's note and the nightingales,
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk
 In this soft office may thy children join,
 And charitable habits learn in sport
 Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
 Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers
 Nor yet forget him life has rising ills
 Various as æther is the pastoral care
 Through slow experience by a patient breast,
 The whole long lesson gradual is attained
 By precept after precept oft received
 With deep attention such as Nuceus sings
 To the full vale near Soar's enamour'd brook,
 While all is silence sweet Hindclean swain!
 Whom rude obscurity severely clasps
 The muse however will deck thy simple cell
 With purple violets and primrose flowers,
 Well pleased thy faithful lessons to repay

* * * * *

Now jolly swains the harvest of your cares
 Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
 Of high Brigantium where, by ruddy flames
 Vulcan's strong sons with nervous arm around
 The steady anvil and the glaring mass
 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns
 Flattening the steel from their rough hands receive
 The sharpened instrument that from the flock
 Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
 Her silver flowers if humble daisies yield
 To yellow crow foot, and luxuriant grass
 Gay shearing time approaches First, however
 Drive to the double fold upon the brim
 Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
 And plunge them one by one into the flood
 Plunged in the flood not long the struggler sinks
 With his white flakes that glisten thro the tide

The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising, one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil,
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks

ROBERT BLAIR

[ROBERT BLAIR was born at Edinburgh in 1699. He became a minister and was presented to the living of Athelstaneford in Haddingtonshire where most of his life was passed. He died there in 1746. *The Grave* was published at Edinburgh in 1743.]

Blair's singular little poem which has perhaps been more widely read than any other poetical production of a writer who wrote no other poetry was it is said rejected by several London publishers on the ground that it was 'too heavy for the times'. As its introducer was Dr Watts it is not likely that he suggested it to any but serious members of the trade. *The Grave* thus adds one to the tolerably long list of books respecting the chances of which professional judgment has been hopelessly out. It acquired popularity almost as soon as it was published and retained it for at least a century indeed its date is not yet gone by in certain circles. Long after its author's death it obtained an additional and probably a lasting hold on a new kind of taste by the fact of Blake's illustrating it. The artist's designs indeed were as he expresses it in the beautiful Dedication to Queen Charlotte rather visions that his soul had seen than representations of anything directly contained in Blair's verse. But that verse itself is by no means to be despised. Technically its only fault is the use and abuse of the redundant syllable. The quality of Blair's blank verse is in every respect rather moulded upon dramatic than upon purely poetical models and he shows little trace of imitation either of Milton or of his contemporary Thomson. Whether his studies—contrary to the wont of Scotch divines at that time—had really been much directed to the drama I cannot say but the perusal of his poem certainly suggests such a conclusion not merely the licence just mentioned, but the generally declamatory and rhetorical tone

helping to produce the impression The matter of the poem is good General plan it has none, but in so short a composition a general plan is hardly wanted It abounds with forcible and original ideas expressed in vigorous and unconventional phraseology, nor is it likely nowadays that this phraseology will strike readers, as it struck the delicate critics of the eighteenth century, as being 'vulgar' Vigorous single lines are numerous, and it is at least as much a tribute to the vigour of the poem as to its popularity, that many of its phrases have worked their way into current speech Nor is it difficult to produce sustained passages, the effect of which is marred only by the ugly technical fault already noticed The poem naturally invites comparison with the *Night Thoughts* In depth of meaning it is probably the inferior of Young's work But its shortness is very much in its favour, as also is the absence of conventionality which distinguishes it, if we except a little stock satire about the trappings of the grave, &c The wonder is however, not that Blair has sometimes fallen into the use of the cut and dried, but that he has so often avoided it To have written a poem of seven or eight hundred lines on such a subject, which after the lapse of nearly a century and a half can be read with pleasure and even some admiration, is something, perhaps it is something by no means inconsiderable It is due beyond all doubt to the fact that Blair had the specially poetic faculty of saying old things in a new way There is almost always something novel in his dressing up of his images and a suggestive unhackneyedness in their expression It is sufficient to read the last four lines of the poem to perceive this.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

[From *The Grave*]

SELF MURDER.

Self Murder! name it not our island's shame
 That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
 Shall nature swerving from her earliest dictate
 Self preservation, fall by her own act?
 Forbid it Heaven!—let not upon disgust
 The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er
 With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self slaughter in a rage,
 To rush into the presence of our Judge
 As if we challenged him to do his worst
 And mattered not his wrath unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserved for these, these herd together
 The common damned shun their society
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd and all our days are numbered
 How long how short we know not this we know
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission
 Like sentries that must keep their destined stand
 And wait the appointed hour till they're relieved
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick. To run away
 From this world's ills that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly venturing on a world unknown
 And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad,
 No phrenzy half so desperate as this.

OMNES EODUM COGITAMUR.

On this side and on that men see their friends
 Drop off like leaves in autumn, yet launch out

Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours Oh ! more than sottish
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive, when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in
Think we or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow
And carries off his prize What is this world ?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones
The very turf on which we tread once lived,
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring, in their turns
They too must cover theirs—'tis here all meet.
The shivering Icelander and sunburnt Moor,
Men of all climes who never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight—Here lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts ;
Now vain their treaty skill—Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his galled shoulders, and when the stern tyrant
With all his guards and tools of power about him
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not and the weary rest

THE RESURRECTION

Nor shall it hope in vain the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth
Whether on land or in the spacious sea
But must give back its long committed trust
Inviolate and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished
And each shall have his own. Hence ye profane!
Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
That reared the piece at first and took it down
Can reassemble the loose scattered parts
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more, nor is his arm impaired
With length of days and what he can he will.
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds the slumbering dust
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake,
And every joint possess its proper place
With a new elegance of form unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but, amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home who having long been absent
With haste runs over ev'ry different room
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time nor death shall part them ever more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the shut of even the weary bird
Leaves the wide air and in some lonely brake,
Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day
Then claps his well fledged wings and bears away

EDWARD YOUNG.

[THE author of the *Night Thoughts* was born at Upham in Hampshire in 1684, and died on the 12th of April 1765. *The Last Day* was published in 1713, and was soon followed by *The Force of Religion*. Young's unlucky tendency to flattery and toadyism early showed itself in many small pieces to persons of rank which cannot be said to have been regularly published until long afterwards. In 1719 *Busiris*, his first tragedy, was performed, and in the same year the *Letter to Tickell on the Death of Addison* and the *Paraphrase of the Book of Job* appeared. *The Revenge* followed in 1721. The satires composing *The Universal Passion* made their appearance during the course of 1725 and the following three years. In 1728 they were collectively published. Meanwhile the accession of George II had been hailed with the so called *Odes to Ocean, &c*. *The Brothers*, a tragedy, coincided pretty nearly with this. In 1730 appeared the *Imperium Pelagi*, and two *Epistles to Pope*. Some more Pindarics followed. The first *Night Thought* was published in 1742, the last in 1744. Of Young's remaining works, *Resignation*, which appeared three years before his death, need alone be mentioned.]

Except Wordsworth, Young is probably the most unequal of English poets. The difference between his best work and his worst is so great as to be almost unintelligible, and it is fair to him to say that he seems to have been aware of this. When his collected poems were reprinted, a large number were by his express direction left out. Publication however constitutes, as it has been well observed, in one sense an unpardonable sin, and in estimating Young it is necessary to take the *Odes* and the *Imperium Pelagi* into consideration as well as the *Night Thoughts* and the *Last Day*. Of the class represented by the first-named works it may be said that hardly any worse poetry has ever been written. There is scarcely a stanza of the so-called *Odes* which does not read like an admir-

able and intentional burlesque. The author seems by his rhymes to have had no ear at all and his gross and fulsome flattery is unspeakably nauseous. Of this latter peculiarity indeed even his best work contains but too many instances. The fine passage soon to be quoted from the *Last Day* is disfigured by the insertion in the midst of it of a clumsy and foolish panegyric on Queen Anne which any one but an eighteenth century divine would have felt to be not only intrinsically in bad taste, but hopelessly inappropriate to the case.

The depths to which Young sinks at his worst are however compensated by the heights at which at his best he arrives. If poetry and poets could be judged by single lines there are few save the highest who could safely challenge comparison with Young. He had an astonishing fertility of thought of a certain kind and a corresponding richness of expression. Nor were his powers confined as it has been asserted to the production of gloomy epigram. He stands pre eminent among artists of blank verse and a critic might well have asked him as Jeffrey asked Macaulay where he got his style from. The earlier eighteenth century is indeed remarkable for its mould of blank verse. Considering that though Young was a much older man than Thomson he did not produce his great work until many years after the appearance of *Winter* it may be that *The Seasons* exercised some influence over him but the influence was scarcely that of imitation. The different uses to which the two instruments were put may perhaps in some measure account for the difference of their sound. Both have in common the tendency to florid language and to antithesis which the Popian couplet had made popular, both use and indeed abuse the effect of strongly contrasted lights and shades. But Young probably owing to his dramatic studies is much more rhetorical than Thomson. Not a few passages in the *Night Thoughts* especially that remarkable one in the Third Night about dying friends where the confusion of metaphors does not obscure the grandeur of the verse are of the finest tragic mould. It was inevitable that in the hands of a man of such uncritical taste as Young this tragic quality should often degenerate into mere declamation. The inequality indeed which is so characteristic of him exists even in detached passages of very small extent so that it is difficult if not impossible to select any in which the taste shall not be offended. The *Night Thoughts* has accordingly long ceased to be the popular book it once was. As a poet of moral ideas however Young will always deserve attention,

independently of the excellence of his versification. The famous passage on Procrastination, which, hackneyed as it is, is so decidedly his masterpiece, that it cannot be left out in any selection from his works, is in its way not to be surpassed, and its excellence fully accounts for the popularity of Young in a century such as the eighteenth, which, whatever its practice might be, was, in theory, nothing if not moralist. This popularity, as is pretty generally known, spread to France, where Young long had many fervent admirers, though he is probably to a great extent chargeable with the bad repute of England for spleen. Blake's remarkable illustrations also add considerable interest of the accidental kind to the book. Those of the minor poems which deserve notice at all are not dissimilar in characteristics to the *Night Thoughts*. The satires have almost as great, though scarcely so original a merit as these latter, and both in the *Last Day* and the *Job* fine and striking passages abound.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

FROM 'THE LAST DAY' BOOK I

Sooner or later, in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of Fate)
 This hour for aught all human wisdom knows
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose
 When scenes are changed on this revolving Earth
 Old empires fall and give new empires birth
 While other Bourbons rule in other lands
 And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes
 While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolved or an extinguished sun
 (Ye sublunary worlds awake awake !
 Ye rulers of the nation hear and shake)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day
 In sudden night all Earth's dominions lay
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend
 Eternal mountains like their cedars bend
 The valleys yawn the troubled ocean roar
 And break the bondage of his wonted shore
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread
 Darkness the circle of the sun invade
 From inmost Heaven incessant thunders roll
 And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

THE OLD COQUETTE.

[From *Satire V* on *Home*]

'But adoration ! give me something more
 Cries Lycé on the borders of threescore
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime

'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told
 The melancholy news that we grow old.
 Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms,
 While rival undertakers hover round
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground!
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests and defrauds the tomb
 In vain the cock has summoned sprites away,
 She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of Lycé but herself is old
 Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
 And art has levelled her deep furrowed face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
 We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love
 She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
 (All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

PROCRASTINATION

[From *The Complaint, Night I.*]

By nature's law, what may be, may be now,
 There's no prerogative in human hours
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
 Where is to-morrow? In another world
 For numbers this is certain, the reverse
 Is sure to none, and yet on this perhaps,
 This peradventure, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant, we build
 Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes
 As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
 And big with life's futurities, expire
 Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud.

Nor had he cause a warning was denied
How many fall as sudden not as safe
As sudden though for years admonish'd home!
Of human ills the last extreme beware
Beware Lorenzo a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to day tis madness to defer
Next day the fatal precedent will plead
Thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent would not this be strange?
That tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm That all men are about to live,
For ever on the brink of being born
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise
At least, their own their future selves applaud
How excellent that life they neer will lead.
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails
That lodg'd in fate's to wisdom they consign
The thing they can't but purpose they postpone.
Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man
And that through every stage when young indeed
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves and only wish
As duteous sons our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan
At fifty chides his infamous delay
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re resolves then dies the same.

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS

[From *Night III*]

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death, to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm
Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume,
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim Earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust
And save the world a nuisance Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love,
For us they languish and for us they die,
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?
Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish and destroy their deaths?

ASPIRATION

[From *Night IV*]

O thou great arbiter of life and death,
Nature's immortal, unmaterial sun,
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness where I lay,

The worms inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on high to bear my brow
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence and could know
No motive but my bliss and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing with the patriarch's joy
Thy call I follow to the land unknown
I trust in thee and know in whom I trust
Or life or death is equal neither weighs
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

[From *Night V*]

Is it that life has sown her joys so thick
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it that life has such a swarm of cares
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it that time steals on with downy feet
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
To day is so like yesterday it cheats
We take the lying sister for the same
Life glides away Lorenzo like a brook
For ever changing unperceived the change
In the same brook none ever bathed him twice
To the same life none ever twice awoke
We call the brook the same the same we think
Our life though still more rapid in its flow
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend but not on time intent,
Amused unconscious of the gliding wave
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock
We start awake look out what see we there?
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

JOHN BYROM.

[JOHN BYROM, born in 1691 at Kearsale, near Manchester, was educated partly at Merchant Taylors' and partly at Trinity College, Cambridge. For some time he read medicine. Afterwards he practised and taught stenography. Then the paternal estate fell in to him, and he removed from London to Manchester, where he lived in great repute for many years, and died in 1763. His poems were published at Manchester in two volumes.]

Byrom's is a figure rather curious than notable, rather amiable than striking. He had many turns and accomplishments, and many holds upon life. He loved learning, for instance, and had scholarship enough to write with point upon scholarly subjects. Again, it is certain that he was a man who could love, for he gave over medicine and the chance of medical honours merely to follow up and win the lady he was wooing to wife. Then, as became Weston's successful rival, the teacher who had improved upon Weston's own system, and had Hoadley and Chesterfield for his pupils, he was keenly interested in stenography, and not only lectured on it to his classes (his lectures, by the way, are said to have been full of matter and of wit), but read papers about it before the Royal Society. Also, he was curiously versed in theology and philosophical divinity, he held advanced opinions on the dogmas of predestination and imputed righteousness, he is known for a disciple of William Law, a student of Malebranche and Madame Bourignon, a follower of Jacob Boehmen, for whose sake he learned German, and some of whose discourse he was at the pains of running into English verse. And above all was he addicted to letters and the practice of what he was pleased to think poetry. Add to this, that he was a good and cheerful talker, whose piety was not always pun-proof ('Hic jacet Doctor Byfield,

volatilis olim tandem fixus) but who was capable on occasion of right and genuine epigram and the picture is complete. As revealed in it Byrom is the very type and incarnation of the ingenious amateur

Verse was his organ he wrote it more easily and delightedly than prose. From his schooldays onwards when as he declares a line of metre was more to him than a dozen themes, down to the last hours of his life,

In numbers flowing in a measured time
 His sweetest grace of English verse the rhyme
 Choice epithet and smooth descriptive line
 Conspiring all to finish one design
 Smit with delight —

and as that delight usually took on palpable shape it appears to us expressed in more epistles songs pastorals hymns essays satires and epigrams than nowadays one cares to consider. Nothing came amiss to Byrom in the way of subject. He was interested in everything and said his say about everything and that say was always in metre. It was alike in metre that he sang the praises of Joanna Bentley the I hoebe of his first pastoral and did battle with Comberbatch in the good cause of Rhyme against Blank Verse alike in metre that he recorded the grievances of Tunbridge and the dangers of the Epping stage the grisly glories of the heroic Figg— so fierce and sedate —and the solemn charm of Eastertide and the Nativity. It was in metre that he confuted Middleton differed from Hervey emended Horace and Homer discoursed on the nature of Pentecost expounded William Law and explained the Mystical Cobbler. It was in metre that he anatomised beaux and astrologers made fables and apologies and epigrams criticised verses and theologies spoke breaking up addresses painted the free and happy workman and set forth the kindred mysteries of poesy and shorthand. He prattled incessantly and always in numbers. Not otherwise than in a copy of verses could he define the nature and characteristics of enthusiasm not otherwise could he submit to the Royal Society his theory that George the Cappadocian had somehow been foisted into the place of Gregory the Roman as England's patron saint. To respect him it is really necessary to remember that he wrote chiefly for his own amusement and his friends and published but a little of the much that he produced.

It is evident that he had read Prior, though not to the best advantage, it is evident, too, that he had read not only Pope, but the metaphysical poets as well, and the poem of *Careless Content*, here given, is so good an imitation that it has been supposed to be a genuine Elizabethan production. His chief quality is one of ease and fluency, in combination with a certain cheerful briskness of thought and the amiable good sense that is the most striking element in his intellectual composition, it is to be found here and there in all he did. Unhappily for him and for us, it appears to have been as hard for him to correct as it was easy to write. Too often do his verses sound emptily to modern ear—

‘The art of English poetry, I find
At present, Jenkins occupies your mind’—

too often do they set modern fingers itching to shape and improve them. It follows that he is seen to most advantage when, upon compulsion of his stanza, he is at his briefest and most careful. It is not without reason, therefore, that he is generally known but as the author of the sly and amiable quatrain of benediction alike on King and Pretender. That is the man’s highest point as an artist, it is at once his happiest and most complete utterance, and the body of his verse will be searched in vain for such another proof of merit and accomplishment.

W E HENLEY

THE NIMMERS

Two foot companions once in deep discourse—
 Tom says the one Let s go and *steal* a horse
 Steal' says the other in a huge surprise
 He that says I m a thief I say he lies
 'Well well replies his friend No such affront!
 I did but ask ye If you wont you wont
 So they jogged on till in another strain
 The querist moved to honest Tom again
 Suppose says he 'for supposition's sake
 ('Tis but a supposition that I make')
 Suppose that we should *filch* a horse I say?
 Filch? filch? quoth Tom demurring by the way
 That s not so bad as downright theft I own,
 But yet—methinks—twere better let alone
 It soundeth something pitiful and low
 Shall we go filch a horse you say? Why no!
 I ll filch no filching—and I ll tell no lie
 Honesty s the best policy say I'

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb
 His comrade paused. At last says he Come come
 Thou art an honest fellow I agree
 Honest and poor—Alas that should not be!—
 And dry into the bargain! And no drink!
 Shall we go *nim* a horse Tom? What dost think?

How clear are things when liquor s in the case!
 Tom answers quick with casuistic grace
 Nim? yes yes yes! Let s nim with all my heart
 I see no harm in nimming for my part
 Hard is the case now I look sharp into t
 That honesty should trudge a th dirt afoot!

So many empty horses round about,
 That honesty should wear its bottoms out '
 Besides, shall honesty be choked with thirst?
 Were it my Lord Mayor's horse, I'd nim it first '
 And, by the bye, my lad, no scrubby tit '
 There is the best that ever wore a bit
 Not far from hence '—'I take ye,' quoth his friend,
 'Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end?'—
 Good wits will jump, both meant the very steed,
 The top o' the country both for shape and breed
 So to't they went, and with a halter round
 His feathered neck they nimm'd him off the ground.

* * * * *

'Twixt right and wrong how many gentle trimmers
 Will neither steal nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers '

CARELESS CONTENT.

I am content, I do not care,
 Wag as it will the world for me '
 When fuss and fret was all my fare
 It got no ground that I could see ,
 So when away my caring went
 I counted cost and was content

With more of thanks and less of thought
 I strive to make my matters meet ,
 To seek what ancient sages sought,
 Physic and food in sour and sweet ,
 To take what passes in good part
 And keep the hiccups from the heart

With good and gently-humoured hearts
 I choose to chat where'er I come,
 Whate'er the subject be that starts ,
 But if I get among the glum
 I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
 And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain
For Fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain
I never dodge nor up nor down
But swing what way the ship shall swim.
Or tack about with equal trim

I suit not where I shall not speed
Nor trace the turn of every tide
If simple sense will not succeed
I make no bustling but abide
For shining wealth or scaring woe
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs of ins and outs
Of they're : th wrong and we're : th right
I shun the rancours and the routs
And, wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes
I deem it all but ducks and drakes

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me faint.
If wonted welcome be withdrawn
I cook no kind of a complaint
With none disposed to disagree
I like them best who best like me

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave
But fame shall find me no man's fool
Nor to a set of men a slave
I love a friendship free and frank
But hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
 I never loose where'er I link,
 Though if a business budges by
 I talk thereon just as I think,
 My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
 Still on a side together stand

If names or notions make a noise,
 Whatever hap the question hath
 The point impartially I poise,
 And read and write, but without wrath;
 For, should I burn or break my brains,
 Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself—
 Myself like him too, by his leave!
 Nor to his pleasure, power or pelf
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive!
 Dame Nature doubtless has designed
 A man the monarch of his mind

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
 Mood it and brood it in your breast;
 Or, if ye ween for worldly stir
 That man does right to mar his rest,
 Let me be deft and debonair,
 I am content, I do not care!

ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL

Evil, if rightly understood,
 Is but the skeleton of good
 Divested of its flesh and blood.

While it remains, without divorce,
 Within its hidden secret source,
 It is the good's own strength and force.

As bone has the supporting share
In human form divinely fair
Although an evil when laid bare

As light and air are fed by fire
A shining good while all conspire
But separate, dark raging ire

As hope and love arise from faith
Which then admits no ill nor hath
But if alone it would be wrath

Or any instance thought upon
In which the evil can be none
Till unity of good is gone —

So by abuse of thought and skill
The greatest good to wit Free Will,
Becomes the origin of ill.

Thus when rebellious angels fell
The very Heaven where good ones dwell
Became the apostate spirits hell,

Seeking against eternal right
A force without a love and light
They found and felt its evil might.

Thus Adam biting at their bait
Of good and evil when he ate
Died to his first thrice happy state

Fell to the evils of this ball
Which in harmonious union all
Were Paradise before his fall

And, when the life of Christ in men
Revives its faded image then
Will all be Paradise again.

EPIGRAMS

In truths that nobody can miss
It is the *quid* that makes the *quis* ;
In such as he more deeply hid
It is the *quis* that makes the *quid*

God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender !
God bless (no harm in blessing !) the Pretender !
But who pretender is, or who is king—
God bless us all !—that's quite another thing

RICHARD GLOVER

[RICHARD GLOVER the son of a London merchant was born in 1712 in a house near Cannon Street, City. He was not at either university but through sympathy with the history of ancient Greece made himself a competent Greek scholar. He entered into business and was much esteemed and trusted by the London merchants. In 1760 he was elected M.P. for Weymouth. His chief poems were *Leonidas* 1737 (enlarged in 1761), *London's Progress of Commerce* 1739, *Admiral Howe's Victory* in the same year and *The Atheist* published posthumously in 1788. He died in 1785.]

Glover was a man of considerable powers but he was stronger on the side of politics and practical life than in the field of literature. In his poems the rhetoric of party warfare is more conspicuous than the inspiration of genius. His best known poem *Leonidas* was based it is true on his reading of Herodotus and Plutarch but in reality it is the utterance of one who wished to stir his fellow-citizens to an anti Walpole 'patriotic policy'. So far as the form is concerned it may be called a blank verse echo of Pope's version of Homer the influence of which may continually be traced and under the inspiration of this model Glover expands the few simple chapters of his authority Herodotus into the dimensions of an epic by inventing various characters, love affairs and thrilling episodes.

Campbell remarks that the want of 'impetuosity of progress' is the chief fault in the poem. It does not seem clear that this censure is just. The action moves on swiftly enough, and is sufficiently varied by epoch making or decorative incidents. The personages introduced are not inactive or long winded they have only the damning fault of being dull. The reader does not much care what they do, nor what becomes of them. A sort of glossy rhetoric is the

general characteristic of the poem, which accordingly is not without striking passages, but the lack of human interest mars the total effect. Campbell was nearer the mark when, after observing that Glover does not make his pictures grotesque by introducing modern accessories and details, he added,—‘but his purity is cold, his heroes are like outlines of Grecian faces, with no distinct or minute physiognomy.’ In agreement with this line of criticism, Southey describes *Leonidas* as ‘cold and bald, stately rather than strong in its best parts, and in general rather stiff than stately.’ The terseness which Glover, writing about Spartans, affected, made him often pile a number of short abrupt sentences one upon the other, hence the stiffness and baldness of which Southey complains. Thus we read in Book vii —

‘On living embers these are cast So wills
Leonidas The phalanx then divides
Four troops are form’d, by Dithyrambus led,
By Alpheus, by Diomedon The last
Himself conducts The word is given They seize
The burning fuel

The conclusion, where Leonidas, after performing impossible feats of valour and slaughter, dies without a word, rather of exhaustion than of wounds, exhibits an uninteresting flatness, which Glover, who knew Virgil well, and must have noted how wonderfully effective are the last words of Dido, Turnus, Pallas, and Mezentius, ought sedulously to have avoided.

Of the *Athenaid*, a sequel to *Leonidas*, with its thirty books, it is enough to say that it is simply unreadable. It appears to be a florid reproduction, with new incidents and scenery, of the story of the Græco-Persian war, from Thermopylæ to Plataea.

The opposition to Sir Robert Walpole found in Glover an enthusiastic ally. One of his chief objects in writing *London* is said to have been to exasperate the public mind against Spain, a power to which Walpole was held to have truckled. In the same year, after the news came of Vernon’s success at Porto Bello, Glover wrote the spirited ballad of *Hosier’s Ghost*, rather perhaps with the design of damaging Walpole than exalting Vernon. The political aim interests us no more, but the music and swing of the verse,—perhaps also the naval cast of the imagery and the diction,—will keep this ballad popular with Englishmen for many a year to come.

T ARNOLD

POLYDORUS AND MARON

[From *Leonidas* Book IV.]

I too like them, from Lacedæmon spring
 Like them instructed once to poise the spear
 To lift the ponderous shield. Ill destined wretch !
 Thy arm is grown enervate and would sink
 Beneath a buckler's weight. Malignant fates
 Who have compelled my free born hand to change
 The warrior's arms for ignominious bonds
 Would you compensate for my chains my shame
 My ten years anguish and the fell despair
 Which on my youth have preyed relenting once
 Grant I may bear my buckler to the field
 And known a Spartan seek the shades below !

Why to be known a Spartan must thou seek
 The shades below ? Impatient Maron spake
 Live and be known a Spartan by thy deeds
 Live and enjoy thy dignity of birth
 Live and perform the duties which become
 A citizen of Sparta. Still thy brow
 Frowns gloomy still unyielding He who leads
 Our band all fathers of a noble race
 Will neer permit thy barren day to close
 Without an offspring to uphold the state.

He will replies the brother in a glow,
 Prevailing o'er the paleness of his cheek

He will permit me to complete by death
 The measure of my duty will permit
 Me to achieve a service which no hand
 But mine can render to adorn his fall
 With double lustre strike the barbarous foe
 With endless terror and avenge the shame
 Of an enslaved Laconian Closing here
 His words mysterious quick he turned away
 To find the tent of Agis There his hand
 In grateful sorrow ministered her aid

While the humane, the hospitable care
Of Agis, gently by her lover's corse
On one sad bier the pallid beauties laid
Of Ariena He from bondage freed
Four eastern captives, whom his generous arm
That day had spared in battle, then began
This solemn charge 'You, Persians, whom my sword
Acquired in war, unransomed, shall depart
To you I render freedom which you sought
To wrest from me One recompense I ask,
And one alone Transport to Asia's camp
This bleeding princess Bid the Persian king
Weep o'er this flow'r, untimely cut in bloom
Then say, th' all-judging pow'rs have thus ordained
Thou, whose ambition o'er the groaning earth
Leads desolation, o'er the nations spreads
Calamity and tears, thou first shalt mourn,
And through thy house destruction first shalt range'

BALLAD OF ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode,
There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard,
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moons wan lustre
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watery grave
O'er the glimmering wave he bled him
Where the Burford reared her sail
With three thousand ghosts beside him
And in groans did Vernon hail

Heed O heed our fatal story
I am Hosier's injured ghost
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost
Though in Porto Bellos ruin
You now triumph free from fears
When you think on our undoing
You will mix your joy with tears

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping
These were English captains brave
Mark those numbers pale and horrid
Those were once my sailors bold
Lo each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told

I by twenty sail attended
Did this Spanish town affright
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight
O' that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou brave and happy Vernon
Hast achieved with six alone

Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been

‘Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor’s doom
To have fallen, my country crying
“He has played an English part,”
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

‘Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain

‘Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe,
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

‘O’er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam deprived of rest,
If to Britain’s shores returning
You neglect my just request,
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me!’

SAMUEL JOHNSON

[SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield on the 18th of Sept 1709. The first of his noteworthy poems *London* was published in 1738 at a period of his life when he was in great poverty and for the copyright of the poem he only obtained ten guineas. It appeared on the same morning as Pope's *Satire* 1738 and surpassed the latter in popularity. In 1747 he wrote his celebrated Prologue for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. At this theatre was exhibited in 1749 his tragedy of *Irene* which though acted for thirteen nights failed to secure the public favour. *The Vanity of Honour* was published earlier in the same year with a view to excite an interest in the author of the play. These were his first important poetical works. He wrote however three Prologues one to *Comus* 1750 when that play was acted for the benefit of Milton's granddaughter; another to Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man* in 1769 and a third to the revived *World is a Stage* in 1777. He died on the 13th of Dec 1784.]

Johnson may be said to occupy the central place in that highly characteristic school of didactic poetry which was originated by Pope and completed by Goldsmith. The essence of Pope's didactic compositions is personal satire. It is true that he specially prides himself on being the champion of virtue and the great promoter of moral truth. But the virtue which he had invariably before his imagination was his own and throughout his *Imitations of Horace* morality is always exalted in the person of the poet and always seems to be endangered by the wicked virulence of his private enemies. In consequence of their intense personality Pope's didactic poems fail in point of poetical design. In the *Essay on Man* the subject matter is Bolingbroke's rather than Pope's and the conduct of the argument is extraordinarily confused while in the *Moral Essays* and *Satires* what really pleases is the beauty of detail the terse epigrams the brilliant images and above all the matchless portraiture of particular characters. The great beauty of Goldsmith's poems on the other

hand, lies in the justness of their design, the relation of the means to the end, and of the parts to the whole. He relies hardly at all on personal interest for his effects, but he is perhaps the most persuasive of all didactic poets, from the extraordinary art which he possesses of enlisting simple and universal feelings in behalf of the moral principle which he seeks to establish.

Johnson unites in his own style many of the opposite excellences exhibited by his predecessor and his friend. It was impossible that the bias of his strong character should be altogether concealed in his verse, and *London* in particular appears to have been largely inspired by personal motives like those which suggested to Pope his *Imitations of Horace*. But the different genius of the two poets is seen in the selection of their respective originals. Pope was struck by the many superficial points of resemblance between himself and the lively egotistical Horace, and seized eagerly on the opportunity of presenting his own virtues, friendships, and enmities to the public under a transparent veil of imitation. Johnson, on the contrary, who, as an unknown writer, could not hope to interest the public in his personal concerns, chose a general theme, and imitated the satirist whose denunciations of Roman vice offered, in many respects, an apt parallel to the manners of his own age. *London* is marked by genuine public spirit, at the same time we see quite as much of the man as of the moralist in the poet's characteristic allusions to the penalties of poverty, his antipathy to the Whigs, and his dislike of foreigners. The story that 'Thales' was meant for Savage, and that the occasion of the poem was the departure of the latter from London after his trial, is confuted by dates, but we may be sure that the poem gives us a real representation of Johnson's feelings as a struggling author and a political partisan.

The Vanity of Human Wishes marks a calmer and more prosperous epoch in the poet's life, and its philosophical generalising spirit is an anticipation of Goldsmith's *Traveller*. Johnson was now relieved from the immediate pressure of want, and in his second *Imitation* he takes a wider survey of mankind, he suppresses all personal satire, and fetches the illustrations of his argument from distant times. The style of this poem is also completely different from that of *London*: in the latter he is ardent, animated, and colloquial, while in the *Vanity of Human Wishes* he speaks with the gravity of a moralist, making his periods swelling and sonorous, balancing his verses against each

other and equalling Pope himself in the condensation of his language. Nevertheless the whole spirit of the composition though professedly an imitation is highly characteristic of the man. We see in it the melancholy gloom that darkened all his view of human existence while at the same time the noble lines of the conclusion recall the language of those touching fragments of prayer which Boswell discovered among his papers and has preserved in his *Life*.

His Prologues are of the highest excellence. Indeed it may be confidently affirmed that he is the best writer of prologues in the language. No man was ever so well qualified to strike that just mean between respectfulness and authority which such addresses to the public require. His sound critical power and elevated feeling are well exemplified in the *Prologue spoken at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre* and there is true greatness of spirit in his Prologue to *Comus* in which he claims the liberality of the audience for Milton's granddaughter as a tardy redress for the injustice shown by the nation to the genius of the poet himself. His admirable independence of character is perhaps even better seen in the Prologue to *A Word to the Wise* a play which at its first exhibition was damned in consequence of political prejudices against the author but was revived after his death. Nothing can be better than the dignity with which Johnson in this address while recognising the judicial authority of the audience indirectly reproves them for their previous disregard of the laws of humanity by which all their verdicts ought to be determined.

W J COURTHOPE

THALES' REASONS FOR LEAVING LONDON

[From *London*]

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown
 Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town

Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
 Wants even the cheap reward of empty praise,
 In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain,
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
 And every moment leaves my little less,
 While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
 And life still vigorous revels in my veins,
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace,
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay,
 Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defied his foes,
 Some secret cell, ye powers indulgent give,
 Let live here, for has learned to live
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away
 And plead for pirates in the face of day,
 With slavish tenets taint our poisoned youth
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth

* * * * *

Ah ! what avails it that, from slavery far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air,
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And lisp the tale of Henry's victories,
 If the gulled conqueror receives the cham,
 And flattery prevails when arms are vain ?

* * * * *

By numbers here from shame or censure free
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty
 This only this, the rigid law pursues
 This only this provokes the snarling Muse
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
 Wakes from his dream and labours for a joke
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest
 Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heaven reserv'd in pity to the poor
 No pathless waste or undiscovered shore?
 No secret island in the boundless main?
 No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?
 Quick let us rise the happy seats explore
 And bear oppression's insolence no more
 This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
 Slow rises worth by poverty depressed
 But here more slow where all are slaves to gold
 Where looks are merchandise and smiles are sold
 Where won by bribes by flatteries implored
 The groom retails the favours of his lord.

THE RISE AND FALL OF WOLSEY

[From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*]

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice and fortune in his hand
 To him the church the realm their powers consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine
 Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower
 Claim leads to claim and power advances power
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please
 And rights submitted left him none to seize

At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly,
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
 For, why did Wolsey, near the steep of fate,
 On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

THE TRUE OBJECTS OF DESIRE.

[From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*]

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike, alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his power whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer,

Implore his aid in his decisions rest
 Secure whatever he gives he gives the best
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence rises
 And strong devotion to the skies arises
 Liar forth thy fervours for a faithful mind
 Obedient passions, and a will restrained
 For love which scarce collective man can feel
 For patience overgrown not transmuted all
 For faith that partures for a happy rest
 Courts death kind nature's signal of retreat
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain
 These goods He grants who grants the power to gain
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find

PROLOGUE SPOKE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
 DRURY LANE THEATRE 1747

When Learning's triumph over her barbarous foes
 First reared the statue immortal Shakespeare rose
 Each chance of many-coloured life he drew
 Exhausted worlds and then imagined new
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
 And panting Time toiled after him in vain
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed
 And unresisted Passion stormed the breast
 Then Jonson came instructed from the school
 To please in method and invent by rule
 His studious patience and laborious art
 By regular approach assailed the heart
 Cold approbation gave the limping bays
 For those who durst not censure scarce could praise
 A mortal born he met the general doom
 But left like Egypt's kings a lasting tomb
 The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame
 Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shakespeare's name

Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend,
 They pleased their age and did not aim to mend
 Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
 And proudly hoped to pimp in future days
 Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
 Their slaves were willing and their reign was long,
 Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,
 And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid

Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
 For years the power of Tragedy declined
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion slept
 Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remained though Nature fled
 But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit,
 Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,
 And Pantomime and Song confirmed her sway

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the Stage?
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
 New Behns, new Durfeys yet remain in store,
 Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste,
 With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day
 Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the public voice,
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
 For we that live to please, must please to live

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die,

'Tis yours, this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show
For useful mirth and salutary woe
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF A WORD TO THE WISE.

This night presents a play which public rage
Or right or wrong once hooted from the stage
From zeal or malice now no more we dread
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind ye judges or at least be just.
For no renewed hostilities invade
Th oblivious graves inviolable shade
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt allow to please
To please by scenes unconscious of offence
By harmless merriment or useful sense
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise
If want of skill or want of care appear
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear
By all like him must praise and blame be found
At best a fleeting gleam or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night
When liberal pity dignified delight
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

[JOHN WESLEY, founder of 'the people called Methodists,' was the second son of Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth. He was born June 17, 1703. Educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and there with some brief intervals remained till 1735, when having been ordained by Potter, then Bishop of Oxford afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, he laid the first foundations of the society which, from the rigid and almost ascetic rules adopted by its members was called 'Methodists']

In 1735 he went to Georgia, at the inducement of General Oglethorpe, governor of that colony, to preach to the Indians. This mission, for personal reasons, was a comparative failure. He returned to England in 1738, and there found that his former friend and disciple, George Whitefield, had embarked on the course of itinerant preaching, in which John Wesley, though with considerable difference of character and opinions, joined him—and this from henceforth became the purpose of his life. A career of incessant activity, in which preaching, writing and organising played almost equal parts, occupied the remainder of his long career, which closed on March 2, 1791. He had, as Matthew Arnold expresses it, 'a genius for godliness,' and he united with it a breadth of sympathy and a soundness of judgment which, although occasionally betrayed into eccentricity, gave him a conspicuous place amongst the teachers of the eighteenth century. His life is best told, in a literary point of view, by Southey, and with the utmost detail of admiring yet truthful partisanship, by Dr Tjerman.

CHARLES WESLEY, John's younger brother, was born Oct 18, 1708. He was educated at Westminster School, and Christ Church, Oxford, and shared his brother's career in Oxford and in Georgia. He was more of a scholar and poet than of a preacher, and his connexion with the Church of England was exposed to a less severe strain than that of John. He died in 1788.]

It was a fine conception which prompted John Wesley to the arduous task of creating for his followers not merely an ecclesiastical

society a code of laws and a rule of life but also a poetical literature which should fulfil their religious aspirations. The thought was no doubt inspired by two motives—one expressed tersely by a famous Scottish statesman the other by himself. Fletcher of Saltoun is reported to have said Give others the making of a nation's laws if only you give to me the making of a nation's ballads and John Wesley from another point of view added to this sense of the importance of popular poetry the feeling that it ought to be rescued from the exclusive possession of the world—Why should the devil have all the best tunes?

The poetical works of John and Charles Wesley extend through ten volumes edited lately with scrupulous care by Dr G. Osborn. Such a demand as the Wesleys thus imposed on their own powers was too extensive even for a great poet to have met but in this case the difficulty was aggravated partly by the nature of the subject partly by their own deficiencies. The question why poetry as applied to sacred subjects has not had a greater success has been often debated. A distinguished critic of our times in his professorial chair is reported one day to have held out in one hand

The Golden Treasury of English Lyric collected by Francis Palgrave and in the other The Book of Praise collected from all English hymnody by Lord Selborne and to have asked Why is it that the Golden Treasury contains almost nothing that is bad and why is it that the Book of Praise contains almost nothing that is good? The complaint does not apply exclusively to the hymns of Protestant Churches. Dean Milman in his *Latin Christianity* has observed that the fame of the Latin hymns of the Mediæval Church rests chiefly on six or seven well known examples. Take away the *Dies Iræ* the *Veni Sanctus Spiritus* the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, the *Pange Lingua Gloriosa* the *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*—and there remains very little that from a literary point of view deserves any attention. In the numerous hymns which have lately been translated into English from the Latin in Lord Bute's edition of the Roman Breviary it is observable that whilst in those which are rendered into English by Cardinal Newman there is a distinct poetical glow and artistic finish all the rest are couched in the uniform pedestrian style which is unfortunately familiar to English Churchmen in the vast mass of the verses contained in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. It is the English poet of the nineteenth century not the Latin hymnodists of the

fourteenth or fifteenth that have furnished whatever there is of poetical in the collection Three reasons may be given for this comparative failure, inherent in the nature of the subject

The first is, that the moment poetry is made a vehicle of theological argument it becomes essentially prosaic, as much, or almost as much, as if it were employed for arguments on political or philosophical problems This accounts for the repulsive aspect worn by that vast number of the Wesleyan hymns which were written to set forth their peculiar and complex system of predestination, assurance, and substitution

The second reason is, that the very greatness of the words which either from biblical or ecclesiastical usage have been consecrated to the sublime thoughts of religion, misleads the writer into the belief that they are of themselves sufficient to carry on the poetic afflatus The consequence has been that, whether in Latin or in English, the writers of hymns have been tempted to ring the changes on sacred phrases without imparting to them the touch of their own native sentiment or genius, and consequently that a large majority of hymns exemplify almost as much as the watch-words of political or ecclesiastical party, although in a loftier region, the force of the expression of St Paul, 'a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal'

The third cause is the temptation which biblical metaphors have afforded of pursuing into detail, and especially into anatomical detail, expressions derived from the physical structure of the human frame Of all the forms of devotion which in the Roman Catholic Church have taken possession of devout minds, the most unattractive, the most prosaic, because the most surgical, is the devotion which fastens itself on pictures and representations of the Sacred Heart Such is the temptation which the Wesleyan hymns have too much followed in their luxuriance of phraseology, like 'the dropping of the warm blood,' or like these lines from one of the poems of John Wesley

'I felt my heart, and found a chillness cool
Its purple channels in my frozen side,
The spring was now become a standing pool,
Deprived of motion, and its active tide'

These difficulties, as we have said, are almost inherent in the nature of the subject, but there are others which arise from the

deficiencies of the author. The general interest in theology and the yet more general interest in religious feeling have enlisted in the service of theology both in prose and poetry a larger number of inferior writers than will be found either in philosophy or history or science. It is not every one who believes himself equal to a treatise on the stars or the history of the English nation but there are very few who do not think themselves equal to treating the truths which concern us all so deeply as those which are involved whether in the essence or in the circumstantialia of religion. Accordingly whilst the Mediaeval Church produced only one or possibly two great poets there was no restraint on the number of commonplace minds who thought themselves competent to attempt those monastic doggerel rhymes which fill the larger part of the mediaeval hymnology. So also has it been in the Protestant Churches. Men who had hardly a particle of poetic fire in their souls have not scrupled to produce any number of hymns or psalms on these permitted themes. Amongst such John Wesley is conspicuous. Of all the characteristics of that wonderful mind none is more remarkable than his downright plain spoken matter of fact mode of facing all the great problems which presented themselves to him. For lucidity of expression he almost rivals Paley for energy he mounts to the level of Warburton or Horsley. But in the prosaic century with which his life was coextensive he was almost the least qualified to produce a substantial addition to its poetry. In the ten volumes of which we have spoken it is sufficient to take at random some few of the passages in which he has endeavoured to clothe his sentiments in verse in order to appreciate on how low a step he stood in the school of the Muses.

The smoke of the infernal cave
Which half the Christian world oerspread,
Disperse Thou hea enly Light and save
The souls by that impostor led
That Arab-thief as Satan bold
Who quite destroy'd Thine As an fold,

With pious Jones and Royal Charles may I
A martyr for the Church of England die!

At this most alarming crisis
Shall we not from sin awake
While the great Jehovah rises
Terribly the earth to shake?

Nevertheless there are two sources of inspiration from which hymn-writers in general and John Wesley in particular have derived a fire which makes it impossible to overlook the claims of the Wesleyan hymnology to be ranked as part of our national literature. First, however prosaic might be the soul of John Wesley himself, he had sufficient appreciation of the grandeur of the gift in others to appropriate it in some degree for his purposes. Such are some beautiful passages adopted or adapted from Gambold the Moravian and from George Herbert. But yet more, Charles Wesley supplied in a large degree the deficiencies of his brother John. He doubtless also was led away by those temptations of hymn-writers to which we have before referred. What John Wesley said of Charles Wesley's Hymns on the Nativity might well have been extended to many dozens, 'Omit one or two of them and I will thank you. They are namby-pambical.' But Charles nevertheless had within him a poetic fervour, perhaps a scholar-like polish, which his brother wanted. These gifts showed themselves in the closer tenacity with which he clung to the Church of his fathers, and also gave to his hymns a literary character which redeems many of them from the pedestrian and argumentative style which disfigures so large a part of his own and his brother's poems. Secondly, there is a redeeming quality in the subjects themselves round which hymns have clustered, although it is true that polemics and over-strained metaphors and sounding words are dangerous pitfalls, yet when a genuine religious soul strikes on one of the greater themes of religion, either touching the simpler emotions of the human heart or the more unquestionable doctrines of Christianity, is struck a spark which not unfrequently rises into true and lasting poetry. Such in the Roman Church were those few hymns to which we have called attention, and such in the Wesleyan hymns are those which we shall select in the following extracts.

Of these the two most important are two of Charles Wesley's hymns, the first on Wrestling Jacob, the second on Catholic Love. The hymn on Wrestling Jacob is not only a hymn, but a philosophical poem, disfigured indeed in parts by the anatomical allusions to the shrunk sinew, but filled on the whole with a depth and pathos which might well excite Watts to say that 'it was worth all the verses he himself had written,' and induce Montgomery to compare it to the action of a lyrical drama.

Of the Hymn on Catholic Love it is a curious and significant

fact that it is not contained in any ordinary hymn book used either by the Wesleyan community or by the English Church. It is not to be found in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*. It was first published at the end of John Wesley's sermon on the Catholic Spirit on - Kings x. 15 in 1755. Nevertheless it is not contained in the published edition of the three volumes where that sermon is printed 'with the last corrections of the author' (1849). It is only to be found as far as we are aware in the *Century of Methodism* p. 175 (1839) and in vol. vi. 71 of *The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*. Within the last year it has been republished from the last entry of the journal of Catherine Stanley widow of Bishop Stanley (*Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley*).

A. P. STANLEY

CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Hark ! how all the welkin rings
 Glory to the King of kings ¹
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day !
 Christ, by highest Heaven adored ;
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
 Hail, th' Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here !
 Hail ! the heavenly Prince of Peace !
 Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home !
 Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head !

¹ These lines are now, with great advantage, always altered to

'Hark, the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.'

Now display Thy saving power
Ruined nature now restore
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours and ours to Thine !

Adams likeness Lord efface
Stamp Thy image in its place
Second Adam from above
Reinstate us in Thy love !
Let us Thee though lost regain
Thee the Life the Heavenly Man
O ! to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart !

EASTER HYMN

Christ the Lord is risen to day,
Sons of men and angels say
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply

Loves redeeming work is done
Fought the fight the battle won
Lo ! our Suns eclipse is o'er
Lo ! He sets in blood no more

Vain the stone the watch the seal
Christ hath burst the gates of hell !
Death in vain forbids His rise
Christ hath opened Paradise !

Lives again our glorious King
Where O Death is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save
Where thy victory O Grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head
Made like Him like Him we rise
Ours the cross the grave the skies

What though once we perished all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move,
Still we seek the things above,
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on His Father's Throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below,
Heav'n our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God:

Hid, till Christ our Life appear
Glorious in His members here,
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

CHRIST, THE REFUGE OF THE SOUL.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee
Leave ah! leave me not alone
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd
All my help from Thee I bring
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink I faint I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive
Hoping against hope I stand
Dying and behold I live!

Thou O Christ art all I want
More than all in Thee I find
Raise the fallen cheer the faint
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name
I am all unrighteousness
False and full of sin I am
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to cover all my sin
Let the healing streams abound
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be,
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child

Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart!
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind!

Meek and lowly may I be,
Thou art all humility!
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to Thy parents Thou

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live!

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart!

I shall then shew forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

WRESTLING JACOB.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown
Whom still I hold but cannot see
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare
Thyself hast called me by my name
Look on Thy hands and read it there!
But Who I ask Thee Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name and tell me now

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable Name?
Tell me I still beseech Thee tell
To know it now resolved I am
Wrestling I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy Name Thy Nature know

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue
Or touch the hollow of my thigh
Though every sinew be unstrung
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly
Wrestling I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy Name Thy Nature know

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair,
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspeakable I now receive,
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!

Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature and Thy Name, is Love !

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings
Withered my nature's strength from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings
My help is all laid up above
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end
All helplessness all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend
Nor have I power from Thee to move
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell earth and sin with ease overcome
I leap for joy, pursue my way
And as a bounding hart fly home !
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love !

CATHOLIC LOVE.

Weary of all this wordy strife
These notions forms and modes, and names,
To Thee, the Way, the Truth the Life
Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught at last I fly
With Thee, and Thine to live and die

Forth from the midst of Babel brought,
Parties and sects I cast behind
Enlarged my heart and free my thought,
Where'er the latent truth I find,
The latent truth with joy to own,
And bow to Jesus name alone

Redeem'd by Thine almighty grace,
I taste my glorious liberty,
With open arms the world embrace,
But cleave to those who cleave to Thee ;
But only in Thy saints delight,
Who walk with God in purest white.

One with the little flock I rest,
The members sound who hold the Head ,
The chosen, few, with pardon blest,
And by the anointing Spirit led
Into the mind that was in Thee,
Into the depths of Deity

My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these,
Who do my heavenly Father's will ,
Who aim at perfect holiness,
And all Thy counsels to fulfil,
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,
And love their God with all their heart

For these, howe'er in flesh disjoin'd,
Where'er dispersed o'er earth abroad,
Unfeigned unbounded love I find,
And constant as the life of God ,
Fountain of life, from thence it sprung,
As pure, as even, and as strong

Joined to the hidden church unknown
In this sure bond of perfectness,
Obscurely safe, I dwell alone,
And glory in the uniting grace,
To me, to each believer given,
To all thy saints in earth and heaven.

JOHN WESLEY

AN HYMN FOR SERIOUSNESS.

Thou God of glorious majesty
To Thee against myself to Thee
A worm of earth I cry
An half awakened child of man
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure insensible¹
A point of life a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God mine inmost soul convert
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress
Give me to feel their solemn weight
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness

Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar
And tell me Lord shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

¹ Said to have been suggested by a rocky isthmus at the Land's End in Cornwall.

Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry, and fear,
 My future bliss to insure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
 And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

[SHENSTONE was born at the Leasowes near Hales Owen in 1714 he died at the same place in 1763 In 1737 while still at Pembroke College Oxford he published some miscellaneous poems anonymously *The Judgment of Hercules* appeared in 1741 *The Schoolmistress* next year His works prose and verse were published in 1764 the year after his death]

Shenstone is our principal master of what may perhaps be called the artificial natural style in poetry and the somewhat lasting hold which some at least of his poems have taken on the popular ear is the best testimony that can be produced to his merit It is very hard to shape any critical canons likely to pass muster nowadays and yet capable of saving the bulk of his verse. But the first and second of his *Pastoral Ballads* always fix themselves in the memory of those who possessing that faculty are set in childhood to the not very grateful task of learning them and on re-reading them years after they do not wholly lose their charm though the reader may be tempted rather to smile than to sympathise *The Schoolmistress* especially the charming passage here, as usually given has something of the same grace so has the *Dying Kid* while the poem on St. Valentine's Day would perhaps be the best of Shenstone's works but for some inexcusable negligences of expression which ten minutes study would have corrected. It is difficult to believe that Shenstone ever gave much study to his work or that he possessed any critical faculty His elegies though not always devoid of music are but dreary stuff, and his more ambitious poems still drearier His attempts at the style of Prior and Gay are for the most part valueless Yet when all this is discarded My banks they are furnished with bees and a few other such things obstinately recur to the memory and assert that their author after all was a poet. In the mixture of grace and pathos with a certain triviality with much that is artificial and with not a little that is downright foolish Shenstone comes nearer to Goldsmith than to any other English author His tenderness,

his knowledge of human nature, and his literary power, are of course far inferior to Goldsmith's, yet if inferior in degree he is nevertheless not wholly dissimilar in kind. The really affecting elegy on 'Jessy' is an instance of the genuine feeling which, in an age when such feeling was not common, he possessed, nor are other instances of the same kind hard to be found in him.

As concerns the formal part of poetry, his management of the anapaestic trimeter is unquestionably his chief merit. In the Spenserian stanza he is commendable, and dates fortunately prevent the charge that if *The Castle of Indolence* had not been written neither would *The Schoolmistress*. His anapaests are much more original. The metre is so incurably associated with sing-song and doggrel, that poems written in it are exposed to a heavy disadvantage, yet in the first two pastoral ballads at any rate this disadvantage is not much felt. Shenstone taught the metre to a greater poet than himself, Cowper, and these two between them have written almost everything that is worth reading in it, if we put avowed parody and burlesque out of the question. Perhaps the history of his gardening at the Leasowes has mixed itself up too thoroughly with Shenstone's work, and has soiled his harmless pastorals with memories of the tumble-down huts, the broken benches, the mouldy statues, and all the rest of the draggled finery which in our climate is associated more or less with this style of decoration and of which almost everybody has seen examples. But it really seems that he had, as his well-meaning French panegyrist asserted, 'a mind natural' even though the 'Arcadian greens rural' which he 'laid' must have smacked far less of nature than of art. 'The crook and the pipe and the kid,' of which Johnson speaks so contemptuously, are somehow or other less distasteful in Shenstone than in any other poet. For in the first place one cannot help remembering that the man did, as few men have done, try to turn his life in accordance with his verse, and Worcester-shire (nominally Shropshire) into the likeness of the counterfeit Arcadia. Secondly there is an inoffensiveness about him which conciliates and disarms. He was not a great poet, perhaps indeed he was a very small one, but he was a poet somehow, and he wore his rue with a sufficient difference from other poets to deserve that his name should live long in the history of English verse.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SUFFERING AND SYMPATHY

[From *The Schoolmistress* :]

O ruthful scene¹ when from a nook obscure
 His little sister doth his peril see
 All playful as she sate she grows demure
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee,
 She meditates a prayer to set him free
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye

No longer can she now her shrieks command
 And hardly she forbears through awful fear
 To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand
 To stay harsh Justice in its mid career
 On thee she calls on thee her parent dear!
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow¹)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
 Or what device his loud laments explain?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
 The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain
 When he in abject wise implores the dame
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
 Or when from high she levels well her aim
 And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine '
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ,
But now they are past, and I sigh ,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ,
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ,
Alas, where with her I have strayed
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern ,
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away
Is happy, nor heard to repine
Thus widely removed from the fair
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear
And my solace wherever I go.

THE DYING KID

A tear bedews my Delia's eye
To think yon playful kid must die
From crystal spring and flowery mead
Must, in his prime of life, recede.

Erewhile in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and *frisk*, and bound
From rock to rock pursue his way
And on the fearful margin play

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell
She saw him climb my rustic cell
Then eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravished at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood
Then skipped aloof with quaint amaze
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear devoured the sound.

His every frolic light as air
Deserves the gentle Delia's care
And tears bedew her tender eye
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed
Unfair design and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more,
Oh soon, erased from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gazed on thee,
No more those beds of flowerets find
Which for thy charming brows he twined

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care
And when they left his ebbing vein
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate
That gave his life so short a date,
And I will join thy tenderest sighs
To think that youth so swiftly flies

MUCH TASTE AND SMALL ESTATE.

[From *The Progress of Taste*]

See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crowned!
Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
And Venus, in their arms, repay
'Twas such a shade, and such a nook
In such a vale, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That famed Apollo chose, to sing in
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart,
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre
That crown a poet's vast desire.

Then near it scoop the vaulted cell
Where Music's charming maids may dwell
Prone to indulge thy tender passion
And make thee many an assignation
Deep in the groves obscure retreat
Be placed Minerva's sacred seat
There let her awful turrets rise
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes)
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear
And who would shun the pleasing labour
To have Minerva for his neighbour?

* * * * *

But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structures shone complete
Not much convenient, wondrous neat
Adorned with gilding painting planting
And the fair guests alone were wanting
Ah me! (twas Damon's own confession)
Came Poverty and took possession

WILLIAM COLLINS.

[WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on Christmas Day, 1721. It is believed that he went for a time to the Prebendal School of that city, and in 1733 he entered Winchester College, then under Dr Burton. Before he left school he had written the *Persian Eclogues* (which in their later edition are called *Oriental Eclogues*), and he had printed a so-called sonnet in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1740 he entered as commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, there being no vacancy at New College, and next year he obtained a demyship at Magdalen. The *Persian Eclogues* were published in 1742, next year came the *Epistle to Sir T. Hanmer*, and in 1744 he seemed to have left Oxford for London, where he found a true friend in Johnson. His *Odes*, which he once meant to have published jointly with those of his old schoolfellow Joseph Warton, appeared alone in 1747. After this he went to live at Richmond, where he saw much of Thomson, Armstrong, and others of that company. In 1749 he wrote the *Ode on the death of Thomson* and the *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*. Soon afterwards he was attacked by the brain-disease from which, with certain intervals of partial recovery, he suffered for the rest of his life. His last years were spent at Chichester under the care of his sister Mrs Sempill. He died in 1759. It should be mentioned that the textual variations in the different editions of Collins' poems are very numerous.]

In the reaction against that sweeping violence of indiscriminate depreciation with which the school of poets and critics usually registered as Wordsworthian, but actually founded at midnight by William Blake and fortified at sunrise by William Wordsworth, was wont for some half a century to overwhelm the poetry and criticism of the century preceding, the name which of all properly belonging to that period has incomparably the most valid and solid claim to the especial and essential praise that denotes a poet, from among other men of genius has hardly yet taken by general consent the place which is unquestionably its due. Even in his own age it was the fatally foolish and uncritical fashion to couple the name of Collins with that of Gray, as though they were poet

ODE TO LIBERTY

Strophe

Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths whose locks divinely spreading
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding
Applauding freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus fancy blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing
It leaped in glory forth and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess in that feeling hour
When most its sounds would court thy ears
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No freedom no I will not tell
How Rome before thy weeping face
With heaviest sound a giant statue fell,
Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base
When time his northern sons of spoil awoke
And all the blended work of strength and grace
With many a rude repeated stroke
And many a barbarous yell to thousand fragments broke.

Epode

Yet even where'er the least appeared
The admiring world thy hand revered
Still midst the scattered states around
Some remnants of her strength were found

They saw, by what escaped the storm,
 How wondrous rose her perfect form,
 How in the great, the laboured whole,
 Each mighty master poured his soul¹
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserved a part,
 Till they, whom science loved to name,¹
 (O who could fear it?) quenched her flame.
 And lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade¹
 See small Marino joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem.
 Strike, louder strike the ennobling strings
 To those, whose merchant sons were kings,
 To him, who, decked with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-haired bride,
 Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's bleeding state
 Ah no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak
 (Where, when the favoured of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice,
 Forth from his eyrie roused in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled,)
 Or dwell in willowed meads more near,
 With those to whom thy stork is dear.
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
 Whose crown a British queen refused¹
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains,
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail, nymph, adored by Britain, hail¹

Antistrophe

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works the wizard time has wrought¹

¹ The Medici

The Gaul, tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand
No sea between nor cliff sublime and hoary
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then they say
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls his wolfish mountains rounding
Till all the banded west at once gan rise
A wide wild storm even nature's self confounding
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise
This pillared earth so firm and wide
By winds and inward labours torn
In thunders dread was pushed aside
And down the shouldering billows borne
And see like gems her laughing train
The little isles on every side
Mona once hid from those who search the main
Where thousand elfin shapes abide
And Wight who checks the westering tide
For thee consenting heaven has each bestowed
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride
To thee this blest divorce she owed
For thou hast made her vales thy loved thy last abode

Second Epode

Then too tis said an hoary pile
Midst the green navel of our isle
Thy shrine in some religious wood
O soul enforcing goddess stood!
There oft the painted natives feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Times backward rolls to find its place
Whether the fiery tressèd Dane
Or Romans self oerturned the fane
Or in what heaven left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.

Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroidered sky,
Amidst the bright pavilioned plains,
The beauteous model still remains
There, happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string

How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told ?
How learn, delighted and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raised ?
Even now before his favoured eyes,
In Gothic pride, it seems to rise !
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mixed design .
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues ,
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins ,
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, graved with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand !
Now soothe her to her blissful train
Blithe concord's social form to gain ,
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even anger's bloodshot eyes in sleep ,
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm .
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore ,

Our youths enamoured of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair
Till in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O how supremely art thou blest
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the west !

ODE

[Written in the beginning of the year 1746]

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed !
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung
By forms unseen their dirge is sung
There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit there !

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song,
May hope chaste eve to soothe thy modest ear
Like thy own solemn springs
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserved while now the bright haired sun
Sits in yon western tent whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers' draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers as oft he wont
And bathe thy breathing tresses meekest eve!

While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves
Or winter yelling through the troublous air
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes

So long sure found beneath the sylvan shed
Shall fancy friendship science rose lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own
And hymn thy favourite name!

THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young
While yet in early Greece she sung
The Passions oft to hear her shell
Thronged around her magic cell
Exulting trembling raging fainting
Possessed beyond the muse's painting
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted raised refined
Till once 'tis said when all were fired,
Filled with fury rapt inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power

First Fear his hand its skill to try
Amid the chords bewildered laid
And back recoiled he knew not why
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song,
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair

And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat,
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted love, now raving called on hate

With eyes upraised as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay
 Round an holy calm diffusing
 Love of peace and lonely musing
 In hollow murmurs died away
 But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness a nymph of healthiest hue
 Her bow across her shoulder flung
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung
 The hunter's call to faun and dryad known!
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste eyed queen
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear
 And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial
 He with viny crown advancing
 First to the lively pipe his hand address
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing
 While as his flying fingers kissed the strings
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round
 Loose were her tresses seen her zone unbound
 And he amidst his frolic play
 As if he would the charming air repay
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard,
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age ;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR THOMSON.¹

In yonder grave a druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid,
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

¹ The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames near Richmond

Then maids and youths shall linger here
And, while its sounds at distance swell
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep
The friend shall view yon whitening spire¹
And mid the varied landscape weep

But thou who own'st that earthy bed
Ah! what will every dirge avail
Or tears which love and pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him sweet bard may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year

But thou lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge crowned sisters now attend
Now waft me from the green hills' side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see—the fairy valleys fade
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again dear parted shade
Meek nature's child again adieu!

The genial meads assigned to bless
Thy life shall mourn thy early doom
Their hands and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands, thy rural tomb

¹ Pichmond Church in which Thomson was buried

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes
 O vales and wild woods¹ shall he say,
 In yonder grave your druid lies¹

AN ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS
 OF SCOTLAND¹

Inscribed to Mr. Home, Author of *Douglas*

I

Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose naiads long
 Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay
 'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
 Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song
 Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth² *with*
 Whom, long endeared, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
 Together let us wish him lasting truth,
 And joy untainted with his destined bride.
 Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
 My short-lived bliss, forget my social name,
 But think far off how, on the southern coast,
 I met thy friendship with an equal flame¹
 Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, whose every vale
 Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand
 To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail,
 Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
 And paint what all believe who own thy genial land

¹ The text here given is that in which this ode was first printed, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1780. Of the passages within brackets some were supplied in that version, to fill up lacunæ, by Dr Carlyle, and some are from the later editions.

² Mr John Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins

II

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou setst thy feet
 Where still tis said the fairy people meet
 Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill
 There each trim lass that skims the milky store
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots
 By night they sip it round the cottage door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes
 There every herd by sad experience knows
 How winged with fate their elf shot arrows fly
 When the sick ewe her summer food forgoes
 Or stretched on earth the heart smit heifers lie.
 Such airy beings are the untutored swain
 Nor thou though learned his homelier thoughts neglect
 Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain
 These are the themes of simple sure effect
 That add new conquests to her boundless reign
 And fill with double force her heart commanding strain.

III

Ev'n yet preserved how often may'st thou hear
 Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run
 Taught by the father to his listening son
 Strange lays, whose power had charmed a Spenser's ear
 At every pause before thy mind possest
 Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around
 With uncouth lyres in many coloured vest
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crowned
 Whether thou bidst the well taught hind repeat
 The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,
 When every shrieking maid her bosom beat
 And strewed with choicest herbs his scented grave
 Or whether sitting in the shepherd's shiel¹
 Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms
 When at the bugles call with fire and steel
 The sturdy clans poured forth their bony swarms
 And hostile brothers met to prove each other's arms.

¹ A hut among the mountains.

IV

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
 In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard seer,
 Lodged in the wintry cave with [fate's fell spear¹,]
 Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells
 How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
 With their own vision oft astonished droop,
 When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
 They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop
 Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their [piercing] glance some fated youth descry,
 Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die
 For them the viewless forms of air obey,
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
 To see the phantom train their secret work prepare

[Stanza v, and half of stanza vi, are missing in the MS]

What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
 His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
 Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light,
 For watchful, lurking, 'mid the unrustling reed,
 At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
 And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
 And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
 If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

VII

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed !
 Whom late bewildered in the dank, dark fen,
 Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet then !
 To that sad spot [his wayward fate shall lead]
 On him, enraged, the fiend in angry mood,
 Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
 But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
 O'er its drowned banks, forbidding all return

¹ Inserted from the later editions

Or if he meditate his wished escape
 To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
 To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape
 In all its terrors clad shall wild appear
 Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise
 Poured sudden forth from every swelling source.
 What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
 His fear shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
 And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse.

VIII

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait
 Or wander forth to meet him on his way,
 For him in vain at to fall of the day
 His babes shall linger at the unclosing gate
 Ah neer shall he return! Alone if night
 Her travelled limbs in broken slumbers steep
 With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
 Shall visit sad perchance her silent sleep
 Then he perhaps, with moist and watery hand
 Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
 And with his blue swoln face before her stand
 And shivering cold these piteous accents speak
 Pursue dear wife thy daily toils pursue
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
 While I lie weltering on the osiered shore
 Drown'd by the kelpies' wrath nor e'er shall aid thee more!

IX.

Unbounded is thy range with varied style
 Thy muse may like those feathery tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks extend her skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle
 To that hoar pile¹ which still its ruin shows
 In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows
 And culls them wondering from the hallowed ground!

¹ The chapel of St Fl

Or thither¹, where, beneath the showery west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid,
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade
 Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreathed with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold

X.

But, O' o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides
 Go, just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main
 With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
 They drain the sainted spring, or, hunger-prest,
 Along the Atlantic rock undreading climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest
 Thus blest in primal innocence, they live,
 Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possesst,
 For not alone they touch the village breast,
 But filled in elder time the historic page
 There Shakespeare's self, with every garland crowned,
 [Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen²,]
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters found,
 And with their terrors drest the magic scene

¹ Iona² Inserted from the later editions

From them he sung when mid his bold design
 Before the Scot afflicted and aghast,
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
 Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.
 Proceed nor quit the tales which simply told
 Could once so well my answering bosom pierce
 Proceed in forceful sounds and colours bold
 The native legends of thy land rehearse
 To such adapt thy lyre and suit thy powerful verse.

XII

In scenes like these which daring to depart
 From sober truth are still to nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view
 The heroic muse employed her Tasso's art!
 How have I trembled when at Tancred's stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress poured
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke
 And the wild blast upheaved the vanished sword!
 How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung
 Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
 Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
 Hence at each sound, imagination glows
 [Hence, at each picture vivid life starts here!¹]
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows
 Melting it flows pure numerous strong and clear
 And fills the impassioned heart and wins the harmonious ear!

XIII

All hail ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
 Ye [spacious] friths and lakes which far away
 Are by smooth Annan filled or pastoral Tay,
 Or Don's romantic springs at distance hail!
 The time shall come when I perhaps may tread
 Your lowly glens o'erhung with spreading broom
 Or, o'er your stretching heaths by fancy led
 [Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom!]

Inserted from the later editions

Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
 Where Jonson sat in Drummond's [classic¹] shade ;
 Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each [lyric flower¹,]
 And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, [where Willy's laid¹']
 Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
 The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains, attend !—
 Where'er he dwell, on hill, or lowly moor,
 To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
 And, touched with love like mine, preserve my absent friend'

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assembled here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew.
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

¹ Inserted from the later editions.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell

Each lonely scene shall thee restore
For thee the tear be duly shed
Beloved till life can charm no more
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

Those in the deeper vitals rage
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings all are men,
 Condemnd alike to groan
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more —where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove relentless power
 Thou tamer of the human breast
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue his darling child designed
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know
 And from her own she earned to melt at others' woe.

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Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe,
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

I I

Awake Æolian lyre awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep majestic, smooth, and strong
Thro verdant vales and Ceres golden reign
Now rolling down the steep remain
Headlong impetuous see it pour
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar

I

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul
Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares

And frantic Passions hear thy soft control
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I 3

Thee the voice the dance obey
Temper'd to thy warbled lay
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day

Y 2

With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ,
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love

II 1

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky,
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war

II 2

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 The unconquerable Mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II 3

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep
 Isles that crown th' Ægean deep
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute but to the voice of anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power
 And coward Vice that revels in her chuns.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost
 They sought oh Albion! next thy sea encircled coast.

III 1

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid
 What time where lucid Avon stray'd
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of joy!
 Of horror that and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears!

III 2

Nor second He that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and time

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace

III 3

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

Oh lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban eagle bear,

Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,

With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun.

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,

Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE BARD

I I

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !

Confusion on thy banners wait ;

Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,

They mock the air with idle state.

Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,

Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears
 From Cambria's curse from Cambria's tears'
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
 lance

I 2

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conways foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe
 With haggard eyes the poet stood
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre
 'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrents awful voice beneath'
 O'er thee oh King! their hundred arms they wave
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe
 Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day
 To high born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay

I 3

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
 That hushed the stormy main
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed
 Mountains ye mourn in vain
 Modred whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smeared with gore and ghastly pale
 Far far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail
 The famished eagle screams and passes by

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep They do not sleep
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II I

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of heaven What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II 2.

'Mighty victor, mighty lord!
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone He rests among the dead
 The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm
 Peggardless of the sweeping whirlwinds sway
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey

II 3

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Rest of a crown he yet may share the feast
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way
 Ye towers of Julius London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed
 Revere his consort's faith his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above below the rose of snow
 Twined with her blushing foe we spread
 The bristled boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep and ratify his doom.

III 1

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the wool. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed unpitied, here to mourn
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

III 2

'Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ,
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play
 Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear ,
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings

III 3.

'The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ,
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign
Be thine despair, and sceptred care
To triumph and to die are mine.
He spoke and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw bunt shed
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues but their crimes confined
 Forbade to wade thro slaughter to a throne
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name their years spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply
 And many a holy text around she strews
 That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

'The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire
 These ears alas' for other notes repine
 A different object do these eyes require
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer
 And new born pleasure brings to happier men
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear
 To warm their little loves the birds complain
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

Too poor for a bribe and too proud to importune
 He had not the method of making a fortune
 Could love and could hate so was thought somewhat odd
 No very great wit he believed in a God
 A post or a pension he did not desire,
 But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire

IMPROMPTU, ON LORD HOLLAND'S SEAT AT KINGSGATE

Old, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution

On this congenial spot he fixed his choice,
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand,
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwrecked, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

'Ah!' said the sighing peer, 'had Bute been true,
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
And realized the beauties which we feign

'Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in St Paul's.'

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

[BORN at Cambridge in 1715 educated at Winchester and at Clare Hall Cambridge His poems were collected in 1754 and again in 1764 He became Poet Laureate in 1758 and died in 1785 in London]

William Whitehead who must not be confused with his clever and disreputable namesake Paul Whitehead the poet of the orgies of Medmenham succeeded Cibber in the laureateship when Gray declined that doubtful honour He was the perpetual butt of the satire of Churchill who as Campbell says completely killed his poetical character Indeed his poetry is for the most part tame and conventional enough yet here and there he emerges from the ruck of Georgian poetasters and becomes noticeable *Variety a Tale for Married People* which is too long for quotation is an excellent story in verse—with a moral of course as a *conte* should have—told in a light and flowing style not unworthy of Gay *The Enthusiast an Ode* is here given because of the admirable way in which it epitomises the debate—it is a perennial debate but the eighteenth century took one side and we take the other—between Nature and Society

O bards that call to bank and glen
Ye bid me go to Nature to be healed
And lo! a purer fount is here revealed
My lady nature dwells in hearts of men

—when the modern poet writes in this way we note him as breaking the poetical concert of our age But the doctrine is one which the poets of Pope's century were for ever enforcing even Cowper antithesis to Pope as he was enforced it and this little ode of Whitehead's is so happy a rendering of their argument that it is worthy of being rescued from the oblivion which has almost overwhelmed its author

EDITOR

THE ENTHUSIAST AN ODE.

Once—I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower and every hill
In every vale had drunk its fill
Of sunshine and of dews

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime
When spring gives up the reins of time
To summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade
Which clothed a lawn's aspiring head,
I urged my devious way,
With loitering steps regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wondrous bright the day

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud !
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding through the deep-green grass
A full-brimmed river flowed

I stop, I gaze, in accents rude,
To thee, serenest solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay,
'Begone vile world ! the learned, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise,
And pity even the gay.

These these are joys alone I cry,
 'Tis here divine philosophy
 Thou deignst to fix thy throne!
 Here contemplation points the road
 Through nature's charms to nature's God!
 These these are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low thoughted cares,
 Ye human hopes and human fears,
 Ye pleasures and ye pains!
 While thus I spake over my soul
 A philosophic calmness stole,
 A stoic stillness returns

The tyrant passions all subside
 Fear anger pity shame and pride
 No more my bosom move
 Yet still I felt or seemed to feel
 A kind of visionary zeal
 Of universal love.

When lo! a voice a voice I hear!
 'Twas Reason whispered in my ear
 These monitorary strains
 'What meanst thou man? wouldst thou unbind
 The ties which constitute thy kind,
 The pleasures and the pains?

The same almighty power unseen
 Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
 To contemplation's eye
 Fixed every movement of the soul
 Taught every wish its destined goal
 And quickened every joy

He bids the tyrant passions rage
 He bids them war external wage
 And combat each his foe
 Till from dissensions concords rise,
 And beauties from deformities
 And happiness from woe

Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?

Presumptuous thought and vain!
Each bliss unshared is unenjoyed,
Each power is weak unless employed
Some social good to gain

Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,
With those exalted joys compare

Which active virtue feels,
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt and indolence, and vice,
At her triumphant wheels?

As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man, whilst virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreshing springs,
To soothe him on his way

Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,
In vain thou sing'st if none admire,
How sweet soe'er the strain
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast go, try every sense,
If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
Thou yet hast learned to scan,
At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
And see them all uniting show
That man was made for man'

MARK AKENSIDE

[Born November 9th 1721 studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden practised as a physician at Northampton received from his friend Jeremiah Dyson an annual allowance of £300 removed to London 1748 appointed one of the Physicians to the Queen wrote various medical tracts and lectures died June 23rd 1770 *The Pleasures of Imagination* was published in January 1744 *Ode to St. Saviour* 1745 The unfinished recast of *The Pleasures of Imagination* appeared after Akenside's death in his *Poems* 1772]

Reason clad in strains
Of harmony selected minds to inquire

These words from one of Akenside's Odes define his own poetry or at least what he desired it to be. He was a witness for high aims in verse for the ideal as some call it for the union of imagination and reason. There was in Akenside's time much dull brutality of living much gross time serving. He the Newcastle butcher's son held his head aloft when others reeled and spoke thick, he offered libations to the memory of ancient sages or patriots and intoned hymns to Virtue and Honour. And to inspire a life long friendship such as that of Dyson to whom he owed his well being his leisure and his ease of mind implies the presence in his character of some solid worth some genuine elevation. His verse is in keeping with his life. Much verse was manufactured in his day on trivial occasions of passing interest some of this was the more piquant for its zest of indecency. Much metrical satire was written it was not long since the *Dunciad* had stung the dullards not to death but to more zealous moods of dulness and soon Churchill was to show how in rougher style to belabour antagonists with the knotty cudgel. Akenside wrote odes which may be called occasional but he always contrived to add dignity to his poem by giving it something of a general character. If ever he became a satirist it was in the solemn manner of one devoted before all else to principles. It was his choice to be at once poet and

philosophic teacher, or, as he would perhaps have liked to be called, bard and sage. In the preceding age poetry and philosophy had stood apart, Dryden aimed at pleasure, Locke at truth. But now under happy Hanoverian freedom, poetry might dare to expatiate over all the great affairs of the world and of human life, it might approach philosophy and embrace it, and from such an union surely the highest offspring of the spirit of man must arise. Nor, Akenside would say, was philosophy now the tentative and uninspiring research of the *Essay on Human Understanding*. Locke's pupil Shaftesbury, a man of aspiring moral temper and elegant culture, who had drunk deep at the well-heads of truth in ancient Greece, was the newer master; both in politics and philosophy the Gothic darkness and tyranny had disappeared. A happier period had dawned of liberty and light, of Plato and the *Characteristics*, of enthusiasm and taste, of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

Honour is due to Akenside for his homage to the mind and to things of the mind. And it would be unjust to say that his enthusiasm was not sincere. Since, however, he lived as poet so much among ideas, since apart from these ideas his poetry ceases to exist, one cannot but ask, Were his ideas true? Were they the best ideas? Do they still survive? And again, Did Akenside present his ideas in the best way, in a way at once philosophical and poetic? Did he indeed effect the union of reason and imagination?

It must be answered that Akenside's theory as a whole will not bear investigation, that some of his ideas are commonplace, some fantastic. His psychology is that of Addison's essays on the Imagination, his morals and metaphysics are those of Shaftesbury. Akenside was inferior to Addison, not perhaps in power of analysis, but in delicacy of perception, in pliancy of feeling, in good sense. He was inferior to Shaftesbury in the quality of his moral enthusiasm. Shaftesbury's fine illumination comes to us reflected from a surface somewhat hard and cold, it is enthusiasm still, but it is enthusiasm which cannot subsist without rhetoric. For Akenside's moral elevation was self-conscious, a dignity of attitude assumed deliberately, a constructed elevation. His manner, we are told, was stiff and pompous, he was too oracular, and took a jest very ill. He was deficient on the side of common human sympathy, he lacked geniality. He felt himself to be a 'superior person,' and he was so in fact, but he had the kind of superior fatuousness that such persons are readily betrayed into. His tone is too high-

pitched his ideas are too much in the air they do not nourish themselves in the common heart in the common life of man Still Akenside really lifts up his head and tries to breathe empyreal gales And if the doctrines of amiable deism the optimist's view of life final causes the unity of goodness truth and beauty hardly seem to us to solve the riddles of the world such solutions had certainly an attraction for some of the finest minds of the first half of the eighteenth century

'The author's aim Akenside says in introducing his chief poem was not so much to give formal precepts or enter into the way of direct argumentation as by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonise the imagination A noble aim—but Akenside's theory and his descriptions somehow do not help each other as they ought It is possible to set forth abstract truth with so much clearness and such exquisiteness of form that its light may charm the eye as various colour charms Truth again in a mind like Plato's may incarnate itself in a myth of the imagination involuntarily and almost inevitably Then the body and the soul of truth are indeed one living breathing organism But Akenside sets forth his truth in a series of illustrations the doctrine is a peg on which he hangs a picture and after you have admired he comes forward to tell you that the picture is less interesting than the peg The kind of truth which Akenside presents almost invites the expositor to a frigid style A theory of beauty and not beauty itself save as an illustration phrases about the sublime a definition of moral loveliness —it were easier to write poetically about sines and cosines No treatise on the Attributes has ever won a lover for God

Akenside's verse has been described as laborious in reality it swims on only too gallantly Its periods are rhetorical like those of a lecturer with full command of his subject and conscious of superiority to his hearers He does not brood or meditate or enquire he expounds Hence his frequent interrogative his address to the reader his 'lo' and his 'behold' It is not verse which delays or coils upon itself like a stream in some rocky chalice when happy and loving most its own beauty Akenside's verse is the verse of rhetorical exposition

His odes have been rated below their true worth They are not lyrics in the sense that Shelley's *Skylark* is lyrical they are not melodious cries But they have dignity of sentiment and that not feigned they present lofty thoughts in language of animated

seriousness and in well-measured verse The *Hymn to the Naiads* has delighted so many cultured readers that the high rank generally assigned to it among Akenside's poems must be maintained, but it has the faults of its author's longer work. Nothing that he has written is in style so pure and strong as the *Inscriptions*. Their narrow limits did not give time for the rise of rhetorical excitement. They have, as is fitting, a marmoreal purity and permanence.

The recast of *The Pleasures of Imagination* does not gain on the original poem. Fine audacities of expression are struck away, the philosophical analysis becomes more minute and laboured. And if we are spared the incredible allegory of Euphrosyne and Nemesis, and the dreary sprightliness of the theory of ridicule, there are added passages which make amends to the injured Goddess of Dulness.

EDWARD DOWDEN

FROM 'THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION'

Say why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation? why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal powers
As on a boundless theatre to run
The great career of justice to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds
To chase each partial purpose from his breast
And through the mists of passion and of sense
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue up the steep ascent
Of Nature calls him to his high reward —
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope
That breathes from day to day sublimer things
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms impatient to be free
Spurning the gross control of wilful might
Proud of the strong contention of her toils
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that from Alpine heights his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains plains through empires black with shade
And continents of sand will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing

Beneath its native quarry Tired of earth,
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air , pursues the flying storm ,
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens ,
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long track of day Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time Thence, far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets, through its burning signs,
Exulting, measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light as with a milky zone
Invests the orient Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode ,
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things
Even on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates the eternal depth below ,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges , soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal For, from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovran Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment , but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE, 1740.

I

The radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains
Soon to reverse the long career
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now piercing half Potosi's height
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountains silver stores
While in some caverns horrid shade
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores

II

But lo on this deserted coast
How pale the sun ! how thick the air !
Mustering his storms a sordid host
Lo Winter desolates the year
The fields resign their latest bloom
No more the breezes waft perfume
No more the streams in music roll
But snows fall dark or rains resound
And while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire
Harmonious dances festive songs
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village dame the curfew hears
While round the hearth her children play
At morn their father went abroad
The moon is sunk, and deep the road
She sighs and wonders at his stay

IV

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force,
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course
Then louder howl the aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embraced,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing,
And Fancy, mocking Winters night,
With flowers, and dews, and streaming light,
Already decks the new-born spring

V

O fountain of the golden day !
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede !
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

VI

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er Nature and her laws,
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the sovran Cause ;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that Heaven's all-subduing will,
With good, the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

VII

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead !
While by the taper's trembling light
I seem those awful scenes to tread

Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp arrayed
While now I taste the Ionian song
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII

But should some cheerful equal friend
Bid leave the studious page a while
Let mirth on wisdom then attend
And social ease on learned toil
Then while at love's uncared-for shrine
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey
What flattering dreams each bosom warm
While absence heightens every charm
Invokes the slow returning May!

IX

May thou delight of heaven and earth
When will thy genial star arise?
The auspicious morn which gives thee birth
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old
She moves like that primeval fair
Thither ye silver sounding lyres
Ye tender smiles ye chaste desires
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair

X

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears O charming maid
And every pain of absence die
Then shall my jocund harp attuned
To thy true ear with sweeter sound

Pursue the free Horatian song ,
Old Tync shall listen to my tale,
And echo down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong

FOR A GROTTO

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were placed by Glycon He with cowslips pale,
Primrose and purple lychnis, decked the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle covered Here, at noon,
Lulled by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber here my clustering fruits I tend,
Or from the humid flowers at break of day
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious Enter in,
O Stranger, undismayed Nor bat nor toad
Here lurks , and, if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion chiefly if thy name
Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own

CHRISTOPHER SMART

[CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne in Kent on April 11 1722. He was educated at Durham School and at Pembroke Hall Cambridge becoming a Fellow in 1745. In 1753 he married and came to live in London where his careless habits soon brought him into grave difficulties. He was for some time out of his mind and it was during his confinement in an interval of sanity that the *Song to David* was written. In 1770 he closed a life in which he had known all forms of disappointment and unhappiness. His poems were first collected in 1753 and a posthumous edition in two volumes was published in 1791. The *Song to David* appeared in a separate quarto in 1763 and was republished in 1819 by the Rev. R. Harvey.]

The posthumous Editor of Smart's poems makes an apology for the entire exclusion of the *Song to David* and some other pieces on the ground that they were written after the author's confinement and bear for the most part melancholy proofs of the recent estrangement of his mind. Such poems however he adds have been selected from his pamphlets and inserted in the present work as were likely to be acceptable to the reader. The volumes so introduced contain a curious assemblage of quite worthless verses. Seatonian prize poems epigrams birthday addresses imitations of Pope and Gay and all else that might be expected from a facile and uninspired versifier of that date. Two generations ago Smart's name was familiar to schoolboys from his translation of Horace into prose a work about as worthy of immortality as were his imitative verses. It is only in our own day that attention has been recalled to the single poem by which he deserves to be not only remembered but remembered as a poet who for one short moment reached a height to which the prosaic muse of his epoch was wholly unaccustomed. There is nothing like the *Song to David* in the eighteenth century there is nothing out of which it might seem

to have been developed. It is true that with great appearance of symmetry it is ill-arranged and out of proportion, its hundred stanzas weary the reader with their repetitions and with their epithets piled up on a too obvious system. But in spite of this touch of pedantry, it is the work of a poet, of a man so possessed with the beauty and fervour of the Psalms and with the high romance of the psalmist's life that in the days of his madness the character of David has become a 'fixed idea' with him, to be embodied in words and dressed in the magic robe of verse when the dark hour has gone by. There are few episodes in our literary history more interesting than this of the wretched bookseller's hack, with his mind thrown off its balance by drink and poverty, rising at the instant of his deepest distress to a pitch of poetic performance unimagined by himself at all other times, unimagined by all but one or two of his contemporaries, and so little appreciated by the public that when an edition of his writings was called for it was sent into the world with this masterpiece omitted.

EDITOR.

8- Extract from

sup b IX

A SONG TO DAVID

O Thou that sitst upon a throne,
With harp of high majestic tone
To praise the King of kings
And voice of heaven ascending swell
Which while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings

To bless each valley grove and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs
To keep the days on Zion's mount
And send the year to his account
With dances and with songs

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large
Which thou mayst now receive
From thy blest mansion hail and hear
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great valiant pious good and clean,
Sublime contemplative serene
Strong constant pleasant wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace
Best man!—the swiftness and the race
The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown
From Samuel's horn and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice
For all the host from rear to van
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word and up he rose—
The fight—he triumphed o'er his foes,
Whom God's just laws abhor ,
And armed in gallant faith he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war

Pious—magnificent and grand ,
'Twas he the famous temple planned
(The seraph in his soul) ,
Foremost to give his Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature good in grain,
His aspect and his heart ,
To pity, to forgive, to save ,
Witness Engedi's conscious cave,
And Shimer's blunted dart

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue
To God th' eternal theme ,
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The sabbath-day he blest ,
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace
Remembering when he watched the fleece
How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge silence vice
And plant perpetual paradise
When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord who could defy
Satan and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night
And hell and horror and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might

Constant—in love to God the truth
Age manhood, infancy and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant beyond the verge of death
And Ziba and Mephibosheth
His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year
Man soul and angel, without peer
Priest champion sage and boy
In armour or in ephod clad
His pomp his piety was glad
Majestic was his joy

Wise—in recovery from his fall
Whence rose his eminence o'er all
Of all the most reviled
The light of Israel in his ways
Wise are his precepts prayer and praise
And counsel to his child.

His muse bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom
Th Abishag of his age.

He sung of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends,
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their cisterns wait,
Where Michael with his millions bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and Love—the Saint elect
For infinite applause
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause

The world—the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove and hill,
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm,
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey,
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock.
The raven, swan, and jay

Of fishes—every size and shape
Which nature frames of light escape
 Devouring man to shun
The shells are in the wealthy deep
The shoals upon the surface leap
 And love the glancing sun

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
 Nor yet the shades arouse
Her cave the mining coney scoops
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops
 The kids exult and browse

Of gems—their virtue and their price
Which hid in earth from man's device,
 Their darts of lustre sheathe
The jasper of the master's stamp
The topaz blazing like a lamp
 Among the mines beneath.

* * * * *

O David highest on the list
Of worthies on God's ways insist,
 The genuine word repeat
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
 That keeps the fools conceit.

Praise above all—for praise prevails
Heap up the measure load the scales,
 And good to goodness add
The generous soul her favour aids
But peevish obloquy degrades
 The Lord is great and glad.

For adoration all the ranks
 Of angels yield eternal thanks,
 And David in the midst ,
 With God's good poor, which, last and least
 In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
 O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

For adoration seasons change,
 And order, truth, and beauty range,
 Adjust, attract, and fill
 The grass the polyanthus checks ,
 And polished porphyry reflects,
 By the descending rill

Rich almonds colour to the prime
 For adoration , tendrils climb,
 And fruit-trees pledge their gems ,
 And Ivis¹ with her gorgeous vest
 Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
 And bell-flowers bow their stems

* * * * *

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
 And drops upon the leafy limes ,
 Sweet Hermon's fragrant air
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
 And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
 That watch for early prayer

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ,
 Sweet when the lost arrive
 Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
 While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
 The choicest flowers to hive

¹ The humming bird

Sweeter in all the strains of love
 The language of thy turtle dove
 Paired to thy swelling chord
 Sweeter with every grace endued
 The glory of thy gratitude
 Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede¹
 Which makes at once his game
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground
 Strong thro' the turbulent profound
 Shoots xiphias² to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
 His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes
 Strong the gier eagle on his sail
 Strong against tide th' enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes

But stronger still in earth and air
 And in the sea the man of prayer
 And far beneath the tide
 And in the seat to faith assigned
 Where ask is have where seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide

Beauteous the fleet before the gale
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail
 Ranked arms and crested heads
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
 Walk, water meditated wild
 And all the bloomy beds

¹ The kite

The sword fish

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn ,
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
 The virgin to her spouse
Beauteous the temple decked and filled,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
 Their heart-directed vows

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The shepherd-king upon his knees
 For his momentous trust ,
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust

Precious the bounteous widow's mite ;
And precious, for extreme delight,
 The largess from the churl
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's¹ blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl

Precious the penitential tear ;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
 Acceptable to God
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
 Bound on the hallowed sod

More precious that diviner part
Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
 Great, beautiful, and new ,
In all things where it was intent,
In all extremes, in each event
 Proof—answering true to true.

, ¹ Rev xxi 11 (?)

Glorious the sun in mid career
Glorious th assembled fires appear
 Glorious the comet's train
Glorious the trumpet and alarm
Glorious th almighty stretched out arm
 Glorious th enraptured main

Glorious the northern lights astream
Glorious the song when God's the theme
 Glorious the thunder's roar
Glorious hosanna from the den
Glorious the catholic amen
 Glorious the martyr's gore

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
 By meekness call'd thy Son
Thou at¹ stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deeds achieved
 Determined dared and done

4

¹ Or that (?)

WILLIAM FALCONER.

[BORN 11th of February, 1732, lost with the crew of the *Aurora*, last heard of on 27th December, 1769, at the Cape of Good Hope *The Shipwreck* was published in 1762]

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1755, appeared a versified complaint, *On the Uncommon Scarcity of Poetry*, by a Sailor. The scarcity still prevailed when seven years later a sailor—the same perhaps who had written the complaint—startled English readers by his discovery of a new epic theme. The Muse, as Falconer imagines her, visits him in no olive-grove, or flowery lawn, but in a glimmering cavern beside the sea, his lyre is tuned to

‘The long surge that forms through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave’

There was largeness, and freedom and force in the subject he had chosen, and what is best in his treatment of it was learnt direct from the waves and winds. No one before Falconer had conceived or told in English poetry the long and passionate combat between the sea, roused to fury, and its slight but dexterous rival, with the varying fortunes of the strife. He had himself, like his Arion, been wrecked near Cape Colonna, on the coast of Greece, like Arion, he was one of three who reached the shore and lived. For the material of his brief epic he needed but to revive in his imagination the sights, the sounds, the fears, the hopes, the efforts of five days the most eventful and the most vivid of his life. *The Shipwreck* is not a descriptive poem, it is a poem of action, each buffet of the sea, each swift turning of the wheel is a portion of the attack or the defence, and as the catastrophe draws near, as the ship scuds past Falconera, as the hills of Greece

rise to view as the pitiless cliffs of St. George grow clear, and the sound of the breakers is heard the action of the poem increases in swiftness and intensity

Falconer was a skilful seaman unhappily he was not a great poet. The reality the unity the largeness of his theme lend him support and he is a faithful and energetic narrator. But the spirits of tempest and of night needed for their interpreter one of stronger and subtler speech than Falconer. Nor was it possible to render into orderly couplets after Pope the vast cadences the difficult phrases of ocean. The poet's diction is the artificial diction of eighteenth century verse handled with none of that exquisite art shown by some cultured writers of the time. And into the midst of the commonplace poetic vocabulary bounces suddenly a rattling row of nautical terms suitable only for the *Marine Dictionary*. Phœbus and Clio must lend a hand to brail up the mizen or belay the topping lift.

The persons—Albert prudent and bold the rough Rodmond the tender Arion—are drawn in simple outlines. Some part of the love story of Palemon says Campbell is rather swainish. But Falconer's love sentiment is as genuine as any other part of the feeling of his poem and a sailor writing on gentle themes becomes perhaps naturally a swain. The seal of fidelity was set upon Falconer's sea poem by death—an unknown death in some unknown sea.

EDWARD DOWDEN

FROM 'THE SHIPWRECK,' CANTO III

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade ,
Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore
Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies ,
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crag descends :
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges ' hark ' a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair , while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak
Ah Heaven !—behold her crashing ribs divide
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress ,
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivalled strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore

As o'er the surf the bending main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ,

Awhile they bore the overwhelming billows rage
Unequal combat with their fate to wage
Till all benumbed and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold and sink to shades below
Some from the main yard arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges die without a groan
Three with Palemon on their skill depend
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide
Till one who seems in agony to strive
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew
And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew !

Next O unhappy chief ! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
Overspread with corpses ! red with human blood !
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed
While he severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last
Sad refuge ! Albert grasps the floating mast
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops alas ! beneath superior woe
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain
His faithful wife for ever doomed to mourn
For him alas ! who never shall return
To black adversity's approach exposed
With want and hardships unforeseen enclosed
His lovely daughter left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt that flatters to betray—

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While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
 Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned,
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
 His outstretched arms the master's legs unfold
 Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
 For death bids every clenching joint adhere
 All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And, 'Oh protect my wife and child!' he cries
 The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound,
 He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound

Five only left of all the shipwrecked throng
 Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
 With these Arion still his hold secures,
 And all assaults of hostile waves endures
 O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
 He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
 'Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
 Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
 Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
 Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die
 And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
 On these, or in some oozy cavern lost'
 Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
 In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
 The demons of destruction hover nigh,
 And thick their mortal shafts commissioned fly.
 When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
 Two, next Arion, furious tears away,
 Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
 And groaning, cling upon the elusive weed,
 Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
 Arion sinks! and memory views no more.

Ha! total night and horror here preside,
 My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
 It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the watery grave
 Again they float incumbent on the wave,

Again the dismal prospect opens round —
The wreck, the shore, the dying and the drowned !
And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on the adjacent rocks
Their faithless hold no longer can retain
They sink overwhelmed ! and never rise again

Two with Anon yet the mist upbore
That now above the ridges reached the shore
Still trembling to descend they downward gaze
With horror pale and torpid with amaze
The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow
Awhile they wait the exhausted waves retreat
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet —
O Heaven ! delivered by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand
Receive the languid incense they bestow
That damp with death, appears not yet to glow
To Thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sickened spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[BORN at Pallás, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728, died in his chambers in Brick Court, London, on the 4th of April, 1774 *The Traveller* was published in December 1764, *The Deserted Village*, May 1770 The ballad *The Hermit* first appeared in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1776 *The Haunch of Venison*, written about 1771, was first published after its author's death, 1776, *Retaliation*, Goldsmith's last work, was also of posthumous publication, 1774]

The poems of Goldsmith make but a small fragment of his work, they are, however, more finely wrought and of a costlier material than the rest 'I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail Muses, he said, 'they would let me starve' And so he turned to the book-sellers' task-work, bestowing on that task-work a grace which was all his own, and, the drudgery ended, he took his wages and was light of heart But poetry belonged to his higher self, to his affections, to his imagination Goldsmith could not have written *The Deserted Village* to the order of Griffiths or Newbery, and it is told—nor is the story incredible—that he went back with the note for one hundred pounds in his pocket, and insisted that his publisher should not ruin himself by paying 'five shillings a couplet' The rustic maid Poetry whom he loved was not quite penniless, still Goldsmith felt that the attachment was imprudent, and she was none the less dear to his foolish heart on that account

'Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so'

His poems won for Goldsmith friendships and fame, yet he felt truly that his was not a poetic age The keenest intellects and the most powerful imaginations of the time found their proper utterance in prose The high tragedy of that period is *Clarissa*, the broadest and brightest study of the *comédie humaine* is *Tom Jones* Johnson in his essays had dignified the minor morals of Addison, and breathed into them the spirit of a courageous melancholy Burke by breadth of vision and largeness of character was

transforming the political pamphlet from a thing of party to a thing for mankind. Hume had shown how the facts of history may be artfully disposed and their ragged edges smoothed away until a graceful narrative emerges from the confusion. Gibbon was already projecting the lines of his Roman road through the centuries. It was the age of prose. The poets themselves had turned critics, making but timid experiments in verse—the more exquisite their culture the less was their poetic courage. One or two indeed might appear more robust but by a well instructed eye their force was seen to be but turbulence. As for the rest they handed their verses around in manuscript then perhaps contributed them to a poetical miscellany finally, collected them in a tiny volume or a quarto pamphlet of ample margin.

Goldsmith whose genius slumbered late was in no hurry to be a poet, and he looked carefully to make sure of himself and of his way. With a happy instinct he discerned his own gift and it was his virtue amid all his wanderings and with all his seeming recklessness to be faithful to that gift. Should he apply his humour to base uses and follow in the steps of Churchill? Goldsmith affected no airs of dignity in what he wrote and did not fear that word of reproach in his day *low* but his gentle heart, his kindly wisdom made it impossible for him to follow Churchill. He did not covet the reputation of a literary bully his was no loud contentious voice if he hated anything he hated the rage of party spirit. But might he not accept Gray as a master? Goldsmith has left on record his estimate of Gray and the words express a qualified enthusiasm a certain official admiration as critic. But in truth to please him poetry should address the heart and he felt cold towards the fastidious flights of *The Bard* and *The Progress of Poetry*. He ventured to hint to Gray the advice that Isocrates used to give his scholars *study the people*. Pindar had been popular—Pan himself was seen dancing to his melody. The seeming obscurity, the sudden transitions the hazardous epithet of that mighty master had been caught by Gray the directness, the life the native energy of classical poetry he had not discovered. And Gray's imitators what did they produce but tawdry things in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection? Last there was the didactic essay or epistle in verse. Should Goldsmith become the successor of Akenside? Goldsmith highly esteemed the didactic poem he looked on it as characteristic of England.

But, at least, let it be written in our old rhymed couplet, not in pedantic blank-verse, and as for the pompous epithet, the licentious transposition, the unnatural construction, let these be reformed altogether. Why too should dulness be an essential of didactic poetry? Goldsmith could not endure its 'disgusting solemnity of manner', he loved innocent gaiety, and found much wisdom in that agreeable trifling which often 'deceives us into instruction'.

With such views, and at a time of life when all his powers were ripe and mellow, Goldsmith published his *Traveller*. Some fragments, perhaps a first sketch of the poem, had been sent from Switzerland to his brother Henry in 1755. *The Traveller*, as we know it, is an attempt to unite the didactic with the descriptive poem. But Goldsmith does not begin with theory, and proceed to illustrate his theory by a series of pictures. He begins with a sigh for kindred and for home. The poem is personal, the reflections, except perhaps the closing ones, which came from Johnson, are such as naturally arose in his mind in the days of his wandering. It would have been easy to have thrown *The Traveller* into the form of an Essay on the Happiness of Nations, or *The Deserted Village* into that of an Epistle on the Dangers of Luxury, and then the wanderer sounding his flute beside the Loire might have risen to the stature of a philosophic spectator with a classical name, sweet Auburn might have appeared as minor term of a syllogism concerned with the abuse of wealth. Goldsmith chose a simpler method, more wholesome and sweet. He had actually smiled at sight of the old dames of the province in their quaint French caps leading out the little boys and girls to foot it while he piped, he had turned away disappointed from the Carinthian peasant's inhospitable door, he had breasted the keen air with the Alpine herdsman, he had lazily stared from the towing-path at the Dutchman squat on his brown canal-boat. Seeking neither wealth, nor advancement, nor toilsome learning, unencumbered by possessions of his own, he had looked on all with a sympathetic eye, an open heart, an innocent delight in human gladness, a kindly smile at human frailty, a sigh and a tear for human woe, and from all he had gathered a store of gentle wisdom, of dear remembrance. He needed only to select from his recollections whatever was most full of charm, what was gayest, tenderest, most pleasantly coloured, and with these to mingle some natural thoughts, some natural feelings. Surely an easy thing, and yet none except Goldsmith had the secret how to do this, to unite such various elements

into a delightful whole—description reflection, mirth sadness memory and love No one like Goldsmith could pass so tranquilly from grave to gay still preserving the delicate harmony of tone No one like Goldsmith knew how to be at once natural and exquisite innocent and wise a man and still a child

The naturalness and ease of his poetry are those of an accomplished craftsman His verse which flows towards the close of the period with such a gentle yet steady advance is not less elaborated than that of Pope and Goldsmith conceived his verse more in paragraphs than in couplets His subdued brilliancy was perhaps harder to attain than the point and polish of *The Rape of the Lock* His artless words were each one delicately chosen his simple constructions were studiously sought Cooke Goldsmith's neighbour in the Temple speaks of the Doctor's slowness in writing poetry not from tardiness of fancy but from the time he took in pointing the sentiment and polishing the versification In writing *The Deserted Village* the Doctor as Cooke again tells us first sketched a part of his design in prose in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him he then sat down carefully to versify them correct them and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject and if sometimes he would exceed his prose design by writing several verses impromptu these he would take singular pains afterwards to revise lest they should be found unconnected with his main design When Cooke entered the Doctor's chamber one morning Goldsmith with some elation read aloud to him the ten lines beginning

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease
Seats of my youth when eve y sport could please

Come let me tell you this is no bad mornings work he said and now my dear boy if you are not better engaged I should be glad to enjoy a Shoemakers Holiday with you

Whether *The Traveller* or *The Deserted Village* be the more admirable poem whether Auburn be an English village or the Irish Lissoy or both in one whether Goldsmith's political economy be solid or sentimental it is perhaps not necessary once more to discuss Perhaps Auburn bordered on Shakespeare's Forest of Arden and the doctrines concerning agricultural and commercial prosperity were suited to that neighbourhood It would be pleasant to hear Jaques and Touchstone discuss them taking opposite sides Certainly Auburn is English, but certainly too

Paddy Byrne kept school there, and Uncle Contarine or Henry Goldsmith occupied the rectory. In whatever shire or county situated, we know Auburn better than any other village, its sweet confusion of rural sounds is in our ears, we have seen its children hanging on the venerable preacher's gown, we have played truant from the stern schoolmaster, and trembled in his presence, we know the clicking of the ale-house clock, and have felt the old, plain pathos of the woodman's ballad¹. And we grieve that Auburn is departed. It may be a weak retreat into the age of sentiment and simplicity and Rousseau, perhaps we ought rather exult in the triumphs of modern civilisation and the progress of modern science. Still the flowers of an old garden-croft smell sweet, and the hawthorn bush is white under which lovers whisper.

The ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, *The Haunch of Venison*, and *Retaliation* mark the extremes of Goldsmith's somewhat limited range in verse. Any reader of the ballad who pleases may make a wry face, along with Kenrick of Grub Street, at the insipidity of Dr Goldsmith's negus, and may seek elsewhere some livelier liquor. We feel differently, for we have heard this ballad in the open air from Mr Burchell's manly throat, while Sophia in her new ribbons languished in the hay. To us, the love-lorn stranger is an eighteenth-century cousin—and so perhaps a little modish—of Rosalind and Viola. Those earlier disguisers bore themselves no doubt more gallantly, with more of saucy archness, but none was more sweetly discovered than Goldsmith's pretty pilgrim by her mantling blush, and bashful glance, and rising breast. In *The Haunch of Venison* we have a miniature farce, and Goldsmith good-naturedly includes himself among the persons to be laughed at. *Retaliation* is the most mischievous, and the most playful, the friendliest and the faithfulest of satires. How much better we know Garrick because Goldsmith has shown him to us in his acting off the stage¹. And do we as often think of Reynolds in any attitude as in that of smiling non-listener to the critical coxcombs

'When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff'

Would that portraits of Johnson and Boswell had been added¹

EDWARD DOWDEN

FROM 'THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn ! lovehest village of the plain
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease
Seats of my youth when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm
The sheltered cot the cultivated farm
The never failing brook, the busy mill
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play
And all the village train from labour free
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree
While many a pastime circled in the shade
The young contending as the old surveyed
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tired
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter tittered round the place
The bashful virgins sidelong looks of love
The matrons glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms sweet village ! sports like these
With sweet succession taught even toil to please
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ,
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ,
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ,
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ,
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ,
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more .
His best companions, innocence and health ,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth

But times are altered , trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ,
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene
Lived in each look and brightened all the green
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power
Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds
And many a year elapsed return to view
Where once the cottage stood the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain

In all my wanderings round this world of care
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close
And keep the flame from wasting by repose
I still had hopes for pride attends us still
Amidst the swains to show my book learned skill
Around my fire an evening group to draw
And tell of all I felt and all I saw
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew
I still had hopes my long vexations past
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement friend to life's decline
Retreats from care that never must be mine
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat learns to fly!
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ,
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ,
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ,
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school ,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ,
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ,
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ,

Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain
The long remembered beggar was his guest
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud
Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side
But in his duty prompt at every call
He watched and wept he prayed and felt for all
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies
He tried each art reproved each dull delay
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way

Beside the bed where parting life was laid
And sorrow guilt, and pain by turns dismayed
The reverend champion stood At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise
And his last faltering accents whispered praise

At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ,
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ,
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school ,
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ,
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ,
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ,
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran—that he could gauge ,
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still ,
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high
Where once the sign post caught the passing eye
Low lies that house where nut brown draughts inspired
Where grey beard mirth, and smiling toil retired
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place
The white washed wall, the nicely sanded floor
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door
The chest contrived a double debt to pay
A bed by night a chest of drawers by day
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules the royal game of goose
The hearth except when winter chilled the day
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay
While broken tea cups wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row

Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care
No more the farmer's news the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

FROM 'RETALIATION'

Here lies our good Edmund¹, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much,
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade Tommy Townshend² to lend him a vote
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
 For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor

+ * * * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man,
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine.
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame,
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.

¹ Edmund Burke

² Mr T Townshend, M P for Whitchurch, afterwards Lord Sydney

But let us be candid and speak out our mind
 If dunces applauded he paid them in kind.
 Ye Henricks ye Kellys¹, and Woodfalls² so grave
 What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
 How did Grub street re echo the shouts that you raised
 While he was be Rosciused and you were bepraised!
 But peace to his spirit wherever it flies
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers go where he will
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

* * * * *

Here Reynolds is laid and to tell you my mind
 He has not left a wiser or better behind
 His pencil was striking resistless and grand
 His manners were gentle complying and bland
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces his manners our heart
 To coxcombs averse yet most civilly steering
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet³, and only took snuff.

STANZAS ON WOMAN

When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray
 What charm can soothe her melancholy
 What art can wash her guilt away?
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye
 To give repentance to her lover
 And wring his bosom is—to die

¹ Hugh Kelly author of *Fledgy* &c Died 1777

William Woodfall printer of the *Mercury* & *Chronicle* Died 1803

³ Sir Joshua Reynolds was deaf and used an ear trumpet

THOMAS WARTON.

[THOMAS WARTON was born in 1728 at Basingstoke of which town his father (Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1718 to 1728) was vicar. He was educated at first by his father and in 1743 became a member of Trinity College, Oxford, of which society he became a Fellow in 1751. He was Professor of Poetry from 1757 to 1767, and became Poet-Laureate on the death of Whitehead in 1785. He died in 1790. His poems, published separately from time to time, were collected in 1777, and again, in two vols 8vo, in 1802.]

Thomas Warton is in his poetry chiefly imitative, as was natural in so laborious a student of our early poetical literature. The edition of his poems which was published by his admirer and his brother's devoted pupil, Richard Mant, offers a curious example of a poet 'killed with kindness', for the apparatus of parallel passages from Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and others, is enough to ruin any little claim to originality which might have been put forward for him. The *Pleasures of Melancholy* is a cento of *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *The Faerie Queene*, the *Ode on the Approach of Summer* is a mere echo of *L'Allegro*. Again, the influence of Gray makes itself far too strongly felt in Warton's elegiac poems and odes. But there are reasons why his genial figure should not be altogether excluded from a representative English anthology. It has often been said that his *History of English Poetry*, with Percy's *Reliques*, turned the course of our letters into a fresh channel, but what is more noticeable here is that his own poetry—or much of it, for he is not always free from the taint of pseudo classicalism—instinctively deals with materials like those on which the older writers had drawn. In reaction against the didactic and critical temper of the earlier half of his century, he is a student of nature, he is even an 'enthusiast,' in Whitehead's sense. He has two passions, well expressed in the

two sonnets here given—the passion for ‘antiquity’ and the passion for nature for the Bodleian Library and for

The field the forest green and gay
The dappled slope the tadded hay

and we may add, for Oxford his home for forty seven years, at whose service he was always ready to place his invention his humour and his gift of satire. The real Warton is to be looked for in the writings in which these passions find their vent in the *History* in the *Sonnets* (a form of composition which he revived among us) and in the *Humorous Pieces* not in the quiet odes which were wrung from him by the unhappy necessities of his laureateship

LINTON

FROM 'THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS'¹

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean
Be hers each prelate of the pampered cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer,
No longer charmed by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way,
To wear the well-earned wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings
Scorning and scorned by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
'These destined seats be mine,' exulting cries,
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unasked, unseen, in still but copious showers,
Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crowned,
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound,
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait

¹ This poem was written when Warton was an undergraduate, in answer to 'Isis, an Elegy,' by Mason

Green as of old each olived portal smiles
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

FROM 'THE FIRST OF APRIL

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new born ranks expand
The fresh turned soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades
Fringing the forests devious edge
Half robed appears the hawthorn hedge
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green
From the gray moor on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring
The butterfly gay painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies

Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl besprinkled plain
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail
She mounts and lessening to the sight
Salutes the blithe return of light
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call,
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees,
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguished from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his customed nook,
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beaconed hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretched among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,

In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet in these presages rude
Midst her pensive solitude
Fancy with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance
The field the forest green and gay
The dappled slope the tedded hay
Sees the reddening orchard blow
The harvest wave the vintage flow
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn

SONNET WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
DUGDALES MONASTICON

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage
Thinkst thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled
Intent While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll the piercing eye explores
New manners and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity but strown with flowers

TO THE RIVER LODON

Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun,
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun !
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between ,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene
Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road ,
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature ,
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed

CHARLES CHURCHILL

[CHARLES CHURCHILL was born in Westminster in 1,31 and died at Boulogne in 1 64. A poor London curate, who eked out his salary by teaching, he made a hit by his *Roscius*, a satire on contemporary actors in 1,61 and during the brief residue of his life abandoned himself to literature and dissipation.]

The celebrity of the smart versemaking of Churchill marks a low point in English taste. It nearly secured him a poet's monument in Westminster Abbey, and it actually secured a poet's rank for a petulant rhymist without a spark of the poet's imagination, of cold heart, natural bad taste, and very little knowledge of that narrow world which he so impudently lampooned. Nothing in Churchill reveals a gleam of genial feeling or justifies the suspicion that he could take any pleasure in what refines or elevates. If we may believe his own account of himself, nature had given him little enough beyond an ugly face, a sour temperament, and a bitter tongue. Yet he was not dissatisfied. He was very willing to be taken for what he was, and if he could not win liking and respect, he was content to be feared. In all this there must have been something of affectation. Yet it is only too clear that the coarse texture of his mind was impermeable to the kindlier and worthier influences of his time. What it most readily absorbed was that hatred of authority in general which keen observers saw widely spread in England long before it convulsed society in France, and poverty, obscurity, and habits of monotonous toil, sadly evinced by the industry with which he practised his new found trade, had even in youth embittered a sour nature and made him a Jacobin at heart. At all aristocracy, social, political, and intellectual, Churchill railed with vicious delight. The artificiality of his times revolted him with better reason. But with all his boasting of

nature and originality, few writers have less of the true spirit of either. The nature which he really followed was the coarse and narrow nature within him, and his originality consisted mainly in ostentatiously abandoning proportion and propriety. His success was due to his capacity of absorption and imitation. He had studied Dryden and Pope minutely, and learnt the trick of octosyllabic singsong from Butler and Swift. But the knowledge of man, the power of burlesque, the skilful play of jest and earnest, which are the essentials of true satire, were denied to Churchill. His whole stock in trade was his volubility, his bitterness of soul, and his knack of rhyme. And he cast over what he wrote something of the ungenial seriousness of his clerical calling. His address to Truth suggests that he knew where his strength and his weakness lay.

'But come not with that easy mien
By which you won the lively Dean,
Nor yet assume that strumpet air
Which Rabelais taught thee first to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face
With which Cervantes gave thee grace
But come in sacred vesture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly sad
Far from thy seemly matron train
Be idiot mirth, and laughter vain!
For wit and humour, which pretend
At once to please us and amend,
They are not for my present turn,
Let them remain in France with Sterne.'

The Ghost, Book II

The description of his muse, with which the following selection commences, is truthful enough. The neglect of his style was no studied air, but arose from natural slovenliness, from imperfect command over brain and pen, and no doubt from unwillingness to strike out lines which produced him half-a-crown a copy when the total of a sheet was made up. The poverty of Churchill's mind is curiously illustrated by the poem on the *Cock Lane Ghost*, a subject which might perhaps have supplied Dryden with materials for a hundred lines. Churchill spins it out to over four thousand. His field was limited to the narrow topics of the town, and his ambition was to be the censor of its manners and the scourge

of its vices. But he failed to become the Dryden or the Juvenal of his age. All interest in his writings has disappeared with their ephemeral incidents and conditions and that which has redeemed him from oblivion is his boisterous energy his brazen effrontery his extraordinary command of common pedestrian English and the sharp relief in which he stands out among the formal poetasters of his day and which perhaps entitles him to be regarded as a precursor of the better school of poetry which arose with Burns Cowper and Wordsworth. Cowper we know had a real admiration for him¹. His earliest work the *Rosciad* is his best because in it he most adhered to good models. His later works will serve the student as a rich mine of all sorts of errors in taste and judgment. In proportion as he abandoned himself to his own guidance his work degenerated and the poverty of his thought appeared and in three years he had literally written himself out. But in all that he wrote there is a certain fierce manliness which wins attention and even sympathy for his untutored brain and unsoftened heart and this effect is heightened by the story of his life and death. No writer requires to be read with more caution by those who seek in literature a reflection of history and politics. The exaggerated Whiggism of Churchill betrays a want of political knowledge and judgment and it did not save him from being deceived by the gross imposture of *The Patriot King*. His adulation of Pitt was part of the cant of the day but Wilkes the idol of the mob was the object of his real sympathies and Wilkes repaid him with patronage. The pair were well matched and Churchill might be described as the Wilkes of poetry.

E. J. PAYNE

¹ Cf the lines given on p. 436

om no muse of heavenly birth inspires,
 gment tempers when rash genius fires
 past no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
 leams of sense, and satire out of time,
 unnot follow where trim Fancy leads
 attling streams,' o'er 'flower-empurpled meads':
 ten, but without success, have prayed
 : alliteration's artful aid
 ould, but cannot, with a master's skill,
 ne new epithets, which mean no ill—
 is uncouth, thus every way unfit
 ing poesy, and ambling wit,
 with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
 the lowest of her favoured race !

CHARACTERS OF ACTORS

[From *The Rosciad*]

Havard and Davies

lavard, all serene, in the same strains,
 hates, and rages, triumphs and complains :
 sy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
 could not feel emotions, nor impart
 im came mighty Davies (On my life,
 Davies hath a very pretty wife !)
 an all over ! In plots famous grown !
 uths a sentence as curs mouth a bone

Yates

racters of low and vulgar mould,
 nature's coarsest features we behold,
 destitute of every decent grace,
 nered jests are blurted in your face,
 Yates with justice strict attention draws,
 uly from himself, and gains applause

But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life
 When blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman
 The clown who no one touch of breeding knows
 Looks like Tom Errand dressed in Clincher's clothes
 Fond of his dress fond of his person grown,
 Laugh'd at by all and to himself unknown
 From side to side he struts he smiles he prates
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Foote

By turns transformed into all kind of shapes
 Constant to none Foote laughs cries struts and scrapes
 Now in the centre now in van or rear
 The Proteus shifts bawd parson auctioneer
 His strokes of humour, and his burst of sport,
 Are all contained in this one word—distort.
 Doth a man stutter, look askint or halt?
 Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault
 With personal defects their mirth adorn
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn
 Evn I whom nature cast in hideous mould,
 Whom having made she trembled to behold,
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan
 And find that nature's errors are my own.

Quin

His eyes in gloomy socket taught to roll
 Proclaimed the sullen habit of his soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage
 Too proud for tenderness too dull for rage.

* * * * *

In fancied scenes as in life's real plan
 He could not, for a moment sink the man.
 In whatever cast his character was laid
 Self still like oil upon the surface played
 Nature in spite of all his skill crept in
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 't was Quin

JAMES BEATTIE.

[JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk in 1735, and died at Aberdeen in 1803. He published his first volume of poems in 1761, *The Judgment of Paris* in 1765, and *Some Lines on the Proposed Monument to Churchill* in 1766. The first part of *The Minstrel* appeared in 1770, the second in 1774.]

Beattie is perhaps the most difficult poet of the eighteenth century for a nineteenth-century reader to criticise sympathetically. His original poetical power was almost *nil*. But he had a delicate and sensitive taste, and was a diligent student of the works of Gray and Collins on the one hand, and of the ballads which Percy had just published on the other. His earlier poems are merely so many variations on the *Elegy* and the *Ode on the Passions*. His *Judgment of Paris* and his *Lines on Churchill* are perhaps those of his works in which he was least indebted to others, and they are almost worthless intrinsically, besides being (at least the Churchill lines) in the worst possible taste. As for *The Minstrel*, it is certainly a most remarkable poem. The author has shown his judgment in prefixing no argument to either book, for in truth neither admits of one. The poem has neither head nor tail, and the central figure of the youthful Edwin is a mere peg on which to hang descriptive passages, moral disquisitions, and digressions of every kind. The general effect upon the modern reader is exactly that of a sham ruin or a Gothic edifice of the Wyatt period. Yet the poem was, and long continued to be, extremely popular, and it gave the impulse in many cases to the production of much better work than itself. In fact it exactly reflected the vague and ill-instructed craving of the age for the dismissal of artificial poetry and for a return to nature, and at the same time to the romantic style. This fact must always give it an interest which its elegant second-hand imagery, its feeble Werterisms, and above all its extraordinary incoherence, may on closer acquaintance fail to sustain.

Beattie would have been a poet if he could, and his sedulous efforts and gentle sensibility sometimes bring him within sight, though at a long distance, of the promised land. But he never reaches it, and his best work is only made up of reminiscences of others' visits and of far off echoes of the heavenly music.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

FROM 'THE MINSTREL, Book I

When the long sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale
Young Edwin lighted by the evening star
Lingering and listening, wandered down the vale.
There would he dream of graves and corpses pale
And ghosts that to the charnel dungeon throng
And drag a length of clanking chain and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along

Or, when the setting moon in crimson dyed
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep
To haunted stream remote from man he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep
And there let Fancy rove at large till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first a wildly murmuring wind gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear then tapers bright
With instantaneous gleam illumed the vault of night.

Anon in view a portals blazoned arch
Arose the trumpet bid the valves unfold
And forth an host of little warriors march
Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle their demeanour bold
And green their helms and green their silk attire
And here and there right venerably old
The long robed minstrels wake the warbling wire
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment and song and timbrels clear
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away they wheel askance

To right, to left, they thrird the flying maze ,
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along with many-coloured rays
Of tapers, gems and gold, the echoing forests blaze

The dream is fled Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'd'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft hath rest away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear !

Forbear, my Muse Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell Thine Edwin frets not so
For how should he at wicked chance repine
Who feels from every change amusement flow ?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side,
The lowing herd , the sheep-fold's simple bell ,
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley , echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above,
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ,
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings
The whistling ploughman stalks afield and hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower

O Nature how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim
To sing thy glories with devotion due !
Blest be the day I scaped the wrangling crew
From Pyrrhos maze and Epicurus sty
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th enraptured heart and ear and eye,
Teach beauty virtue truth, and love and melody

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol on the 20th of November, 1752 From 1767 to 1770 he produced a mass of poetry, the more noticeable portions of it being the pseudo antique *Rowley Poems* which were collected after his death by Thomas Tyrwhitt in 1777 He died by his own hand in London on the 24th of August, 1770, aged 17 years and 9 months]

Chatterton has been neglected of late years, but Mr Skeat's modernised version of the 'Rowley' Poems will, very likely, direct as much attention to them as can be afforded by an age embarrassed already by the wealth it has inherited and by the luxuriance of its own poetic growths And if in the following selections I have not availed myself of Mr Skeat's modernised text, but have rather chosen a text of my own, it has been from no defective appreciation of the acuteness, the industry, and the learning apparent in every page of his edition, but because he sometimes seems to miss that peculiar musical movement governing Chatterton's ear, which often renders it impossible to replace, by any modern word whatsoever, an archaism or pseudo-archaism of his, whether invented by himself or found in Bailey or Speght Dominated as he commonly was by eighteenth-century movements, Chatterton yet showed at times an originality of ear that has never been appreciated As far as I know, indeed, his metrical inventiveness has never been perceived—certainly it has never been touched upon—by any of his critics, from Tyrwhitt downwards Yet it seems necessary to touch upon it here—technical as the enquiry may seem—or how can we gauge the undeniable influence Chatterton has had, both as to spirit and as to form, upon the revival in the present century of the romantic temper—that temper, without which English poetry can scarcely perhaps

hold a place at all when challenged in a court of universal criticism?

This influence has worked primarily through Coleridge who (partly, it may be, from Chatterton's connexion with Bristol) was profoundly impressed both by the tragic pathos of Chatterton's life and by the excellence actual as well as potential of his work. And when we consider the influence Coleridge himself had upon the English romantic movement generally, and especially upon Shelley and Keats and the enormous influence these latter have had upon subsequent poets it seems impossible to refuse to Chatterton the place of the father of the New Romantic school. As to the romantic spirit it would be difficult to name any one of his successors in whom the high temper of romance has shown so intense a life. And as to the romantic form it is matter of familiar knowledge for instance that the lyric octo syllabic movement of which Scott made such excellent use in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and which Byron borrowed from him was originally borrowed (or rather stolen) by Scott from Coleridge whose *Christabel* while still in manuscript was recited in the hearing of Scott by Coleridge's friend Stoddart. Coleridge afterwards when *Christabel* was published in 1816 speaks of the anapaestic dance with which he varies the iambic lines as being founded on a new principle and he has been much praised and very justly, for such effects as this —

And Christabel saw the lady's eye
And nothing else saw she thereby
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall

That this 'new principle' was known to Chatterton is seen in the following extract which has exactly the Christabel ring—the ring which Scott only half caught and which Byron failed to really catch at all.

But when he threwe downe his asenglave
Ne t came in Syr Botelier bold and brave
The dethe of manie a Saraceen
The e thought him a devil from Hell's black den
Ne thinki g that anie of mortalle menne
Could send so manie to the grave
For h's life to John Rumsee he render d his thanks
Descended from Godred the King of the Manks

With regard to octo-syllabics with anapaestic variations, it may be said no doubt that some of the miracle-plays (such as *The Fall of Man*) are composed in this movement, as is also one of the months in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, but the irregularity in these is, like that of the Border ballads, mostly the irregularity of makeshift, while Chatterton's *Unknown Knight*, like *Christabel*, and like Goethe's *Erl King*, has several variations introduced (as Coleridge says of his own) 'in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion' The 'new principle,' in short, was Chatterton's

Again, in the mysterious suggestiveness of remote geographical names—a suggestiveness quite other than the pomp and sonority which Marlowe and Milton so loved—the world-involving echoes of *Kubla Khan* seem to have been caught from such lines as these in Chatterton's African eclogue *Narva and Moled*

'From Lorbar's cave to where the nations end ,
Explores the palaces on Lira's coast,
Where howls the war song of the chieftain's ghost ,
Like the loud echoes on Toddida's sea,
The warrior's circle, the mysterious tree'

And turning to the question of Chatterton's influence upon Keats, it is not only indirectly through Coleridge that the rich mind of Keats shows signs of having drunk at Chatterton's fountain of romance there is a side of Chatterton which Keats knew and which Coleridge did not

It is difficult to express in words wherein lies the entirely spiritual kinship between Chatterton's *Ballad of Charity* and Keats's *Eve of St Agnes*, yet I should be sceptical as to the insight of any critic who should fail to recognise that kinship Not only are the beggar and the thunderstorm depicted with the sensuous sympathy and melodious insistence which is the great charm of *The Eve of St Agnes*, but the movement of the lines is often the same Take for instance the description of Keats's bedesman, 'meagre, barefoot, wan,' which is, in point of metrical movement, identical with Chatterton's description of the alms-craver, 'withered, forwynd, dead'

More obvious perhaps, yet not more essentially true, is the likeness between the famous passage in Keats's *Isabella*, beginning—

'For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark,' &c ,

and these four lines in Chatterton's *Narrative and More*—

Where the pale children of the feeble sun
In search of gold thro' every climate run
From burning heat to freezing torments go
And live in all vicissitudes of woe

It was perfectly fit therefore that Keats should dedicate his *Endymion* to the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Not that Keats or Coleridge stole from Chatterton—no two poets had less need to steal from any one. But the whole history of poetry shows that poetic methods are a growth as well as an inspiration.

So steeped indeed was Chatterton in romance that except in the case of the *African Elegues* his imagination seems to be never really alive save when in the dramatic masquerade of the monk of Bristol. And here we touch the very core and centre of Chatterton's genius—his artistic identification. This is what I mean. Pope lisped in numbers for the numbers came—and the *Ode to Solitude* written at twelve shows how early may begin to stir the lyrical impulse—the impulse to give voice to the emotions of the soul that is born to express. The young Chatterton on a summer's day would lie down on the grass and gaze for hours at the church of St. Mary Redcliffe not in order to gather and focus for expression the personal emotions caused by the spectacle as the child Cowley or the child Pope might have done but in order to reproduce the picturesque antique life he imagined to have once moved there—and as metrical language is but the ideal and quintessential form in which a writer embodies that which in the world around him is ideal and quintessential Chatterton lisped in numbers too. Not that his egotism was less intense than theirs—far from it. Such energy as his can only exist as the outcome of that enormous egotism which is at the heart of all lyric production. Yet his dramatic instinct was stronger still.

Here indeed is the keynote of Chatterton's work—and if we will consider it of his life too. As a youthful poet showing that power of artistic self-effacement which is generally found to be incompatible with the eager energies of poetic youth—as a producer that is to say of work purely artistic and in its highest reaches unadulterated by lyric egotism—the author of the *Powley Poems* (if we leave out of consideration his acknowledged pieces) however inferior to Keats in point of sheer beauty, stands alongside him in our literature, and stands with him alone.

In his childhood, so occupied was Chatterton's mind by the impression upon it of the external world through the senses, that for a long time it refused to be distracted by the common processes of education. Up to about his seventh or eighth year he could not be taught his letters, and even then this was effected through his delight in colour. To use his mother's words, 'he fell in love' with the illuminated letters upon an old piece of French music, and afterwards 'took to' the picturesque characters of a black letter Bible, and so learned to read. And this passion for art was universal in its scope—poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and even heraldry,—from each and all of these he drew such delights as are undreamed of save by the truly artistic mind.

Now with Keats it was not till he came at the very last to write *The Eve of St Agnes* and *La belle Dame sans merci*, that he produced anything so purely objective as Chatterton's *Ballad of Charity*, given on page 409 of these selections. Yet, here is the difficulty in criticising Chatterton's work—the circumstances attending the production of such purely objective and impersonal poetry as the Rowley Poems were so exceptional that, unlike the poetry of Keats—unlike any other purely artistic poetry—it must be read entirely in connexion with the poet's life. This indeed is as necessary, in order to fully appreciate it, as though the impulse had been that of pure personal emotion such as we get in Shelley's lyrics and in the more passionate outpourings of Burns. For, with Chatterton, far more than with any other poet of the representative kind, the question, What was the nature of his artistic impulse? is mixed up with the question, What was the nature of the man? Do these Rowley poems show the vitalising power which only genius can give? and if they do, was Chatterton's impulse to exercise that power the impulse of the dramatic poet having 'the yearning of the Great Vish'nu to create a world'? or, was it that of the other class of artists, whose skill lies in 'those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes,' among whom Horace Walpole would place him? For neither the assailants nor the defenders of Chatterton's character seem to see that between these two conclusions there is no middle one. Either Chatterton was a born forger, having, as useful additional endowments, poetry and dramatic imagination almost unmatched among his contemporaries, or he was a born artist, who, before mature vision had come to show him the power and the sacredness

stood It did not develop itself in earliest childhood, and when it did show, there was in it nothing one-sided, nothing diseased, as in the painful precocity which in some children repels rather than attracts It is important to bear this in mind in estimating Chatterton, for assuredly it may be said of the human race, more emphatically than of any other, that any departure from the laws of growth of a species is not to be taken as a sign that the individual will exhibit, at maturity, any unusual amount or intensity of the qualities by which the species is denoted If an oak sapling should show a rapidity of growth equal to that of a poplar, we should not be driven to infer therefrom that the mature tree would show a firmer texture of wood than an ordinary oak, or a greater power of producing acorns how, then, can we expect to see other laws at work in man? But that incisive and masculine force of intellect which astonishes us in Chatterton did not show itself till puberty, and might therefore have been, for anything that experience teaches us to the contrary, the first outburst of a unique energy that would have gone on developing and gathering strength with years

At the age of five the attempt to teach him even his letters had failed, and at six and a half his mother and sister still 'thought he was an absolute fool' When close upon his eighth year he was admitted to Colston's Blue-coat School, Bristol While absorbing, as a sponge absorbs water, all the knowledge to be got there, he ran through three circulating libraries, and it was then that he began to show that passion for poetry and antiquities which soon began to dominate his life The first form, as far as is known, taken by this passion was a strange one, that of a hoax played upon a pompous pewterer of Bristol, named Burgum, for whom Chatterton fabricated a false pedigree of great antiquity, with a poem written by one of the pewterer's ancestors, *The Romaunte of the Cnyghte* This proving a complete success, though rewarded only with a crown-piece, Chatterton was induced to try his hand at the same kind of work again, and produced an imaginary account of the opening of Bristol Bridge in the time of Henry II, which deceived all the local antiquaries This was followed by *The Ryse of Peynctyne in Englande wroten by T Rowlie 1469 for Master Canynges*, which deceived Horace Walpole, to whom he sent it, and finally a mass of pseudo-antique poetry, consisting of dramas epic fragments and dramatic lyrics, which, under the

name of the 'Rowley Poems' gave rise after his death to almost as much angry discussion as the Ossian poetry itself. Some of this work was achieved at school but most of it after he had been removed from school to the office of a Bristol attorney. A boyish freak resulted in his quitting Bristol for London on the 24th of April 1770 and beginning life there as a literary adventurer on a capital of something under five pounds at a time when the struggle of London literary life was only less dire than it had been thirty years previously when even the burly figure of Dr Johnson was nearly succumbing.

He turned to every kind of literary work,—poems essays stories, political articles and squibs, burlettas and even songs for the music gardens of the time at a few pence each. In May and June 1770 he had articles in *The Freeholder's Magazine* *The Town and Country Magazine* *The London Museum* *The Political Register* *The Court and City Magazine* and even *The Gospel Magazine*. Among all the literary adventurers of his time there was none perhaps so indomitable as he. Yet all the while he cherished as fondly as ever those visions of the past that came to him from St. Mary Redcliffe as he lay dreaming on the grass at Bristol. He was half starving when he wrote *The Ballad of Charity* which for reserved power and artistic completeness no youthful poet has ever approached. Nor did he attack London as other literary adventurers have done from the bookseller's shop alone. His sagacity as a man of the world was as wonderful as his literary genius. The penniless country boy living on a crust in Shoreditch knew that to conquer London he must conquer the one or two magnates at whose feet the great city was content to lie. Thousands of ambitious Londoners of that day would have given much for an introduction to the potent Lord Mayor Beckford. Before Chatterton had been in London two months he had achieved this and had so impressed the great man that Chatterton's future seemed assured. But before Beckford had time to hold out a hand to the young adventurer he suddenly died. This blow seemed fatal to a poor boy with starvation even then staring him in the face. But he fought bravely on and would have ended victorious but for his pride. That which had been his strength was his weakness now. He would not stoop to conquer and the time was come when it was necessary to stoop. To live by literature then was almost an impossibility and he had determined to live by literature or die.

With a masterful pride, for which no parallel can be found, he had already quitted his friends in Shoreditch, lest they should become too familiar with his straits, and taken a garret at 39 Brooke Street, Holborn, where he produced a quantity of literary matter which under any circumstances would have been astonishing, but which is almost incredible if his landlady's story is true, that he was living sometimes on one loaf a week, 'bought stale to make it last longer' At last, when starvation seemed inevitable, he did make one frantic attempt to obtain the post of ship surgeon, but this failing, he refused to try the commercial world, and steadily rejecting the gift of a penny or a meal from neighbours who tried in vain to help him, he struggled with famine as long as it was possible, and then, on the evening of the 24th of August, 1770, he retired to his garret, locked himself in, tore up all his manuscripts, and poisoned himself with arsenic

It is not to make capital out of the painful interest attaching to Chatterton's life that I glance at it here on his behalf Assuredly the personal interest in a poet having such a story as his, is what the critic has specially to guard against in trying to find his proper place in the firmament of our poetic literature To divest 'the marvellous boy' of that sensational kind of interest which has been associated with his name for more than a century, and at the same time to do justice to an intelligence which Malone compared with Shakspeare's, and a genius which inspired Wordsworth and Coleridge with awe, would require an exhaustive study of that most puzzling chapter of literary history—the chapter that deals with literary forgery And my defence of him is simply this, that, if such a study were prosecuted, we should find that in matters of literary forgery, besides the impulse of the mere mercenary impostor—as Chatterton appears to empirical critics like Warton—besides the impulse of the masquerading instinct, so strong in men of the Ireland and Horace Walpole type, there is another impulse altogether, the impulse of certain artistic natures to represent, such as we see in Sir Walter Scott (when tampering with the historical ballads), and such as we see in Chatterton when, struggling in his dark garret with famine and despair, he turns from the hack-work that at least might win him bread, to write *The Ballad of Charity*, the most purely artistic work perhaps of his time

W. THEODORE WATTS

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD OF CHARITY

In Virgine the sultry Sun gan sheene
 And hot upon the meads did cast his ray
 The apple ruddied from its paly green
 And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray
 The pied chelândry¹ sang the livelong day
 'Twas now the pride the manhood of the year
 And eke the ground was dight in its most deft aumere

The sun was gleaming in the mid of day
 Dead still the air and eke the welkin blue
 When from the sea aris in drear array
 A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the Sunnè's festive face
 And the black tempest swelled and gathered up apace.

Beneath an holm, fast by a pathway side
 Which did unto Saint Godwyn's convent lead,
 A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide
 Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed
 Long breast full of the miseries of need.
 Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
 He had no housen there nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face his sprite there scan,
 How woe begone how withered sapless dead!
 Haste to thy church glebe house accursèd man
 Haste to thy coffin, thy sole slumbering bed²!
 Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
 Are Charity and Love among high elves
 The Knights and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

¹ Goldfinch² Used by Chatterton as mantle³ Dortoure bedde *Dourto re* a sleeping room —Chatterton

The gathered storm is ripe, the big drops fall,
 The sunburnt meadows smoke and drink the rain,
 The coming ghaſtneſs doth the cattle appal,
 And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain,
 Dashed from the clouds, the waters gush¹ again,
 The welkin opes, the yellow levin flies,
 And the hot fiery ſteam in the wide flame-low² dies

Liſt¹ now the thunder's rattling clamouring³ ſound
 Moves ſlowly on, and then upſwollen clangs,
 Shakes the high ſpire, and loſt, diſpende^d, drown'd,
 Still on the affrighted car of terror hangs,
 The winds are up, the lofty elm-tree ſwangs,
 Again the levin and the thunder pours,
 And the full clouds are burſt at once in ſtormy ſhowers

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
 The Abbot of Saint Godwyn's convent came;
 His chapournette was drenchèd with the rain,
 His painted girdle met with mickle ſhame,
 He backwards⁴ told his bederoll at the ſame
 The ſtorm increasèd, and he drew aſide,
 With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth ſo fine,
 With a gold button faſtened near his chin,
 His autremete⁵ was edged with golden twine,
 And his peak'd ſhoe a lordling's might have been;
 Full well it ſhowed he counted coſt no ſin
 The trammels of the palfrey pleaſed his ſight,
 For the horſe-milliner⁶ his head with roſes dight.

¹ Here Chatterton's text-word is 'flott,' and his gloss 'fly' 'Gush' ſeems more appropriate

² 'lowings'—flames —Chatterton

³ 'Clymmynge,' noiſy —Chatterton 'Clamouring' is adopted as nearer in ſound to his text-word

⁴ 'To ſignify curſing'—Chatterton

⁵ 'A looſe white robe worn by prieſts'—Chatterton

⁶ Steevens, being in Briſtol in 1776, ſaw 'horſe-milliner' inſcribed over a ſhop door, outside which ſtood a wooden horſe decked with ribbons

'An alms Sir Priest' the drooping pilgrim said,
 O let me wait within your convent door
 Till the sun shineth high above our head
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er
 Helpless and old am I alas' and poor
 No house nor friend nor money in my pouch
 All that I call my own is this my silver crouch¹

'Varlet replied the Abbot cease your din
 This is no season alms and prayers to give
 My porter never lets a beggar in
 None touch my ring who not in honour live
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive
 And shot upon the ground his glaring ray
 The Abbot spurred his steed and eftsoons rode away

Once more the sky was black the thunder roll'd
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen
 Not dight full proud nor buttoned up in gold
 His cope and jape² were grey and eke were clean
 A Limitour³ he was of order seen
 And from the pathway side then turnèd he
 Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

'An alms Sir Priest the drooping pilgrim said
 'For sweet Saint Mary and your orders sake'⁴
 The Limitour then loosened his pouch thread
 And did thereout a groat of silver take
 The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake
 Here take this silver it may ease thy care
 We are Gods stewards all —nought of our own we bear

But ah' unhappy pilgrim learn of me
 Scarce any give a rentroll to their Lord
 Here take my semicope —thou'rt bare I see

Cross crucifix —*Ch tertio*

A short surplice worn by friars of inferior class —*Chatterto*

A licensed begging friar —*Ch tertion*

'Tis thine, the Saints will give me my reward¹
 He left the pilgrim and his way aborde¹.
 Virgin and holy Saints who sit in gloure²,
 Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power¹

ECLOGUE THE FIRST

When England, reeking³ from her deadly wound,
 From her galled neck did pluck the chain away,
 Kenning her liegeful sons fall all around,
 (Mighty they fell,—'twas Honour led the fray,)
 Then in a dale, by eve's dark surcote grey,
 Two lonely shepherds did abrodden⁴ fly,
 (The rustling leaf doth their white hearts affray,)
 And with the owlet trembled and did cry
 First Robert Neatherd his sore bosom stroke,
 Then fell upon the ground, and thus yspoke

Robert

'Ah, Ralph¹ if thus the hours do come along,
 If thus we fly in chase of further woe,
 Our feet will fail, albeit we be strong,
 Nor will our pace swift as our danger go
 To our great wrongs we have upheaped² moe,—
 The Barons' war¹ Ah, woe and well-a-day¹
 My life I have, but have escapèd so
 That life itself my senses doth affray
 O Ralph¹ come list, and hear my gloomy⁵ tale,
 Come hear the baleful doom of Robin of the Dale.

Ralph

Say to me nought, I ken thy woe in mine,
 Oh! I've a tale that Sathanas⁶ might tell¹
 Sweet flowerets, mantled meadows, forests fine⁷,—
 Groves far-off-kenn'd around the Hermit's cell,—

¹ 'Went on'—*Chatterton*² 'Glory'—*Chatterton*³ 'Smeethynge,' smoking—*Chatterton*⁴ 'Abrodden,' abruptly—*Chatterton*⁵ 'Dernie,' sad—*Chatterton*⁶ 'Sabalus,' the Devil—*Chatterton*⁷ 'Dygne,' good, neat—*Chatterton*

The sweet strung viol¹ dinnin^g in the dell —
 The joyous dancing in the hostel court —
 Eke the high song and every joy —farewell¹
 Farewell the very shade of fair disport¹
 Impustering trouble on my head doth come —
 No one kind Saint to ward the aye increasing doom¹

Robert

Oh¹ I could wail my kingcup deckèd leas
 My spreading flocks of sheep all lily white
 My tender applings and embodied trees
 My parker's grange far spreading to the sight
 My tender kyne my bullocks strong in fight
 My garden whitened with the cunfrey plant
 My flower Saint Mary² glinting with the light
 My store of all the blessings Heaven can grant
 I am enhardened unto sorrows blow
 Inured³ unto the pain, I let no salt tear flow

Ralph

Here will I still abide till Death appear
 Here like a foul empoisoned deadly tree
 Which slayeth every one that cometh near,
 So will I grow to this place fixedly
 I to lament have greater cause than thee
 Slain in the war my dear loved father lies
 Oh¹ I would slay his murderer joyously⁶
 And by his side for aye close up mine eyes
 Cast out from every joy here will I bleed
 Fall'n is the culis gate⁶ of my heart's castle stead

Robert

Our woes alike alike our doom shall be
 My son mine only son all death cold⁷ is¹
 Here will I stay and end my life with thee —
 A life like mine a burden is I wis

Swote ribble sweet v olin —*Chatterton* Marygold —*Chatterton*
 Hantend accustomed —*Chatterton*

Soe wille I fixyd unto thys place gre —*Chatterton*

¹ Oh! joyous I hys mortherer would slea —*Chatterton*

Portcullis —*Chatterton* ⁷ Ystorven dead —*Chatterton*

Even from the cot flown now is happiness
 Minsters alone can boast the holy Saint
 Now doth our England¹ wear a bloody dress,
 And with her champions' gore her visage paint
 Peace fled, Disorder shows her face dark-brow'd²,
 And through the air doth fly in garments stained with blood

ECLOGUE THE THIRD

A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger

Wouldst thou ken Nature in her better part ?

Go, search the cots and lodges of the hind,
 If they have any, it is rough-made art,

In them you see the naked form of kind

Haveth your mind a liking of a mind ?

Would it ken everything as it might be ?

Would it hear phrase of vulgar from the hind,

Without wiseacre words and knowledge free ?

If so, read this, which I disporting penn'd

If nought beside, its rhyme may it commend.

Man

But whither, fair maid, do ye go ?

O where do ye bend your way ?

I will know whither you go,

I will not be answered nay

Woman

To Robin and Nell, all down in the dell,

To help them at making of hay

Man

Sir Roger, the parson, hath hired me there ;

Come, come, let us trip it away

We'll work, and we'll sing, and we'll drink of strong beer,

As long as the merry summer's day

¹ 'Doeth Englonde'—*Chatterton*

² 'Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode' ('Rode,' complexion)
 —*Chatterton*

Woman.

How hard is my doom to work!
Much is my woe!
Dame Agnes who lies in the kirke,
With coif of gold,
With golden borders strong untold
What was she more than me to be so?

Man

I ken Sir Roger from afar
Tripping over the lea
I will ask why the lord's son
Is more than me

Sir Roger

The sultry sun doth hie apace his wain
From every beam a seed of life doth fall.
Quickly heap up the hay upon the plain
Methinks the cocks are ginning to grow tall.
This is alike our doom the great the small
Must wither and be shrunk by death's dart.
See the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all
It with the rank weed beareth equal part.
The craven warrior and the wise be blent
Alike to dry away with those they did lament.

Man

All a boon Sir Priest all a boon I
By your priestship now say unto me
Sir Gaufrid the knight who liveth hard by
Why should he than me be more great
In honour knighthood and estate?

Sir Roger

Cast round thine eyes upon this hayèd lea
Attentively look o'er the sun parched dell
An answer to thy burden song here see
This withered floweret will a lesson tell

It rose, it blew, it flourished and did well,
 Looking askance upon the neighbour green,
 Yet with the green disdained its glory fell,—
 Eftsoons it shrank upon the day-burnt plain
 Did not its look, the while it there did stand,
 To crop it in the bud move some dread hand?

Such is the way of life the lord's rich rent¹
 Moveth the robber him therefore to slay
 If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
 Believe the truth, there's none more whole than thee
 Thou workest well, can that a trouble be?
 Sloth more would jade thee than the roughest day.
 Couldst thou the secret part of spirits see,
 Thou wouldst eftsoons see truth in what I say.
 But let me hear thy way of life, and then
 Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

Man

I rise with the Sun,
 Like him to drive the wain,
 And ere my work is done
 I sing a song or twain
 I follow the plough-tail
 With a long jubb of ale
 * * * *
 On every Saint's high-day
 With the minstrel am I seen,
 All a-footing it away
 With maidens on the green
 But oh! I wish to be more great
 In worship, tenure, and estate

Sir Roger

Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
 Whose boundless branches reach afar to sight?
 When furious tempests do the heaven fill,
 It shaketh dire, in dole and much affright,

¹ The loverde's ente' (lord's purse) — *Chatterton's text and gloss*

What while the humble floweret lowly dight
 Standeth unhurt unquashèd by the storm
 Such picture is of Life the man of might
 Is tempest chafed his woe great as his form
 Thyself a floweret of a small account
 Wouldst harder feel the wind as higher thou didst mount

MINSTRELS MARRIAGE SONG

[From *Cella a Tron al I teri de*]

First Minstrel

The budding floweret blushes at the light
 The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue
 In daisied mantles is the mountain dight
 The slim¹ young cowslip bendeth with the dew
 The trees enleafed into heaven strught
 When gentle winds do blow to whistling din are broug^ht
 The evening comes and brings the dew along
 The ruddy welkin sheeneth to the cyne
 Around the ale stake minstrels sing the song
 Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine
 I lay me on the grass yet to my will
 Albeit all is fair there lacketh something still.

Second Minstrel

So Adam thought what time in Paradise
 All heaven and earth did homage to his mind.
 In woman and none else man's pleasure lies
 As instruments of joy are kind with kind
 Go take a wife unto thine arms and see
 Winter and dusky hills will have a charm for thee.

¹ Nesh tender — *Chatterio*

Ynn womman alleynne mannès pleasure lyes
 As instruments of joie were made the lynde

Chatterton

Third Minstrel

When Autumn stript and sunburnt doth appear,
 With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
 Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
 Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
 When all the hills with woody seed are white,
 When levin-fires and gleams do meet from far the sight,—

When the fair apples, red as even-sky,
 Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
 When juicy pears and berries of black dye
 Do dance in air and call the eyes around,
 Then, be it evening foul or evening fair,
 Methinks my joy of heart is shadowed with some care

Second Minstrel.

Angels are wrought to be of neither kind,
 Angels alone from hot desire are free,
 There is a somewhat ever in the mind,
 That, without woman, cannot stillèd be
 No saint in cell, but, having blood and cheer¹,
 Doth find the spirit joy in sight of woman fair

Women are made not for themselves but man,—
 Bone of his bone and child of his desire,
 They from an useless member first began,
 Y-wrought with much of water, little fire,
 Therefore they seek the fire of love, to heat
 The milkiness of kind, and make themselves complete.

Albeit, without women, men were peers
 To savage kind, and would but live to slay,
 Yet woman oft the spuit of peace so cheers,—
 Dowered with angelic joy, true angels they²
 Go, take thee straightway to thy bed a wife,
 Be banned, or highly blest, in proving marriage-life.

¹ 'Teie' health — *Chatterton*

² 'Tochelod yn Angel joie here (*they*) Angeles bee' — *Chatterton*

THE ACCOUNT OF W CANYNGES FEAST

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE¹

Thorowe the halle the bell han sounde
 Byeleeçoyle² doe the Grave besecme³
 The caldermenne doe sytte arounde
 Ande snoffelle⁴ oppe the cheorte⁵ steeme
 Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste
 Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

 Sylke keene there ate the minstrels plaie
 The dynne of angelles doe they keepe
 Heie styll the gwestes haue to sue
 Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aslape.
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene
 Gyf Rowley⁶ Iscamm⁷ or Tyb Gorges⁸ be ne scene.

MINSTRELS ROUNDELAY

[From *Ælla*]

O sing unto my roundelay
 O drop the briny tear with me
 Dance no more at holy day,
 Like a running river be
 My love is dead
 Gone to his death-bed
 All under the willow tree.

¹ The above piece is given in Chatterton's original spelling as a sample.
 Fair welcome—*Chatterton* (Bel accueil—*Tyrwhitt*)

² Becomes—*Chatterton*

⁴ Snuff up—*Chatterton*

³ Cheerful—*Chatterton*

The names of Canynge's favourite poets and friends as developed in Chatterton's Powleian system

Black his locks as the winter night,
White his skin¹ as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
O he lies by the willow-tree !
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed.
All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briar'd dell below,
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree

See ! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid.
Not one holy Saint to save
All the coldness of a maid !
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

¹ 'Rode,' complexion — *Chatterton*

With my hands I'll gird¹ the briars
 Round his holy corse to grow²
 Elfin Faëry light your fires
 Here my body still shall bow³
 My love is dead
 Gone to his death bed
 All under the willow tree

Come, with acorn cup and thorn
 Drain my heart's blood away
 Life and all its good I scorn
 Dance by night or feast by day
 My love is dead
 Gone to his death bed
 All under the willow tree³

Dente fasten — *Chatterton* * Gre bee — *Chatterton*
 The original concludes with the following quatram —

Water witches crowned with reytes
 Bear me to your lethal tide
 I die! I come! My true love waits!
 Thus the damsel spake and died

In spite of the words reytes (water fl gs) and lethal (deadly) this stanza is a false eighteenth century note strangely out of harmony with the almost completely sustained tone of the rest of this noble ditty it is moreover an awkward break-down in metre I have ventured to transfer it from the text to this foot note A word may be needed as to my modernized text where er Chatterton's gloss word has been adopted instead of his text word this is done without notification Now and then the rhyme or clearness of phrase compelled substitution this has been specified in the notes in every case of the least importance

WILLIAM COWPER.

[WILLIAM COWPER was born at the rectory, Great Berkhamstead, Nov. 26, 1731. His father, the rector of the parish, was a nephew of Lord Chancellor Cowper, his mother was Ann Donne, of the family of Dr John Donne, the celebrated Dean of St Paul's. Cowper was educated at a private school and afterwards at Westminster, where Vincent Bourne was a master, and Warren Hastings, Robert Lloyd, Colman, and Churchill were among the boys. After leaving Westminster he became a member of the Middle Temple and was articled to a solicitor, a Mr Chapman, one of his fellow clerks being Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. During his three years under Mr Chapman, he saw much of the family of his uncle Ashley Cowper, with one of whose daughters, Theodora, he formed a deep attachment. Another daughter, Harriet, afterwards Lady Hesketh, was in the later years of his life one of his warmest friends. The engagement of marriage with Theodora was not sanctioned by her father and this disappointment, with other troubles, seems to have greatly affected Cowper, and to have prepared the way for his first attack of insanity, which took place in 1763. The immediate cause was the excitement occasioned by his appointment to two clerkships in the House of Lords, at the hands of his uncle, Major Cowper. His mind was intensified by the injudicious handling he received from his cousin Martin Madan, a strong Calvinist, and it was only after a stay of fifteen months under the care of the amiable physician and verse writer, Dr Nathaniel Cotton, at St Alban's, that he recovered. He did not resume work in London, but went to live at Huntingdon. There he fell in with the Unwins, and there began their lifelong intimacy. After Mr Unwin's death (1767) Cowper removed with Mrs Unwin to Olney, where they remained till 1786. The peace of Cowper's life at Olney was shaken in 1773 by a second attack of melancholy, which lasted for sixteen months. Before and after that time he corresponded freely with many friends, he joined with John Newton, curate-in-charge at Olney, in composing the *Olney Hymns* (published 1779), but it was not till December 1780 that he began seriously to write poetry, having deserted the art since the days of his early love-verses to 'Delia'. His first volume, containing *Table Talk*, *Conversation*, *Retirement*, and the other didactic poems, was published in 1782, his second, containing *The Task*, *Tirocinium*, and among others the ballad of *John Gilpin*

Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace
 The dark and sullen humour of the time
 Judged every effort of the Muse a crime
 Verse in the finest mould of fancy cast,
 Was lumber in an age so void of taste
 But when the second Charles assumed the way,
 And arts revived beneath a softer day,
 Then like a bow long forced into a curve,
 The mind released from too constrained a nerve
 Flew to its first position with a spring
 That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring
 His court the dissolute and hateful school
 Of wantonness where vice was taught by rule
 Swarmed with a scribbling herd as deep inlaid
 With brutal lust as ever Circe made.
 From these a long succession in the rage
 Of rank obscenity debauched their age
 Nor ceased, till ever anxious to redress
 The abuses of her sacred charge, the press
 The Muse instructed a well nurtured train
 Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain
 And claim the palm for purity of song
 That lewdness had usurped and worn so long
 Then decent pleasantry and sterling sense
 That neither gave nor would endure offence
 Whipped out of sight, with satire just and keen,
 The puppy pack that had defiled the scene.

In front of these came Addison In him
 Humour in holiday and slightly trim,
 Sublimity and Attic taste combined,
 To polish furnish and delight the mind.
 Then Pope as harmony itself exact,
 In verse well disciplined complete compact,
 Gave virtue and morality a grace
 That quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face
 Levied a tax of wonder and applause
 Even on the fools that trampled on their laws
 But he (his musical finesse was such
 So nice his ear so delicate his touch)

Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every waibler has his tune by heart
Nature imparting her satiric gift,
Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,
With droll sobriety they raised a smile
At folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while
That constellation set, the world in vain
Must hope to look upon their like again

A Are we then left—*B* Not wholly in the dark
Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark,
Sufficient to redeem the modern race
From total night and absolute disgrace
While servile trick and imitative knack
Confine the million in the beaten track,
Perhaps some courser who disdains the road
Snuffs up the wind and flings himself abroad

Contemporaries all surpassed, see one,
Short his career, indeed, but ably run
Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consumed his idle hours,
And, like a scattered seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And took too often there his easy nap
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth
Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdained the rules he understood,
The laurel seemed to wait on his command,
He snatched it rudely from the Muses' hand.

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and give scent to every flower,
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads

The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads
She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
With music modulating all their notes,
And charms the woodland scenes and wilds unknown
With artless airs and concerts of her own
But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence.
Fervency freedom, fluency of thought
Harmony, strength words exquisitely sought
Fancy that from the bow that spans the sky
Brings colours dipt in heaven that never die
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skilled in the characters that form mankind —
And as the sun in rising beauty dressed,
Looks to the westward from the dappled east
And marks whatever clouds may interpose
Ere yet his race begins its glorious close
An eye like his to catch the distant goal
Or ere the wheels of verse begin to roll
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On every scene and subject it surveys —
Thus graced the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim
Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground !
The flowers would spring wherever she deigned to stray
And every muse attend her in her way
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend
And many a compliment politely penned
But unattired in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her and half undressed,
Stands in the desert shivering and forlorn
A wintry figure like a withered thorn
The shelves are full all other themes are sped
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread
Satire has long since done his best and curst
And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales in trifles and in children's play

And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new
'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from heaven, assume the lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love

GRACE AND THE WORLD.

[From *Hope*]

Yet half mankind maintain a churlish strife
With him, the Donor of eternal life,
Because the deed by which his love confirms
The largess he bestows, prescribes the terms
Compliance with his will your lot ensures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours
And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
As with a frown to say, 'Do this, and live'
Love is not pedler's trumpery, bought and sold
He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold,
His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
And him as deeply who abhors it not
He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
That man will freely take an unbought bliss,
Will trust him for a faithful generous part,
Nor set a price upon a willing heart
Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
To place you where his saints his presence share,
This only can, for this plain cause, expressed
In terms as plain, Himself has shut the rest
But oh the strife, the bickering, and debate,
The tidings of unpurchased heaven create!
The flirted fan, the bridle, and the toss,
All speakers, yet all language at a loss
From stuccoed walls smart arguments rebound,
And beaus, adepts in every thing profound,

Die of disdain or whistle off the sound.
 Such is the clamour of rooks daws and kites
 The explosion of the levelled tube excites
 Where mouldering abbey walls oerhang the glade
 And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade
 The screaming nations hovering in mid air
 Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there
 And seem to warn him never to repeat
 His bold intrusion on their dark retreat
 Adieu Vinosa cries ere yet he sips
 The purple bumper trembling at his lips
 Adieu to all morality if Grace
 Make works a vain ingredient in the case
 The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
 If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!
 Without good works whatever some may boast
 Mere folly and delusion—Sir your toast
 My firm persuasion is at least sometimes
 That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes
 With nice attention in a righteous scale
 And save or damn as these or those prevail
 I plant my foot upon this ground of trust
 And silence every fear with—God is just
 But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
 A thought intrude that says or seems to say
 If thus the important cause is to be tried
 Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side
 I soon recover from these needless frights
 And God is merciful—sets all to rights
 Thus between justice as my prime support
 And mercy fled to as the last resort
 I glide and steal along with heaven in view
 And—pardon me the bottle stands with you
 'I never will believe the colonel cries
 'The sanguinary schemes that some devise
 Who make the good Creator on their plan
 A being of less equity than man
 If appetite or what divines call lust
 Which men comply with even because they must

Be punished with perdition, who is pure?
Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To every sudden ship and transient wrong,
Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail
A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail
My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene),
My creed is, He is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest."

'Right,' says an ensign, 'and for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree,
The best of every man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere
A lawyer's dealing should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least
A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be concealed
Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay,
A hand as liberal as the light of day
The soldier thus endowed, who never shrinks
Nor closets up his thought, whate'er he thinks,
Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
Must go to heaven—and I must drink his health
Sir Smug,' he cries (for lowest at the board,
Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
His shoulders witnessing by many a shrug
How much his feelings suffered, sat Sir Smug),
'Your office is to winnow false from true,
Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, what think you?'

Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
'Fallible man,' the church-bred youth replies,
'Is still found fallible, however wise,
And differing judgments serve but to declare,
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where
Of all it ever was my lot to read,

Of critics now alive or long since dead
 The book of all the world that charmed me most
 Was—well a day the title page was lost
 The writer well remarks a heart that knows
 To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows
 With prudence always ready at our call
 To guide our use of it is all in all
 Doubtless it is—To which of my own store
 I superadd a few essentials more
 But these excuse the liberty I take
 I waive just now for conversation sake.—
 ‘Spoke like an oracle’ they all exclaim
 And add Right Reverend to Smug’s honoured name.

CHARACTERS AND SKETCHES

[From *Conversation*]

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
 And make colloquial happiness your care
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate
 A duel in the form of a debate.
 The clash of arguments and jar of words
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords
 Decide no question with their tedious length,
 (For opposition gives opinion strength)
 Divert the champions prodigal of breath
 And put the peaceably disposed to death
 Oh thwart me not Sir Soph, at every turn
 Nor carp at every flaw you may discern
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue
 I am not surely always in the wrong
 ’Tis hard if all is false that I advance
 A fool must now and then be right by chance
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame
 No—there I grant the privilege I claim

A disputable point is no man's ground,
 Rove where you please, 'tis common all around
 Discourse may want an animated No,
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow,
 But still remember, if you mean to please,
 To press your point with modesty and ease
 The mark at which my juster aim I take,
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
 Knots and impediments make something hitch,
 Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
 Your thread of argument is snapped again,
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
 Will judge himself deceived,—and prove it too
 Vociferated logic kills me quite,
 A noisy man is always in the right;
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly, 'To be sure—no doubt'

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man,—
 Yes, you may catch him tripping if you can
 He would not with a peremptory tone
 Assert the nose upon his face his own,
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so
 His evidence, if he were called by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense,
 Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not,
 What he remembers seems to have forgot,
 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
 Centering at last in having none at all
 Yet though he tease and baulk your listening ear,
 He makes one useful point exceeding clear,
 Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme

A sceptic in philosophy may seem
 Reduced to practice his beloved rule
 Would only prove him a consummate fool
 Useless in him alike both brain and speech
 Fate having placed all truth above his reach
 His ambiguities his total sum
 He might as well be blind and deaf and dumb

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way
 The positive pronounce without dismay
 Their want of light and intellect supplied
 By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride
 Without the means of knowing right from wrong
 They always are decisive clear and strong
 Where others toil with philosophic force
 Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course
 Flings at your head conviction in the lump
 And gains remote conclusions at a jump
 Their own defect invisible to them
 Seen in another they at once condemn
 And though self idolized in every case
 Hate their own likeness in a brother's face
 The cause is plain and not to be denied
 The proud are always most provoked by pride
 Few competitions but engender spite
 And those the most where neither has a right.

The Point of Honour has been deemed of use
 To teach good manners and to curb abuse
 Admit it true the consequence is clear
 Our polished manners are a mask we wear
 And at the bottom barbarous still and rude
 We are restrained indeed but not subdued.
 The very remedy, however sure
 Springs from the mischief it intends to cure
 And savage in its principle appears
 Tried as it should be by the fruit it bears
 'Tis hard indeed if nothing will defend¹
 Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end
 That now and then a hero must debase
 That the surviving world may live in peace
 so bid

Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
 The practice dastardly, and mean, and low,
 That men engage in it compelled by force,
 And fear, not courage, is its proper source.
 The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
 Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer
 At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
 And hazard life for any or no cause,
 To rush into a fixed eternal state
 Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
 Or send another shivering to the bar
 With all the guilt of such unnatural war,
 Whatever use may urge, or honour plead,
 On reason's verdict is a madman's deed
 Am I to set my life upon a throw,
 Because a bear is rude and surly? No
 A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
 Will not affront me,—and no other can
 Were I empowered to regulate the lists,
 They should encounter with well-loaded fists,
 A Trojan combat would be something new,
 Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue,
 Then each might show to his admiring friends
 In honourable bumps his rich amends,
 And carry in contusions of his skull
 A satisfactory receipt in full

* * * * *

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
 An extract of his diary—no more,
 A tasteless journal of the day before
 He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again,
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk

With one he stumbled on and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow
Adieu dear Sir! lest you should lose it now
I cannot talk with civet in the room
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a raree show?
His odoniferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees
But we that make no honey, though we sting
Poets are sometimes apt to maul the thing
'Tis wrong to bring into a mixed resort
What makes some sick, and others *à la mort*
An argument of cogence we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see
Quite as absurd though not so light as he
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask
The solemn sop significant and budge
A fool with judges amongst fools a judge
He says but little and that little said
Owes all its weight like loaded dice to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come
But when you knock it never is at home
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage
Some handsome present as your hopes presage
'Tis heavy, bulky and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love
But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats earth and stones
Some men employ their health an ugly trick
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed
How an emetic or cathartic sped
Nothing is slightly touched much less forgot
Nose, ears and eyes seem present on the spot.

Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill,
 And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !
 They put on a damp nightcap and relapse ,
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad ,
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had
 Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little or too much
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,—
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain ,
 You fall at once into a lower key,—
 That's worse, the drone-pipe of an humble-bee
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night ,
 He shakes with cold,—you stir the fire and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ,
 With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish
 He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
 And in due time feeds heartily on both ,
 Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down
 Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
 Himself should work that wonder, if he can—
 Alas ! his efforts double his distress,
 He likes yours little, and his own still less
 Thus always teasing others, always teased,
 His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

[From the Same]

The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
 Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate ,
 'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am,' uttered softly, show
 Every five minutes how the minutes go ,
 Each individual, suffering a constraint,
 Poetry may, but colours cannot paint,

As if in close committee on the sky,
 Reports it hot or cold or wet or dry
 And finds a changing clime a happy source
 Of wise reflection and well timed discourse.
 We next inquire but softly and by stealth
 Like conservators of the public health
 Of epidemic throats if such there are
 And coughs, and rheums and phthisic and catarrh
 That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues
 Filled up at last with interesting news
 Who danced with whom and who are like to wed
 And who is hanged and who is brought to bed
 But fear to call a more important cause
 As if 'twere treason against English laws
 The visit paid, with ecstasy we come
 As from a seven years transportation home
 And there resume an unembarrassed brow,
 Recovering what we lost we know not how
 The faculties that seemed reduced to nought,
 Expression and the privilege of thought.

DEJECTION AND RETIREMENT THE RETIRED STATESMAN

[From *Retirement*]

Virtuous and faithful HEBERDEN¹, whose skill
 Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
 Gives melancholy up to nature's care
 And sends the patient into purer air
 Look where he comes—in this embowered alcove,
 Stand close concealed and see a statue move
 Lips busy and eyes fixed foot falling slow,
 Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below
 Interpret to the marking eye distress
 Such as its symptoms can alone express
 That tongue is silent now that silent tongue
 Could argue once could jest or join the song

The celebrated Dr William Heberden (1710-1800)

Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend
Renounced alike its office and its sport,
Its brisker and its graver strains fall short ;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer brook are past away
This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least
Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod
And the barbed arrows of a frowning God ,
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare
Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close hammered steel,
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds that deem derided pain a treat ,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit, that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke
On pangs enforced with God's severest stroke.
But with a soul, that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at its expense, is slender praise ;
He, that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all, he can
To assuage the throbbings of the festered part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes ,
Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright ,
The screws reversed (a task which if He please
God in a moment executes with ease)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,

Lost till He tune them all their power and use
 Then neither heathy wilds nor scenes as fair
 As ever recompensed the peasant's care
 Nor soft declivities with tufted hills
 Nor view of waters turning busy mills
 Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds
 Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds
 Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves
 And waft it to the mourner as he roves
 Can call up life into his faded eye
 That passes all he sees unheeded by
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels
 No cure for such till God who makes them heals
 And thou sad sufferer under nameless ill,
 That yields not to the touch of human skill
 Improve the kind occasion understand
 A Father's frown and kiss his chastening hand.
 To thee the day spring and the blaze of noon
 The purple evening and resplendent moon
 The stars that sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
 Seem drops descending in a shower of light
 Shine not or undesired and hated shine
 Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine
 Yet seek Him in his favour life is found
 All bliss beside a shadow or a sound
 Then Heaven eclipsed so long and this dull Earth
 Shall seem to start into a second birth
 Nature assuming a more lovely face
 Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace
 Shall be despised and overlooked no more
 Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before
 Impart to things inanimate a voice
 And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice
 The sound shall run along the winding vales
 And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails
 Ye groves the statesman at his desk exclaims
 Sick of a thousand disappointed aims
 My patrimonial treasure and my pride
 Beneath your shades your grey possessor hide

Receive me languishing for that repose
The servant of the public never knows
Ye saw me once, (ah those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise ¹)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching its ardour as I mused along,
Nor seldom, as propitious heaven might send,
What once I valued and could boast, a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I pressed
His undissembling virtue to my breast,
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,
But versed in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A fallen empire, hasten its decay
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come,
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice.
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.'
'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate
The disencumbered Atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry-stones, or platting rush,
How fair is freedom?—he was always free.
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashioned hook
To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew,
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,

Escaped from office and its constant cares
What charms he sees in freedom's smile expressed
In freedom lost so long now repossessed
The tongue whose strains were cogent as commands
Revered at home and felt in foreign lands
Shall own itself a stammerer in that cause
Or plead its silence as its best applause
He knows indeed that whether dressed or rude,
Wild without art or artfully subdued
Nature in every form inspires delight
But never marked her with so just a sight.
Her hedge row shrubs a variegated store
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er
Green bulks and furrowed lands the stream that spreads
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads
Downs that almost escape the inquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he passed,
Seem all created since he travelled last
Master of all the enjoyments he designed
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind
What early philosophic hours he keeps
How regular his meals how sound he sleeps!
Not sounder he that on the mainmast head
While morning kindles with a windy red
Begins a long look out for distant land
Nor quits till evening watch his giddy stand
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste
Slips to his hammock and forgets the blast.
He chooses company but not the squire's
Whose wit is rudeness whose good breeding tires
Nor yet the parson's who would gladly come
Obsequious when abroad though proud at home
Nor can he much affect the neighbouring peer
Whose toe of emulation treads too near
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend
With whom dismissing forms he may unbend
A man whom marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him his proper place

Who comes when called, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause,
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence,
On whom he rests well pleased his weary powers,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours

The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force,
But nowhere with a current so serene,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss,
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here,
No happiness is felt, except the true,
That does not charm the more for being new.
This observation, as it chanced, not made,
Or, if the thought occurred, not duly weighed,
He sighs—for, after all, by slow degrees
The spot he loved has lost the power to please;
To cross his ambling pony day by day
Seems at the best but dreaming life away,
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there
With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounced employs
He chides the tardiness of every post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and received with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

WHAT TO READ

[From the same]

A mind unnerved or indisposed to bear
 The weight of subjects worthiest of her care
 Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
 Must change her nature or in vain retires
 An idler is a watch that wants both hands
 As useless if it goes as when it stands
 Books therefore not the scandal of the shelves
 In which lewd sensualists print out themselves
 Nor those in which the stage gives vice a blow
 With what success let modern manners show
 Nor his¹ who for the bane of thousands born
 Built God a church and laughed his word to scorn
 Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
 And stab religion with a sly side thrust
 Nor those of learned philologists who chase
 A panting syllable through time and space
 Start it at home and hunt it in the dark,
 To Gaul to Greece and into Noah's ark
 But such as learning without false pretence
 The friend of truth the associate of sound sense
 And such as in the zeal of good design
 Strong judgment labouring in the scripture mine
 All such as manly and great souls produce,
 Worthy to live and of eternal use
 Behold in these what leisure hours demand
 Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
 Luxury gives the mind a childish cast
 And while she polishes perverts the taste
 Habits of close attention thinking heads
 Become more rare as dissipation spreads
 Till authors hear at length one general cry,
Tickle and entertain us or we die!

¹ Voltaire

The loud demand, from year to year the same,
 Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame,
 Till farce itself, most mournfully *jejeune*,
 Calls for the kind assistance of a tune,
 And novels (witness every month's Review)
 Belie their name, and offer nothing new
 The mind relaxing into needful sport,
 Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
 Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
 Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile

A COMPARISON ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY¹

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid !
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng,
 With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course ,
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blessed where'er she goes ;
 Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
 And heaven reflected in her face !

THE JACKDAW.

[From the Latin of Vincent Bourne]

There is a bird who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow ,
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too

¹ Miss Shuttleworth

Above the steeple shines a plate
That turns and turns to indicate
From what point blows the weather
Look up—your brains begin to swim
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him
He chooses it the rather

Fond of the speculative height
Thither he wings his airy flight
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree show
That occupy mankind below
Secure and at his ease.

You think no doubt he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises
If he should chance to fall
No not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout
The world with all its motley rout
Church army physic law
Its customs and its businesses
Are no concern at all of his
And says—what says he?— Caw

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men
And sick of having seen em
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine
And such a head between em

BOADICEA AN ODE.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

'Princess' if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues

'Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt,
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates

'Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame

'Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command

'Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they

Such the bard's prophetic words
 Pregnant with celestial fire
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
 Felt them in her bosom glow
 Rushed to battle fought and died
 Dying hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians pitiless as proud
 Heaven awards the vengeance due
 Empire is on us bestowed
 Shame and ruin wait for you!

[Extracts from *The Task* Book I *The Sofa*]

RELISH OF FAIR PROSPECT

Oh! may I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
 From pangs arthritic that infest the toe
 Of libertine excess The Sofa suits
 The gouty limb tis true but gouty limb
 Though on a Sofa, may I never feel
 For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
 Of grassy swarth close cropped by nibbling sheep
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm
 Of thorny boughs have loved the rural walk
 O'er hills through valleys and by rivers brink
 E'er since a truant boy I passed my bounds
 To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames
 And still remember nor without regret
 Of hours that sorrow since has much endeared
 How oft my slice of pocket store consumed
 Still hungering penniless and far from home
 I fed on scarlet hip and stony haws

Or blushing crabs, or berries that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare¹ but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not, nor the palate undepraved
By culinary arts, unsavoury deems
No Sofa then awaited my return,
Nor Sofa then I needed Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue, and though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare,
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet, nor yet impaired
My relish of fair prospect scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire,
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long
Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned

The distant plough slow moving and beside
His labouring team that swerved not from the track
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There fast rooted in their bank
Stand never overlooked our favourite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut
While far beyond and overthwart the stream
That as with molten glass inlays the vale
The sloping land recedes into the clouds
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge row beauties numberless square tower
Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear
Groves heaths and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed
Please daily and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

CRAZY KATE. THE GIPSIES.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace and hat with splendid riband bound
A serving maid was she and fell in love
With one who left her went to sea and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers fancy too
Delusive most where warmest wishes are
Would oft anticipate his glad return
And dream of transports she was not to know
She heard the doleful tidings of his death
And never smiled again And now she roams

The dreary waste , there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still , and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve , but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never —Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel , flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch Hard-faring race !
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place ,
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal
Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature, and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himself,
Self banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft,
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note
When safe occasion offers , and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,

Begule their woes and make the woods resound
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world
And breathing wholesome air and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet penury and cold.

[From Book II *The Task*]

ENGLAND

England with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found
Shall be constrained to love thee Though thy clime
Be fickle and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains or withered by a frost
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower for warmer France
With all her vines nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers
To shake thy senate and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes was never meant my task
But I can feel thy fortunes and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there And I can feel
Thy follies too and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love
How in the name of soldiership and sense
Should England prosper when such things as smooth
And tender as a girl all essenced o'er
With odours and as profligate as sweet
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath
And love when they should fight—when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough

In every clime, and travel where we might,
 That we were born her children, praise enough
 To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
 The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
 Each in his field of glory one in arms,
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!
 They made us many soldiers Chatham still
 Consulting England's happiness at home,
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown
 If any wronged her Wolfe, where'er he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into his act,
 That his example had a magnet's force,
 And all were swift to follow whom all loved
 Those suns are set Oh, rise some other such!
 Or all that we have left is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new

[From Book III, *The Garden*]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
 Long since, with many an arrow deep infixed
 My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades
 There was I found by One who had Himself
 Been hurt by the archers In His side He bore,
 And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from those
 My former partners of the peopled scene,
 With few associates, and not wishing more

Here much I ruminate as much I may
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once and others of a life to come.
 I see that all are wanderers gone astray
 Each in his own delusions they are lost
 In chase of fancied happiness still wooed
 And never won Dream after dream ensues
 And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
 And still are disappointed. Rings the world
 With the vain stir I sum up half mankind
 And add two thirds of the remaining half
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams empty dreams.

[From Book IV *The Winter Evening*]

THE POST THE FIRESIDE IN WINTER.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright
 He comes the herald of a noisy world
 With spattered boots strapped waist and frozen locks
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge the close packed load behind
 Yet careless what he brings his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn
 And having dropped the expected bag—pass on.
 He whistles as he goes light hearted wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands and of joy to some
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy
 Houses in ashes and the fall of stocks
 Births deaths and marriages epistles wet
 With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all
 But oh the important budget¹ ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all,
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in

* * * * *

O Winter¹ ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered air with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
 And dreaded as thou art Thou holdest the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west, but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,

And gathering at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares
 I crown thee King of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments homeborn happiness
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates
 No powdered pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves and quake
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows the well depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom buds, and leaves, and sprigs
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair
 A wreath that cannot fade of flowers that blow
 With most success when all besides decay
 The poets or historians page, by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest
 The sprightly lyre whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out
 And the clear voice symphonious yet distinct
 And in the charming strife triumphant still
 Beguile the night and set a keener edge
 On female industry the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

SNOW

I saw the woods and fields at close of day
 A variegated show the meadows green,
 Though faded and the lands, where lately waved
 The golden harvest of a mellow brown,
 Upturned so lately by the forceful share

I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb, while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve
To-morrow brings a change, a total change,¹
Which even now, though silently performed
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes
Fast falls a fleecy shower the downy flakes
Descending, and, with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade that feared the chilling blast
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others, suffering more
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels, and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on
One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip
 Resounding oft and never heard in vain
 O happy¹ and in my account, denied
 That sensibility of pain with which
 Refinement is endued thrice happy thou
 Thy frame robust and hardy feels indeed
 The piercing cold but feels it unimpaired.
 The learnèd finger never need explore
 Thy vigorous pulse and the unhealthful east
 That breathes the spleen and searches every bone
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
 Thy days roll on exempt from household care
 The waggon is thy wife and the poor beasts
 That drag the dull companion to and fro
 Thine helpless charge dependent on thy care.
 Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest
 Yet show that thou hast mercy which the great
 With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
 Humane as they would seem not always show

EARLY LOVE OF THE COUNTRY AND OF POETRY

But slighted as it is and by the great
 Abandoned and which still I more regret
 Infected with the manners and the modes
 It knew not once the country wins me still.
 I never framed a wish or formed a plan,
 That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss
 But there I laid the scene There early strayed
 My fancy ere yet liberty of choice
 Had found me or the hope of being free.
 My very dreams were rural rural too
 The firstborn efforts of my youthful muse,
 Sportive and jingling her poetic bells
 Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers
 No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
 To Nature's praises Heroes and their feats
 Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
 Of Tityrus, assembling as he sang

The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech
 Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms ·
 New to my taste, his Paradise surpassed
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
 To speak its excellence, I danced for joy
 I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
 Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,
 And still admiring, with regret supposed
 The joy half lost because not sooner found.
 Thee too, enamoured of the life I loved,
 Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
 Determined, and possessing it at last
 With transports such as favoured lovers feel,
 I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,
 Ingenious Cowley¹ and though now reclaimed
 By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools,
 I still revere thee, courtly though retired,
 Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
 Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
 For a lost world in solitude and verse.

[From Book VI, *The Winter Walk at Noon*]

MEDITATION IN WINTER.

The night was winter in his roughest mood,
 The morning sharp and clear But now at noon,
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower
 Whence all the music I again perceive

The soothing influence of the wafted strains
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant under oaks and elms
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade
The roof though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it has yet well sufficed
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes has kept a path for me
No noise is here or none that hinders thought
The redbreast warbles still but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed
Pleased with his solitude and fitting light
From spray to spray where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft
Charms more than silence Meditation here
May think down hours to moments Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head
And learning wiser grow without his books
Knowledge and wisdom far from being one
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own
Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass
The mere materials with which wisdom builds
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled,
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced
While sloth seduces more too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought

And swallowing therefore, without pause or choice,
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student Wisdom there, and Truth,
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves

THE POET IN THE WOODS

Here unmolested, through whatever sign
 The sun proceeds, I wander, neither mist,
 Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
 Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy
 Even in the spring and playtime of the year,
 That calls the unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
 These shades are all my own The timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me, and the stockdove unalarmed
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm
 That age or injury has hollowed deep,
 Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play.
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
 Ascends the neighbouring beech, there whisks his brush,
 And perks his ears, and stamps and scolds aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
 And anger insignificantly fierce.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ

Dear Joseph—Five and twenty years ago—
Alas how time escapes!—tis even so—
With frequent intercourse and always sweet
And always friendly we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says
(Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True Changes will befall and friends may part
But distance only cannot change the heart
And were I called to prove the assertion true
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then that in the wane of life
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?
No gold they seemed but they were never such

Horatio's servant once with bow and cringe
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative and overawed
Lest he should trespass begged to go abroad.

Go fellow!—whither?—turning short about—
Nay Stay at home—you re always going out
'Tis but a step sir just at the street's end.—
'For what?—An please you sir to see a friend.—
A friend' Horatio cried and seemed to start—
'Yea marry shalt thou and with all my heart
And fetch my cloak for though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw

I knew the man and knew his nature mild
And was his plaything often when a child
But somewhat at that moment pinched him close
Else he was seldom bitter or morose
Perhaps his confidence just then betrayed
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made

Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
 The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth
 Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
 Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind

But not to moralize too much, and strain
 To prove an evil of which all complain,
 (I hate long arguments verbosely spun,)
 One story more, dear Hill, and I have done
 Once on a time, an emperor, a wise man,
 No matter where, in China or Japan,
 Decreed, that whosoever should offend
 Against the well-known duties of a friend,
 Convicted once, should ever after wear
 But half a coat, and show his bosom bare
 The punishment importing this, no doubt,
 That all was naught within, and all found out

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear
 Such hard and arbitrary measure here ,
 Else, could a law like that which I relate
 Once have the sanction of our triple state,
 Some few that I have known in days of old,
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ,
 While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
 Might traverse England safely to and fro,
 An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
 Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within

TO THE REV MR NEWTON, ON HIS RETURN
 FROM RAMSGATE.

That ocean you of late surveyed,
 Those rocks, I too have seen,
 But I afflicted and dismayed,
 You tranquil and serene.

You from the flood-controlling steep
 Saw stretched before your view,
 With conscious joy, the threatening deep,
 No longer such to you

To me the waves that ceaseless broke
Upon the dangerous coast
Hoarsely and ominously spoke
Of all my treasure lost

Your sea of troubles you have past,
And found the peaceful shore
I, tempest tossed, and wrecked at last
Come home to port no more.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.—WRITTEN WHEN
THE NEWS ARRIVED

Toll for the brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone
His last sea fight is fought
His work of glory done

It was not in the battle
No tempest gave the shock
She sprang no fatal leak
She ran upon no rock

His sword was in its sheath ,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more

EPITAPH ON A HARE

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
 Nor swifter greyhound follow,
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
 Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo ,

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
 Who, nursed with tender care,
 And to domestic bounds confined,
 Was still a wild Jack hare

Though duly from my hand he took
 His pittance every night,
 He did it with a jealous look,
 And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
 And milk, and oats, and straw ;
 Thistles, or lettuces instead,
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
 On pippins russet peel
 And when his juicy salads failed,
 Sliced carrot pleased him well.
 A Turkey carpet was his lawn
 Whereon he loved to bound
 To skip and gambol like a fawn,
 And swing his rump around.
 His frisking was at evening hours,
 For then he lost his fear
 But most before approaching showers,
 Or when a storm drew near
 Eight years and five round rolling moons
 He thus saw steal away
 Dozing out all his idle noons,
 And every night at play
 I kept him for his humour's sake,
 For he would oft beguile
 My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
 And force me to a smile
 But now beneath this walnut shade
 He finds his long last home
 And waits in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler Puss shall come.
 He still more aged feels the shocks
 From which no care can save
 And partner once of Tiney's box
 Must soon partake his grave

ON THE DEATH OF MRS THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.

Ye Nymphs if e'er your eyes were red
 With tears o'er hapless favourites shed,
 Oh share Maria's grief!
 Her favourite even in his cage
 (What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
 Assassinated by a thief

Where Rhénus strays his vines among
The egg was laid from which he sprung ,
 And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blessed,
Well-taught, he all the sounds expressed
 Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole,
 His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise
 To sweep away the dew

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
 No cat had leave to dwell ,
And Bully's cage supported stood
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
 Large built and latticed well.

Well latticed,—but the grate, alas !
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
 For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peeled and dried,
 The swains their baskets make

Night veiled the pole , all seemed secure ;
When, led by instinct sharp and sure,
 Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long backed, long tailed, with whiskered snout,
 And badger-coloured hide

He, entering at the study door,
Its ample area 'gan explore ,
 And something in the wind
Conjectured, sniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
 Food chiefly for the mind

Just then by adverse fate impressed
 A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest
 In sleep he seemed to view
 A rat fast clinging to the cage
 And screaming at the sad presage
 Awoke and found it true.

For aided both by ear and scent,
 Right to his mark the monster went —
 Ah Musel forbear to speak
 Minute the horrors that ensued
 His teeth were strong the cage was wood.—
 He left poor Bully's beak.

Oh, had he made that too his prey !
 That beak, whence issued many a lay
 Of such mellifluous tone,
 Might have repaid him well I wote,
 For silencing so sweet a throat,
 Fast stuck within his own

Maria weeps—the Muses mourn —
 So when by Bacchanalians torn
 On Thracian Hebrus side
 The tree-enchanted Orpheus fell
 His head alone remained to tell
 The cruel death he died

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

[From the French of Madame Guyon.]

Love! if Thy destined sacrifice am I,
 Come slay thy victim and prepare Thy fires
 Plunged in the depths of mercy let me die
 The death which every soul that lives desires !
 I watch my hours and see them fleet away
 The time is long that I have languished here
 Yet all my thoughts Thy purposes obey
 With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease
My soul perceives no real ill in pain,
In ease or health no real good she sees
One Good she covets, and that Good alone,
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias free,
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee
That we should bear the cross is Thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more,
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
As pleased when shipwrecked as when safe on shore.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me,
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss
Perhaps a tear if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah 'that maternal smile' It answers—Yes
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away
And turning from my nursery window drew
A long long sigh and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed
And disappointed still was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent
I learned at last submission to my lot
But, though I less deplored thee ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor
And where the gardener Robin day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way
Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capped
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum

The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed,
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humour interposed too often makes,
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift ' hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—

Me howling blasts drive devious tempest tost
Sails ripped seams opening wide and compass lost
And day by day some currents thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh the thought that thou art safe and he!
That thought is joy arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help not sought in vain
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again
To have renewed the joys that once were mine
Without the sin of violating thine
And while the wings of Fancy still are free
And I can view this mimic show of thee
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE POPLAR FIELD

The poplars are felled farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew
And now in the grass behold they are laid
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat
And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet flowing ditty no more

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man,
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
 Have a being less durable even than he¹

TO MARY

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
 Since first our sky was overcast,
 Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow,
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads with magic art
 Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

¹ *Note to Ed of 1803* Mr Cowper afterwards altered the last stanza in the following manner —

'The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
 I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys,
 Short lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we'

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream
Yet me they charm, whatever the theme
My Mary!

Thy silver locks once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign
Yet, gently prest press gently mine
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two yet still thou lovest
My Mary!

And still to love though prest with ill
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past
Thy worn out heart will break at last
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay,
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away,
But waged with death a lasting strife
Supported by despair of life

He shouted nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more

Nor cruel as it seemed could he
Their haste himself condemn
Aware that flight in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour
In ocean self upheld
And so long he with unspent power
His destiny repelled
And ever as the minutes flew
Entreated help or cried Adieu !

At length his transient respite past
His comrades who before
Had heard his voice in every blast
Could catch the sound no more
For then by toil subdued he drank
The stifling wave and then he sank.

No poet wept him but the page
Of narrative sincere
That tells his name his worth his age
Is wet with Anson's tear
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not or dream
Descanting on his fate
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed
No light propitious shone
When snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished each alone
But I beneath a rougher sea
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he

SCOTCH MINOR SONG-WRITERS

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE passion for song-writing which seized upon Scotland in the eighteenth century may be compared—if small things may be compared with great—with the passion for play writing which seized upon England in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth and throughout the reign of her successor. In both periods we have a supreme outcome, the plays of Shakespeare in the one case and the poetry of Burns in the other, but the excitement by which the powers of these central figures were stimulated was general. When Burns came into the world the competition was universal for the prize which fell to the lot of masterful genius, and throughout his lifetime all classes in Scotland were eager to distinguish themselves as song-writers. Ambition did not always light upon faculty, but the ambition was everywhere. If we look at the results of the lyric movement in Scotland during the eighteenth century, it is surprising to see how very various were the conditions in life of the authors and authoresses of the best songs, the songs which took root and still survive. Peers, members of the Supreme Court of Law, diplomatists, lairds, clergymen, schoolmasters, men of science, farmers, gardeners, composers, pedlars—all were trying their hands at patching old songs and making new songs. The writer of *Auld Robin Gray* was a daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, the writer of *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, which stands first in Miss Aitken's Selection of the choicest lyrics of Scotland, was an Ayrshire 'lucky' who kept an alehouse and sold whisky without a licence. And it was not merely in the south of Scotland that this passion for song-writing made itself felt, it was as active in the north of Scotland as in the south.

The contributors to Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* form one of the earliest groups of song-writers in the eighteenth century. They were not called into existence by Ramsay's

example in fact Ramsay speaks of himself as the poetical disciple of one of the most notable of them William Hamilton of Gilbertfield a gay boisterous lieutenant who is supposed to have left a picture of himself in the song *Willie was a Janton wag*. There was another William Hamilton in the set Hamilton of Bangour, whose songs were of a more serious cast. The mournful ballad of *The Braes of Larrow* is his composition. Another of Ramsay's ingenious young gentlemen was Robert Crawford of Drumsoy who found words for the air of *Tweedside* which have become inseparable from that tender melody. David Mallet who claimed to be the author of *Elin and Emma* made his beginning in letters as the author of *The Birks of Invermay* a pastoral song which has kept its place among less artificial favourites. Lady Grissell Baillie daughter of the Earl of Marchmont also contributed to the *Tea Table Miscellany*. The humour of the song *Were na my heart licht* as well as the subject is one among many illustrations of the closeness of the sympathy between the Scotch aristocracy and the peasantry. Perhaps the example of the Stuart kings had something to do with establishing this tradition. The first and the fifth of the line had a pronounced liking for putting the humours of the vulgar into verse.

Very little of real worth, however was produced by Allan Ramsay's group. Their sentiment is affected smirking lackadaisical and their humour except when it takes the form of description factitious and forced. Very few of the songs of the *Tea Table Miscellany* took any lasting hold of the people—a sure proof of their artificiality. Historically they are the result of studies in Restoration and Queen Anne literature with selections from which the productions of the native poets challenged competition in the *Miscellany* and we seem to be aware in reading them of a certain consciousness of imitation and pride of rivalry. The authors seem to have one eye on their subject and another on their models. There is much less of this in the writings of a somewhat later Northern group of singers whether from temperament or because they were farther from the Modern Athens and its ambitions. The songs of George Halket a Jacobite schoolmaster author of *Whirry Whigs awa* and *Logie o' Buchan*. Alexander Ross the author of *The Fortunate Shepherdess* a stickit Minister and for fifty two years a schoolmaster contented and tuneful on his stipend of twenty pounds a year. John Skinner the author of *Tullochgorum* a persecuted Episcopalian clergyman

in Aberdeenshire, and Alexander Geddes, a Roman Catholic priest in Morayshire,—the songs of these local poets were more spontaneous, and proved themselves to have a correspondingly greater vitality. Of Skinner's songs in particular, few in number but all real in their impulse, full of verve and manly strength of heart and intellect, Burns was an ardent admirer. In one of those complimentary epistles which it was the fashion of the day for poets to interchange, Burns regretted that he had not been able to pay in person 'a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw—*Tullochgorum's my delight*!' and hailed Skinner as the sole surviving possessor of that 'certain something' which to his mind distinguished old Scotch songs 'not only from English songs but from the modern efforts of song-wrights, in our native manner and language.' Burns was also much struck with the pathos of *The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn*, he would have seen another quality in it if he had been in the secret, preserved by tradition, that the Ewie lamented was a whisky still captured by the exciseman, but the fact that to any one not in this secret the lament should have seemed so natural and touching, is an evidence of the delicacy with which the humorous double-meaning is sustained.

Burns was perhaps prejudiced by the direct unaffected strength of Skinner's songs, and the large-hearted philosophy of life which inspired them, into paying him a compliment that the technical excellence of his verse hardly warrants. Among Burns's contemporaries there were certainly others besides Skinner who possessed the secret of the certain indescribable something which makes a song a permanent addition to popular literature. Burns himself speaks of one of the most enduring of Scotch songs, *There's nae luck about the house*, which was first sung upon the streets and sold in a broadsheet about 1771 or 1772, as 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language.' It is still one of the mainstays and props of homely sentiment in Scotland. Its authorship is uncertain, but the weight of evidence assigns it to a poor school-mistress, Jean Adams, who closed an unfortunate career in an almshouse. Another song of equally enduring qualities, *Auld Robin Gray*, which became popular about the same date, was believed for some time by antiquaries to be as old as the time of David Rizzio, but proved to be the work of a girl hardly out of her teens, Lady Ann Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres. The same mistake of ascribing popular songs to remote antiquity

was made in the case of *Cathe Jones to the Knoes* a pastoral song in a very different key of sentiment which was really written by Isabel or Tibbie, Pagan an Ayshire cottager described as a woman of deformed person saturnine temper and dissolute habits rendered formidable by her sarcastic wit and attractive by her powers of song. Two plaintive songs to the air of *The Flowers of the Forest* were from the first assigned to their true authors Miss Jane Elliot sister of the Sir Gilbert Elliot who afterwards became Lord Minto and Miss Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn daughter of a Roxburghshire laird. Mrs. Cockburn's version had reference to a contemporary commercial disaster of the same nature as the Glasgow Bank failure but both have become associated in the popular mind with the defeat of Loddon. This may have contributed to their popularity but the strength of their appeal to the melancholy romantic side of the Scotch character would probably have alone sufficed to preserve them. To the same period belongs the marching song of the 4th Regiment *The Crib of Old Gaul*. This stirring martial lyric was first printed in *The Lark* a miscellany published in Edinburgh in 1863 and was the composition of a young officer Harry Erskine, who afterwards entered political life, and whose son was promoted to the peerage as Earl of Rosslyn.

I have drawn attention to the various social positions of the song writers of that period to whom we owe the best and most enduring Scotch songs the songs which have taken most hold of the people, and have moulded their character in order to show how universal was the passion for song writing in the eighteenth century. If we turn to the productions of less happy faculty the works of ambition and ingenious endeavour we find abundant evidence of the same fact. Before Burns the lyric tendency is everywhere conspicuous and naturally after Burns it increased for a time rather than abated. We have seen that Sir Gilbert Elliot's sister was a successful song writer the diplomatist and statesman himself in his youth contributed a pastoral to Yair's *Chirmer* *My Sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep hook* in which he vowed to 'wander from love and Amynta no more. This pastoral still holds its place in collections of Scotch songs. Andrew Erskine a younger brother of the Earl of Kellie wrote many songs and one *How sweet this lone ale* which Burns pronounced 'divine. Sir John Clerk, a Baron of the Exchequer did not consider it beneath his dignity to put tags to old songs and words in his native dialect

to old tunes Dr Austin, a fashionable physician in Edinburgh, consoled himself for the loss of a lady who jilted him in a song which has supported many in similar circumstances, *For Lack of Gold* Alexander Wilson, who afterwards attained fame as an ornithologist, began life as a pedlar and strung breezy lyrics together as he wandered on cheerfully from door to door with his pack on his back. 'Balloon' Tytler—so called from his aeronautic experiments—chemist, mechanic, original editor and principal compiler of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, showed in *Loch Erroch Side*, and *The Bonnie Brucket Lassie*, that scientific pursuits had not dimmed his freshness of feeling Blind Dr Blacklock, who kept a boarding-school, warbled 'in the manner of Shennstone,' about the harvest that waves in the breeze and the music that floats on the gale Richard Hewitt, Blacklock's amanuensis, emulated the work of his master in the same vein The famous song, *Hey Johnnie Cope*, which deserves to be ranked among the best songs of the period, was the composition of Adam Skirving, a wealthy Haddingtonshire farmer John Lowe, a gardener's son, wrote *Mary, weep no more for me* John Mayne, a compositor, wrote *Logan Braes* A song-writer of wider culture was the Rev John Logan, Minister of Leith, the writer of the most eloquent sermons which the Scotch Church has produced It is difficult in reading Logan's poetry to divest oneself of sympathy with the story of his unhappy life, but there seems to be more in his verse than mere general literary facility He was a writer of sacred as well as 'profane' songs, but his essays in the latter direction, though they disturbed his relations with his brethren, help to redeem the Ministers of the Scotch Kirk from the reproach of having contributed less than any other class in the community to the national lyric movement of the eighteenth century

W MINTO

TULLOCHGORUM

[JOHN SKINNER Born 1721 d ed 1801]

Come gie s a sang Montgomery cried
 And lay your disputes all aside
 What signifies t for folk to chide

For what s been done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 Whig and Tory Whig and Tory
 Let Whig and Tory all agree

To drop their Whig mig morum
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night in mirth and glee
 And cheerfu sing alang wi me

The reel o Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum s my delight,
 It gars us a in ane unite
 And ony sumph¹ that keeps up spite
 In conscience I abhor him

For blythe and cheery we s be a,
 Blythe and cheery blythe and cheery
 Blythe and cheery we s be a

And mak a happy quorum
 For blythe and cheery we s be a
 As lang as we hae breath to draw
 And dance till we be like to fa

The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase
 Wi dringing dull Italian lays
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys

For half a hundred score o em
 They re douff² and dowie³ at the best
 Douff and dowie douff and dowie
 They re douff and dowie at the best

Wi a their variorum

¹ morose person

dull

gloomy

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compar'd wi' Fullochgorum

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fears of want, and double cress,
 And sullen sots themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit
 To the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' 'em,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot!
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum

But for the dirty, yawning fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say wae's me for 'im!

May dool and sorrow be his chance
 W a the ills that come frae France
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

LOGIE O BUCHAN

[GEORGE HALKET Died 1756]

O Logie o Buchan O Logie the laird
 They hae taen awa Jamie that dived in the yard
 Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma
 They hae taen awa Jamie the flow'r o them a

He said Think na lang lassie tho I gang awa
 He said Think na lang lassie tho I gang awa
 For simmer is coming cauld winter s awa
 And I'll come and see thee in spite of them a

Tho Sandy has ousen¹ has gear and has kye
 A house and a hadden and siller forbye
 Yet I'd tak my ain lad wi his staff in his hand
 Before I'd hae him wi the houses and land

My daddie looks sulky my minnie looks sour
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor
 Tho I loe them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They're nae half sa dear to me Jamie as you.

I sit on my creepie² I spin at my wheel
 And think on the laddie that loed me sae weel
 He had but ae saxpence he brak it in twa
 And gied me the hauf o't when he gad awa

Then haste ye back, Jamie and bide na awa
 Then haste ye back Jamie and bide na awa
 The simmer is coming cauld winter s awa
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o them a

¹ o en² land (holding)

low stool

LEWIE GORDON

[ALEXANDER GEDDES Born 1737, died 1802]

Oh ' send Lewie Gordon hame
 And the lad I daurna' name ,
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa'

Hech hey ' my Highlandman '
 My handsome, charming Highlandman '
 Weel could I my true love ken,
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen

Oh, to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue and laigh-heel'd shoes,
 Philabeg aboon his knee '
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'

This lovely lad of whom I sing,
 Is fitted for to be a king ,
 And on his breast he wears a star,
 You'd take him for the god of war

Oh, to see this princely one
 Seated on his father's throne '
 Our griefs would then a' disappear,
 We'd celebrate the jub'lee year

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

[JEAN ADAMS Died 1765]

And are ye sure the^enews is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think of wark?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel
 Is this a time to think o' wark
 When Colin's at the door?
 Gie me my cloak ' I'll to the quay
 And see him come ashore

For there s nae luck about the house
There s nae luck ava
There s little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman s awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside
Put on the muckle pot
Gie little Kate her cotton gown
And Jock his Sunday coat
And mak their shoon as black as slaes
Their hose as white as snaw
It s a to please my ain gudeman
For he s been long awa

There s twa fat hens upon the baulk¹
Been fed this month and mair
Mak haste and thrav² their necks about
That Colin weel may fare
And mak' the table neat and clean
Gar ilka thing look braw
It s a for love of my gudeman,
For he s been long awa

O gie me down my bigonet³,
My bishop satin gown
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin s come to town
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on
My hose o pearlin blue
'Tis a to please my ain gudeman
For he s baith leal and true.

Sae true his words sae smooth his speech,
His breath s like caller⁴ air¹
His very foot has music in t
As he comes up the stair
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I m downright dizzy with the thought —
In troth I m like to greet⁵

¹ cross beam (balk) ² wing ³ linen cap ⁴ fresh ⁵ weep.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thrilled through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa',
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae more to crave,
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest above the lave¹
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet

CA' THE YOWES

[ISABEL PAGAN Born 1740, died 1821]

Ca' the yowes to the knowes²,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows³,
 My bonnie dearie

As I gaed down the water side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
 And he ca'd me his dearie

Will ye gang down the water side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
 The moon it shines fu' clearly

¹ the rest

² knolls

³ rolls

I was bred up at nae sic school
 My shepherd lad to play the fool
 And a the day to sit in dool,
 And naebody to see me

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet
 Caul leather shoon upon your feet
 And in my arms ye se lie and sleep
 And ye shall be my dearie

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said
 I se gang wi you my shepherd lad
 And ye may row me in your plaid
 And I shall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea
 While day blinks in the list sac hie
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin my ee
 Ye aye shall be my dearie.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

[JANE ELLIOT Born 1727 died 1805]

I ve heard them liting at our ewe milking
 Lasses a liting before the dawn of day
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning¹
 The Flowers of the Forest are a wede away

At bughts² in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning³
 The lasses are lanely and dowie and wae
 Nae daffing⁴ nae gabbing but sighing and sabbing
 Wk ane lifts her leg⁵ and hies her away

In hairst⁶ at the shearing nae youths now are jeering
 The bandsters⁷ are lyart⁸, and runkl'd and gray
 At fair or at preaching nae wooing nae fleeching⁹—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a wede away

¹ A loaning is a grass path through corn fields for the use of the cattle
 sheep-pens teas ng ⁴ jest g ⁵ pail harvest

⁶ men who bind up the sheaves ⁷ hoary coaxing

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies¹ are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border¹
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day,
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay

We'll hear nae more liting at our ewe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

LOGAN BRAES

[JOHN MAYNE Born 1759, died 1836]

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep
 Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded sheep,
 I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes
 But wae's my heart¹ thae days are gane,
 And fu' o' grief I herd alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes

Nae mair, at Logan kirk, will he,
 Atween the preachings, meet wi' me
 Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk
 I weel may sing thae days are gane—
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I dander² dowie and forlane,
 Or sit beneath the trysting-tree,
 Where first he spak of love to me

¹ strapping lads

² loiter

O' could I see thre days agun
 My lover skauthless and my ain
 Rever'd by friends and far frae faes
 We d live in bliss on Logan braes

FOR LACK OF GOLD

[ADAM AUSTIN M D Born 1726? died 1774]

For lack of gold she s left me O,
 And of all that s dear bereft me, O
 Sie me forsook for Athole's duke
 And to endless woe she has left me O
 A star and garter have more art
 Than youth a true and faithful heart
 For empty titles we must part
 And for glittering show she s left me O
 No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love
 Through distant climates I must rove
 Since Jeany she has left me O
 Ye powers above I to your care
 Give up my faithless lovely fair
 Your choicest blessings be her share
 Though she s for ever left me, O

JOHNNIE COPE¹

[ADAM SKIRVING Born 1719 died 1803]

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar —
 Charlie meet me an ye daur
 And I'll learn you the art o' war
 If you'll meet wi' me i' the mornin'
 Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet?
 Or are your drums a beating yet?
 If ye were wauking I wad wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning

¹ The reader need hardly be reminded that Sir John Cope commanded the English forces at Preston 1715 and was defeated by the Young Pretender

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from
Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna flee away like a frightened bird,
That s chased from its nest in the morning

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To ha'e a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' in the morning

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din,
It is best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be bluidy in the morning

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate¹,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning

Oh¹ faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs²
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs—
So I wish you a' gude morning

¹ shy² fears

ROBERT FERGUSSON

[ROBERT FERGUSSON was born in Edinburgh 5th September 1750. At the end of his Arts course at St Andrews he was forced by the death of his father and the poverty of his mother to accept a miserable post as lawyer's clerk the monotonous drudgery of which he varied by the composition of his poems and by some slight excesses which were fatal to his feeble constitution. Malia supervened upon illness and he died in a lunatic asylum 16th October 1774. His contributions to the *Wally Magazine* 1771 made him famous. His poems were collected in a small volume in 1773.]

Fergusson is an interesting figure in the literary history of his country as an instance of precocious poetical talent and as a link between his predecessor Ramsay and his mightier successor Burns. His fame is indissolubly associated with that of Burns not only because Burns erected a monument over his grave and inscribed on it one of those rapturous eulogies which the mention of Fergusson's name always called forth from him but still more because of the extraordinary flattery which Burns bestowed upon him by imitating him almost as often and as much as he surpassed him. Specimens of Burns' prentice hand are preserved in the larger editions of his works. But they are few in number as well as of slender significance in regard to the possibilities of his genius. It was the reading of Fergusson's poems he himself tells us which moved him to resume his wildly sounding lyre when in his early manhood he had for a time laid it aside. The same influence which recalled him to the service of the Muses dictated to a surprising extent the choice and the treatment of his themes throughout his poetical career and certainly during its most fertile period. So many of his best known pieces like *The Holy Fair* *The Cotter's Saturday Night* his epistles and satires bear obvious traces of having been suggested by his youthful predecessor's slender volume of song that it is as if Burns' solitary genius in other respects were solitary also in this respect—that his *juvenilia* were not written by his own hand but by a poetical predecessor still more pre-

cocious than himself Fergusson's achievements in verse are the starting-points of Burns' triumphs He who opens Fergusson's volume in the expectation of finding another Burns is destined to be disappointed But he is likely to be consoled for this disappointment by the discovery that not a few of the marked qualities of the poetry of the later singer characterise, as if in immature form, the verse of his predecessor There are present in the poems of each the same easy artless versification, the same love of nature and of human nature, the same humour, the same philosophy of common sense applied to social life, the same lively imagination, only what is ripe incomparable genius in the one is no more than precocious and surprising talent in the other In this light it is fair to Fergusson as well as to Burns, and not injurious to the reputation of the younger poet, to compare *Braid Clath* (p 505) with *The Epistle to a Young Friend*, or the *Ode to the Gowdspark* with *The Mouse* or *The Mountain Daisy* Between Burns and his predecessor too there is this link of connection—the English poems of the one are of as little account as those of the other

Precocity, which is usually a disease accompanying other diseases and symptomatic of them, from the first marked Fergusson for its own All through his school and university course he was sickly, gentle and amiable, surprisingly quick and clever, a prodigy destined to an early grave At twenty-one he is the most famous Scotch poet of his day, and his poems, apart from some pastorals which had served the purpose of poetical exercises, are chiefly short pieces in which he celebrates the life which he knows best, that of an Edinburgh clerk, and the life which he loves best, that of country swains It is with much of the grace and gaiety of Horace growing old and mellow, secure of fame and wine and friendship and mastery of his art, that the starved young Edinburgh clerk sings of scenes of gaiety and mild dissipation, in which his part was more fatal to his health than discreditable to his character, and from these *noctes ambrosianae* turns to the farmer's ingle, and the frolic and innocent and healthy life of the denizens of meadows and uplands remote from towns As if he were old before his time, he is little inspired by the passion from which the Greek dramatist was happy to be delivered by age, and from which Burns had no wish ever to escape Similarly he is a city spark and a satirist of the city magistrates and the city guard, rather in the genial, reflective, humorous mood of the decline of life than with

the passionateness of youth His range of subjects is narrowed by the narrow space of a career which began at twenty one and was finished at twenty four He had a keen enjoyment of city life with its clubs for a little dissipation and its bailies and its black banditti for a constant occasion of laughter Still more keen on his part was that enjoyment of the country the pleasures of which he seldom tasted except in imagination but which supplies the inspiration of some of his most touching verses as well as of some of his admirable mock heroics We alternate in his verse between these two sets of themes and in his treatment of both we meet with the same vein of pure pathos and its almost unfailing accompaniment of genuine humour

JOHN SERVICE.

THE DAFT DAYS.

[Corresponding in Scotland to Christmas holidays in England]

Now mirk¹ December's dowie² face
 Glows ' ovr the rigs wi' sour grimace,
 While, thro' his *numnum* of space,
 The bleer-ey'd sun,
 Wi' blinkin light and stealing pace,
 His race doth run

From naked groves nae birdie sings,
 To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
 The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
 From Borean cave,
 And dwyning⁴ Nature droops her wings,
 Wi' visage grave

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
 Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
 Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
 Wi' frozen spear,
 Sends drift ovr a' his bleak domain,
 And guides the weir⁵

Auld Reikie⁶ thou'rt the canty⁷ hole,
 A bield⁸ for mony caldrife⁹ soul,
 Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
 Baith warm and couth¹⁰,
 While round they gar the bicker¹¹ roll
 To weet their mouth

When merry Yule-day comes, I trow,
 You'll scantlins find a hungry mou,
 Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fu'
 O' gusty gear¹²,
 And kickshaws, strangers to our view,
 Sin' fairn-year¹³.

¹ dark² gloomy³ stares⁴ failing⁵ war⁶ Edinburgh⁷ cheerful⁸ shelter⁹ chilly¹⁰ social¹¹ wooden goblet¹² full of wind¹³ last year

Ye browster¹ wives¹ now busk ye bra,
 And fling your sorrows far awa
 Then come and gie s the tither blaw²
 Of reaming³ ale
 Mair precious than the Well of Spa,
 Our hearts to heal
 Then tho at odds wi a the warl
 Amang oursell s we ll never quarrel
 Tho Discord gie a canker'd snarl
 To spoil our glee
 As lang s there s pith into the barrel
 We'll drink and gree
 Fiddlers⁴ your pins⁴ in temper fix,
 And roset⁵ weel your fiddlesticks,
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 From out your quorum,
 Nor *fortes* wi *pianos* mix—
 Gie s *Tullochgorum*⁶
 For nought can cheer the heart sae weel
 As can a canty Highland reel
 It even vivifies the heel
 To skip and dance
 Lifeless is he wha canna feel
 Its influence
 Let mirth abound let social cheer
 Invest the dawning of the year
 Let blithesome innocence appear
 To crown our joy
 Nor envy wi sarcastic sneer
 Our bliss destroy
 And thou great god of *aqua vita*⁷
 Wha sways the empire of this city—
 When fou we re sometimes capernoity⁷—
 Be thou prepar'd
 To hedge us frae that black banditti
 The City Guard.

¹ brewer jorum. f am ng ⁴ pegs rosin
 Printed four years before Skinner s *Tullochgorum* (p 491) ⁷ ill tempe ed

BRAID CLAITH

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
 Wrote in the bonny book of fame,
 Let merit nae pretension claim
 To laurel'd wreath,
 But hap¹ ye weel, baith back and wame,
 In gude Braid Claith

He that some ells o' this may fa'²,
 An' slae-black³ hat on pow⁴ like snaw,
 Bids bauld⁵ to bear the gree⁶ awa',
 Wi' a' this graith⁷,
 Whan bienly⁸ clad wi' shell fu' braw
 O' gude Braid Claith

Waesuck for him wha has nae fek⁹ o't¹
 For he's a gowk¹⁰ they're sure to geck¹¹ at,
 A chield that ne'er will be respekt
 While he draws breath,
 Till his four quarters are bedeckit
 Wi' gude Braid Claith

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
 Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark,
 Wi' siller broachie in his sark¹²,
 Gangs trigly, faith¹
 Or to the Meadow or the Park,
 In gude Braid Claith

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
 That they to shave your haffits¹³ bare,
 Or curl an' sleek a pickle¹⁴ hair,
 Wud be right laith¹⁵
 When pacing wi' a gawsy air¹⁶
 In gude Braid Claith

¹ cover ² possess or deserve ³ sloe black ⁴ poll ⁵ bold
⁶ pre eminence ⁷ accoutrements ⁸ well ⁹ quantity ¹⁰ fool
¹¹ toss the head ¹² shirt ¹³ cheeks ¹⁴ little ¹⁵ loath ¹⁶ looking big

If ony mettled stirrah¹ grien²
 For favour frae a lady's ein
 He mauna care for being seen
 Before he sheath
 His body in a scabbard clean
 O gude Braid Claith

For gin³ he comes wi coat thread bare
 A feg⁴ for him she winna care
 But crook her bony mou fu sair
 An scald him baith
 Wooers shoud ay their travel⁵ spare
 Without Braid Claith

Braid Claith lends fouk⁶ an unco heese⁷
 Makes mony kail worms butter flies
 Gies mony a doctor his degrees
 For little skaith⁸
 In short you may be what you please
 Wi gude Braid Claith

For thof ye had as wise a snout on
 As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton
 Your judgment fouk wud hae a doubt on
 I ll tak my aith
 Till they could see ye wi a suit on
 O gude Braid Claith

FROM 'CALLER WATER

Whan father Adie⁹ first pat spade in
 The bonny yeard¹⁰ of antient Eden¹¹
 His amry¹² had nae liquor laid in
 To fire his mou
 Nor did he thole¹³ his wife's upbraidin
 For being fou¹⁴

¹ young fellow long for if ⁴ fire trouble
 folk ³ lift. harm Adam ea th

¹¹ Langsyne in Eden's bonny ya d — Burns *Add to the De l*
 ¹² cupboard. ¹³ suffer ¹⁴ drunk

A dainty skair⁴

His bairns a' before the flood
Had langer tack⁵ o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood
Wi' drinking wine

The fuddlin' Bardies now-a-days
Rin maukin⁶-mad in Bacchus' praise,
And limp and stouter⁷ thro' their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic

My muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths⁸ to hound for fame,
In troth, the jillet⁹ ye might blame
For thinking on't,
Whan eithly¹⁰ she can find the theme
Of *aqua font*.

This is the name that doctors use
Their patients' noddles to confuse;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still,
In kittle¹¹ words to gar your roose¹²
Their want o' skill

But we'll hae nae sick clitter-clatter,
And briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd good Caller Water,
Than whilk, I trow,
Few drogs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you

andfather ² bent ³ hastily ⁴ share ⁵ lease
⁷ stagger ⁸ regions of sky or earth ⁹ skittish damsel.
¹⁰ easily ¹¹ ticklish ¹² praise

Tho joints are stiff as ony rung¹
 Your pith wi pain be fairly dung²
 Be you in Caller Water flung
 Out o'er the lugs³
 'Twill mak you souple swack and young
 Withouten drugs

Tho cholic or the heart scad tease us
 Or ony inward pain should seize us
 It masters a sic fell diseases
 That would ye spulzie
 And brings them to a canny crisis
 Wi little tulzie⁶

Wert na for it the bonny lasses
 Would glowr nae mair in keeking glasses⁷
 And soon time dint⁸ o a the graces
 That aft convey
 In gleefu looks and bonny faces
 To catch our ein.

The fairest then might die a maid
 And Cupid quit his shooting trade
 For wha thro clarty masquerade
 Could then discover
 Whether the features under shade
 Were worth a lover?

ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK¹⁰

Frae fields where Spring her sweets has blawn
 Wi caller verdure o'er the lawn
 The gowdspink comes in new attire
 The brawest mang the whistling choir
 That ere the sun can clear his ein
 Wi glib notes sane¹¹ the simmer's green.
 Sure Nature herried¹² mony a tree
 For sprangs¹³ and bonny spats to thee

¹ staff exhausted cars n mble ⁵ spo l
 struggle ⁷ looking glasses ⁸ lose regard for dirty
 Goldfinch. ¹¹ bless. ¹² plundered ¹³ different coloured stripes.

Nae mair the rainbow can impart
 Sic glowing ferlies¹ o' her art,
 Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will
 On thee the sey-piece² o' her skill
 Nae mair through straths in simmer dight
 We seek the rose to bless our sight,
 Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers sprout
 On yonder Ruin's lofty snout
 Thy shining garments far outstrip
 The cherries upo' Hebe's lip,
 And fool the tints that Nature chose
 To busk and paint the crimson rose
 'Mang men, wae's heart! we aften find
 The bravest drest want peace of mind,
 While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
 Is weil contentit wi' his lot
 Whan wand wi' glewy birdlime's set,
 To steal far aff your dautit³ mate,
 Blyth wad ye change your cleething gay
 In lieu of lav'rock's sober grey
 In vain thro' woods you sair may ban
 Th' envious treachery of man,
 That, wi' your gowden glister ta'en,
 Still haunts you on the simmer's plain
 And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's⁴
 O' winter's dreary dreepin' snaws
 Now steekit⁵ frae the gowany⁶ field,
 Frae ilka fav'rite houff⁷ and bield,
 But mergh⁸, alas! to disengage
 Your bonny bouck⁹ frae fettering cage,
 Your free-born bosom beats in vain
 For darling liberty again
 In window hung, how aft we see
 Thee keek¹⁰ around at warblers free
 That carrol saft, and sweetly sing
 Wi' a' the blythness of the spring[?]

¹ marvels² trial-piece³ cherished⁴ snares⁵ shu⁶ daisied⁷ resort⁸ without strength⁹ body¹⁰ look

Like Tantalus they hing you here
 To spy the glories o the year
 And tho you re at the burnies brink,
 They douna¹ suffer you to drink.

Ah Liberty! thou bonny dame,
 How wildly wanton is thy stream
 Round whilk the birdies a rejoice
 An hail you wi a gratefu voice.
 The gowdspink chatters joyous here,
 And courts wi gleesome sangs his peer
 The mavis frae the new bloom'd thorn
 Begins his lauds at earest morn
 And herd lowns² loupin oer the grass,
 Need far less flecthing³ till their lass
 Than paughty⁴ damsels bred at courts
 Wha thraw their mous and take the dorts⁵
 But, rest of thee fient⁶ flee we care
 For a that life ahint can spare
 The gowdspink that sae lang has kend
 Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend)
 Her sad confinement ill can brook
 In some dark chamber's dowy⁷ nook
 Tho Mary's hand his nebb⁸ supplies,
 Unkend to hunger's painfu cries
 Ev'n beauty canna chear the heart
 Frae life, frae liberty apart
 For now we tyne⁹ its wonted lay
 Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythely gay

Thus Fortune aft a curse can gie,
 To wyle us far frae liberty
 Then tent¹⁰ her syren smiles wha list
 I'll neer envy your girnals¹¹ grist
 For whan fair freedom smiles nae mair
 Care I for life? Shame fa the hair¹²
 A field oergrown wi rankest stubble
 The essence of a paltry bubble

¹ cannot
 gloomy

lads,
 bill

² flattery
³ lose

⁴ haughty
⁵ heed

⁶ huff
 box for meal

devil a fly
 who c

ROBERT BURNS.

[ROBERT BURNS was born 25th January, 1759, 'the hindmost year but ane' of George the Second's reign, in a cottage built by his father, two miles south of Ayr, and close to Alloway Kirk, that relic of nondescript architecture to which his genius has lent almost as worldwide an interest as that which makes Vacluse a place of pilgrimage to all nations. Eldest son of William Burness, of a Kincardineshire family of small farmers, market gardener and overseer of a small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr, and afterwards tenant of Lochlie and Mount Oliphant, small Ayrshire farms, Burns received an education which ultimately included a sound acquaintance with English grammar, a little mathematics, mensuration, French, and a smattering of Latin. At work on his father's farm from an early age till he was twenty-three, he tried then to establish himself in business as a flax-dresser in Irvine, but returned in a short time to his father's house with empty pockets and with a character hitherto blameless deteriorated by some new companionships. After the death of his father, a specimen of industry and integrity never rewarded in this life, his brother Gilbert and he took the farm of Mossgiel near Mauchline (1784), which also turned out to be a bad bargain. To escape troubles in which his youthful and characteristic follies involved him, especially with the father of his future partner in life, 'Bonnie Jean,' he accepted an appointment to a clerkship in Jamaica, but on the point of starting on the voyage he had his footsteps turned towards Edinburgh by the success of his volume of poems (Kilmarnock, 1786), and by the patronage, literary and aristocratic, which it immediately secured for him. With the proceeds of a second edition of the volume (Edinburgh, 1787), amounting to £500 or £600, he established himself on the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries. Unsuccessful once more in this tenancy he became an exciseman to eke out his income, and finally in that capacity unfortunately both for his health and for his reputation, removed to Dumfries, where he died in 1796.]

That admiration of Burns' poetry as the work of a ploughman, which Jeffrey in his time had occasion to deprecate, in which he could see no more sense than 'in admiring it as if it had been written with his toes,' has not survived Jeffrey's ridicule. Burns, like Joseph in Egypt, was destined to 'forget his toil and his father's house.' His right to a place among the greater poets of Europe being no longer in dispute, to speak of him still as 'the

Ayrshire bard is almost as dull an affectation as to follow his own example and call him Rob or Robin. A great poet not only in the sense that his affinities are with the greatest of the great poets that were before him or have been since rather than with the multitude of inferior writers who have struggled into fame in verse but great also in the sense that he gave a new impulse and a new direction to poetry helped to overturn in that splendid realm the dynasty of Pope and to found that to which Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron belong. Burns is only once a peasant and clownish in the course of nearly a century during which his name has been illustrious. It is not in 1786 in the circles of rank and fashion in Edinburgh in which he appears fresh from the plough—here his courtliness astonishes Dugald Stewart and delights the Duchess of Gordon—it is now when coming from Olympus he is introduced to us as from Ayrshire. Though nothing could be more natural than his first appearance in the character of rustic bard he has so long played a different part that his resumption of it is felt to border upon the grotesque and to be akin to fustian. The task which criticism has to perform in regard to him is indicated in this transformation of the natural man into something of a histrionic figure. It is a task of difficulty under any conditions and not to be attempted with success in a very limited space. It is to explain how the publication of a small volume of poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect the natural destiny of which would have seemed to be fulfilled in making the Ayrshire bard known in Ayrshire or at the most in Scotland should have turned out to be an occasion in literature and in history of worldwide significance.

This explanation be it ever so partial must include and perhaps ought to begin with the admission fatal to his character as a prodigy that the influences under which Burns was tutored into song were as eminently European in fact as they were singularly provincial in appearance. The Revolution at any rate in action had not returned from America to France when his poems were published. But the intellectual activity and turmoil which led to the Revolution was a phenomenon to which he was no more of a stranger in his humble and straitened sphere of life than to summer's heat or winter's cold or the west wind or man's in humanity to man. His father's cottage in which like the rest of the family (they were all readers) he sat at meals with a book in one hand and a spoon in the other was as far as intelligence of most kinds was concerned in open communication with Europe.

and America, and the presiding spirit in it was an old peasant, whose sagacity and whose virtues would have adorned the rank to which Glencairn or Athole belonged. Whatever limitations were imposed upon the growth of his intellect, whatever obstacles were thrown in the way of his attaining literary distinction by a life of slavish toil such as he was condemned to live, there was nothing in his case in such a life to exclude, there was everything to beget and to intensify, sympathy with an age which had grown sick of conventionality, classicality, and unreality in life and literature, and which yearned passionately after a return to nature and to truth. This yearning might be less general and less eager among the peasants of Ayrshire than among some other classes in other parts of Europe, but then he belonged, by the discipline as well as by the force of his mind, rather to Europe than to Ayrshire. His education at school, though, even for a Scotch peasant's son, irregular and scanty, was sufficient to fit him for becoming a citizen of the world, and a citizen of the world he did become by the study of the best English authors in prose and verse and by critical familiarity with the songs and ballads of his country. In virtue of this citizenship, the spirit of Revolution being abroad in Europe, he was as certain to encounter it as was Tam O'Shanter on his way home from Ayr and from the company of Souter Johnny to see Kirk Alloway in a 'bleeze.'

'He sings,' as he himself says, 'the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him', but it is after the manner of one who is accustomed to live and move in a larger world than that in which he and they had 'leave to toil'. While he has never yet set foot beyond his native county, his mind has travelled, he is familiar with the continental resorts of persons of quality, with hunters of Ponotavi (who have to rhyme with orthodoxy), with scenes, events, characters in Eastern lands, and in the literature and history of antiquity. His ideas, sentiments, aspirations, hopes, fears, range easily and naturally beyond parochial and provincial limits into national affairs and the struggling life of civilised mankind. If he is ever more truly himself than in Bruce's Address to his troops at Bannockburn, a patriotic ode, it is in anticipating that golden age of the poet and the philanthropist when

'man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that'

His countrymen are a pushing and adventurous race Wherever

they go they carry with them is a feature of the national mind an estimate of man is man, of wealth and worth of rank and work which bears the stamp of one man's genius Burns poems and songs are a programme of social and political reform and progress or at any rate aspiration — is radical a programme as could well be framed. No such programme, it is certain ever had such currency in one nation as it has obtained among the Scottish race at home and abroad. For almost a century it has been said and sung by high and low by rank and fashion by artists and milkmaids and aged inmates of the poorhouse. Children babble it and hiss it it is the privileged sedition of public houses and public assemblies privileged almost like the Bible young ladies warble it at the request of their Tory grandfathers and to please their orthodox aunts in larks as well as where the shepherd tells his tale the echoes of it are never still As far as there is any need to characterise his poetical lineage and development this identifies Burns with the Revolution It identifies him with it as respects the style of his poetry and also as respects its substance. Machinery of all kinds deteriorates by use allowance should be made in all cases, that of poetry not excepted for depreciation of value as the effect of wear and tear Only the forces of nature are inexhaustible. Happily for him Burns poetical life fell within a period in which it had come to be felt that the machinery of the classical school of poetry was worn out and that recourse must be had for poetical power to unexhausted and inexhaustible nature He owed thus to the spirit of the time that passion for truth and nature in the style of his poems which ensured them such welcome as the time could give to novelty and excellence combined He was a debtor to the same source for the ideas and sentiments or many of the ideas and sentiments to which his poetry owes not a little of the vitality and the currency it has among men and nations to whom it is known only in an almost unknown tongue or in more or less inadequate translations

His poetry is instinct with the life and movement of one age — one which was an era of resurrection from the dead and of revolt against all that had lived too long Any explanation of Burns however which is thus to be found where we find an explanation of Europe itself in the spirit of a particular age is of course partial Its merit is that it points to what is more essential and more comprehensive than itself Burns poetry shares with all poetry of the first order of excellence the life and movement not of one age but

of all ages, that which belongs to what Wordsworth calls 'the essential passions' of human nature. It is the voice of nature which we hear in his poetry, and it is of that nature one touch of which makes the whole world kin. It is doubtful whether any poet, ancient or modern, has evoked as much personal attachment of a fervid and perfervid quality as Burns has been able to draw to himself. It is an attachment the amount and the quality of which are not to be explained by anything in the history of the man, anything apart from the exercise of his genius as a poet. His misfortunes, though they were great, do not account for it—these are cancelled by his faults, from which his misfortunes are not easily separated. What renders it at all intelligible is that human nature, in its most ordinary shapes, is more poetical than it looks, and that exactly at those moments of its consciousness in which it is most truly because most vividly and powerfully and poetically itself, Burns has a voice to give to it. He is not the poet's poet, which Shelley no doubt meant to be, or the philosopher's poet, which Wordsworth, in spite of himself, is. He is the poet of homely human nature, not half so homely or prosaic as it seems. His genius, in a manner all its own, associates itself with the fortunes, experiences, memorable moments, of human beings whose humanity is their sole patrimony, to whom 'liberty,' and whatever, like liberty, has the power

'To raise a man aboon the brute,
And mak him ken himself,'

is their portion in life, for whom the great epochs and never-to-be-forgotten phases of existence are those which are occasioned by emotions inseparable from the consciousness of existence. For the great majority of his readers, and therefore for the mass of human beings, the sympathy which exists between him and them is sympathy relative to their strongest and deepest feelings, and this is sympathy out of which personal affection naturally springs, and in the strength of which it cannot but grow strong. In this light Burns clubs and Burns celebrations, excursions and pilgrimages to the land of Burns, manifestations of personal affection without parallel for range or depth in the history of literature, instead of misleading the critical judgment as to his poetry, are an infallible index to the truth respecting it—namely, that the passions which live in it and by which it lives are the essential passions of human nature.

Of these plain good masters his princely intellectual gifts are the humble and faithful servants. His imagination humour pathos the qualities in respect of which his genius is most powerful and opulent are without reserve placed at their disposal and submitted to their dictation. His genius might possibly have elected to move sometimes in a different sphere but this is the sphere in which its creative force is habitually spent. Words and phrases which derive their significance from what belongs to it are those that recur oftenest in his best and in his worst lines and linger in our ears with the airs to which his songs are sung. As part and parcel of its contents and as they are assorted in its compass freedom and whisky gang together in his rhymes so do mirth and care despair and rapture pride of birth and pride of worth, love and sorrow and death auld acquaintance not to be forgotten social inequalities not to be forgiven hypocrisy at its prayers and commiseration for the wretched which extends to the brute creation and cannot be withheld from the devil. That the worst of it as well as the best of it has power over him is the most that can be said in the way of censure or in the way of excuse in regard to that capital fault of his a relish for grossness and even obscenity in the choice and treatment of his themes which gives occasion to turgid moralists to talk of him as at once the glory and the shame of literature and which, as disfiguring some of his best pieces no one has more reason to regret than he who has to do justice to the genius of the poet by making a selection from his works.

Genius can explain everything except itself. In this limitation of his genius to one sphere of activity we have, however not only some explanation of the place which Burns occupies in European literature and European history but also a revelation of the inner structure and quality of his genius. Genius which in every case eludes and defies definition is by this restriction of its operations shown to be in his case more than most synonymous with force of mind that force which cleaves its way through the shows of things to the reality behind them and beyond them.

The heart ay s the part ay
That makes us right or wrang

To say that this is his poetical creed is to say that poetical genius in his case is akin to or identical with majestic common sense an intellect of singular power to penetrate appearance and become conversant with reality and truth—that reality and truth which are

to be found, if anywhere, in the sphere of the passions and emotions of which he is the laureate. He is closer to this reality than other poets because his mental force is greater than theirs and carries him farther and straighter from the surface of things towards the centre. His poetry makes a gift again to folly of that definition of poetry which was presented by folly to stupidity—that is the best poetry which is the most feigning. It feigns not at all when it is at its best, and but little when it is at its worst. So much reality is there in it to the experience of common mortals, that it is commonly mistaken among them for useful information for the people. Where it is not understood as comprehending the choicest products of imagination, humour, pathos, it is admired and valued as a repertory of oracular wisdom. When it is denied the welcome to which it is entitled as song, the gift of the gods, it is sure of applause as the ‘pith of sense,’ of which every man as he believes has his own share. Genius in the case of Burns is thus shown to be compact of sense, sagacity, intelligence of a powerful and piercing order, general force of mind to which nature and life cannot but yield up their deepest secrets. It is in the sphere of the essential passions of human nature that reality lies. That Burns, in a manner all his own, is rigid, not consciously always, but instinctively, in adhering to this sphere, is evidence that what takes in him the form and fashion of genius is common sense.

A melancholy or rather a mournful interest attaches to several of his poems—*A Bard's Epitaph* for example, and the *Epistle to a Young Friend*—as showing that intellect and passion were as far from being perfectly adjusted in his life as they have been in the lives of many other sons of genius. That they were not on better terms with each other than they actually were, it may be, is a matter which calls rather for regret than for amazement. Considering what nature made him and what his destiny was, considering how rudely in his case the sensibilities of a gifted soul clashed with the exigencies of a sordid lot, it is possibly not a matter for as much astonishment as has been sometimes expressed, that the last chapter of his history should be one which cannot be read without a pang of sorrow for the degradation of genius. Had he been a struggling tradesman in Paris instead of a struggling farmer in Ayrshire and a measure of ale-firkins at Dumfries, Burns would no doubt have lived and died with a reputation for sobriety as unimpeachable as that of Beranger. But for that insanity, compounded of headache

and melancholy from which he suffered all his life as the result of being made to do a man's work when he was a boy but for his being half fed half sarkit too literally and too long not to be rendered half mad as well it is open to a candid judgment to suppose that the thoughtless follies which laid him low would not have been committed at any rate would not have cut half as formidable a figure as they do in the count and reckoning of some of the honorary sheriffs and respectable aldermen of literature But however it may have been that the relations of intellect and passion were imperfectly or ill adjusted in his life their perfect harmony is the marvel and the glory of his song Passages indeed from various pieces of his perhaps whole pieces could be cited which fall below the level of poetry in the strictest sense of the word for which no higher character can be claimed than that of rhymed prose because sense and sagacity or wit and humour predominate in them in too marked a degree over feeling and imagination It is as if the balance rarely right adjusted in his life swung heavily sometimes in his verse to the other side But it is only where it is chargeable with this excess of sense or where it is written in that English tongue of which he never attained any mastery in verse that his poetry falls short of excellence as regards the union of intellect and passion the union of which is the first condition of poetical vitality His passions according to a well known account of them from the best authority raged like so many devils till they found vent in rhyme They could not have raged more or raged less any day without perhaps marring the perfection of a stanza or a song which has almost the perfection of the work of Shakespeare or of nature His one poetical failing besides being one which leans to virtue's side is exhibited for the most part only where it is harmless—in his epistles satires and especially his epigrams His songs on which after all his fame must mainly rest are free from it though even in them passion is governed and moderated in such a manner that in the whole collection of them there is abundant evidence of sense and sanity which it would have been fatal to obtrude in any one of them His claim to be considered the first of song writers is hardly disputed It is a claim which rests upon scores of lyrics each of which might be cited as an instance of lyrical passion at its best and highest Lyrical passion in his case drew its strength from various and opposite sources from the clashing experiences habits and emotions of a nature which needed nothing so much as

regulation and harmony But it is itself harmony as perfect as the song of the linnet and the thrush piping to a summer even ng of peace on earth and glory in the western sky Whatever the poet's eye has seen of beauty, or his heart has felt of mirth or sadness or madness, melts into it and becomes a tone, a chord of music of which, but for one singer, the world should hardly have known the power to thrill the universal heart He could not begin to write a song till he had crooned over and got into his head some old air to which words might be adapted Only when his songs are sung are they legitimately said, is the melody of them vocalised Their affinity with music by origin and by use is only symbolic of the harmony to which lyrical passion in them has set the incongruous facts and experiences of human life and destiny The best of them are serious and pathetic, like *Mary Morrison*, *My Nanie O*, *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw*, but serious and pathetic like these, or arch and airy and humorous like *Tam Glen* and *Duncan Gray*, they draw upon sources of melody of which Tibullus and Petrarch and Beranger had almost as little knowledge as of the sources of the Lugar or of the banks of Bonnie Doon

Like Shakespeare, Burns is almost as great in the matter of borrowing as in that of originality His measures are without exception those with which he was familiar in his favourites and predecessors, Ramsay and Fergusson, or in the ballads and songs which the stream of time might be said to have brought down to his poetical mill His *Cotter's Saturday Night* is modelled upon Fergusson's *Farmer's Ingle*, his *Holy Fair* upon the same poet's *Leith Races* His epistles are Ramsay's and Fergusson's in form and spirit, only instinct with a kind of genius to which neither Ramsay nor Fergusson had any pretensions One stanza in which he wrote a great deal, for which among poetical measures he had as much partiality as he had for winter among the seasons, or the mavis among birds, or humanity among the virtues, and which his readers, even Scotch readers, find it sometimes hard to endure, was no doubt made classical to him and informed with music by its having been made use of by predecessors of his, of whose genius he had formed a most generous and uncritical estimate

His best work is distributed over three periods, into which his poetical life can be most easily divided—the first marked by the publication of his poems at Kilmarnock, 1786, when he was at the age of twenty-seven, the second comprehending the extraordinary fertility of his later residence in Ayrshire (at Mossiel), and ter-

minating in 1788 and the third being the melancholy last years at Ellisland and Dumfries, in which his recreation was to give to his country and the world a store of songs original and amended such as no other country possesses. *The Jolly Beggars* that in comparable opera in which critical genius of the highest order has discovered the highest flight of his poetical genius belongs to the first period though not published till after his death. *The Cotter's Saturday Night* belongs to the same period. *My Nanie* is one of its songs. As regards humour and imagination it could be represented either by *Death and Doctor Hornbook* or the *Address to the Deil* or *The Holy Fair*. With reference to the work which was done by him before the close of this period considering its quality and variety considering how much of it is destined to hold a permanent place in literature Burns is perhaps to be regarded as the most remarkable instance on record of the precocity of genius at any rate poetical genius. It would be difficult to point to a single rival for poetical fame who before the age of twenty six or twenty seven had contributed as much to the stock of literature exempt for ever from oblivion. He was in this sense something of the prodigy which in respect of his being born a peasant Jeffrey would not allow him to be considered.

In each of these three periods of his poetical life he was at his best in one or other of the departments of song in which his greatness is least open to question. To Ellisland and Dumfries the last of the three besides *Tam o' Shanter* and *Cistun Grose* belongs the glory of that marvellous series of songs new and old original and improved which it was the unhappy exciseman poet's one pure delight to contribute to the *Miscellanies* in which they appeared. Whether his genius was exhausted by the activity of these ten or a dozen years or whether if his life had been prolonged he might not have undertaken and accomplished some even greater task than any he had attempted is a question to which no very certain answer can be given. He might have done something to diminish the interval between him and the poets of the first order—those whose poetry includes character and action as well as passion. He was ambitious of doing something of the kind. At one time the scheme of an epic at another the plans for a tragedy were revolved in his mind. But if we may judge from a fragment of his intended drama from the quality of his English verses or from the leading features of his character it seems unlikely that he would under any circumstances have made a nearer approach

than he has done, or than that other passionate pilgrim of the realm of song, Byron, has done, to Milton or Shakespeare. His nearest approach to Shakespeare and Milton must be held to be that he wrote for the same theatre as they—not for an age, but for all time.

If only because the essential passions of human nature are so peculiarly and exclusively the sphere in which his genius moves, the question whether on the whole the influence of his poetry is wholesome, is a question touching the perpetuity of his fame. It is the native sphere of morality and religion in which his genius disports itself, and hence, though it cannot be required of poetry that it should directly inculcate virtue and piety, yet poetry like his has only the choice of recognising at their proper value the highest instincts and feelings of human nature, or ensuring its own consignment to neglect and oblivion by clashing with them. For, as critics have at length discovered, poetry is not meant for critics but for mankind. If it is of use to mankind it has a chance of life, if not it must die. On these terms, like other poets, Burns is a competitor for immortality, and on these terms, though his claim has been variously judged, it is now generally admitted to be strong. It is true, as has been already acknowledged, that touches of grossness and obscenity disfigure some of his best pieces, and are the execrable characteristics of some of his worst. It is true also that religious people have had much fault to find with *The Holy Fair* and *Holy Willie*, and other satires of his in which religious, or rather ecclesiastical things and personages, have been held up to ridicule and scorn. But the one fault he shares with many of his brother poets whose immortality is not doubtful, the other to most persons is rendered venial by a doubt as to whether it is not rather a capital merit than an unpardonable sin. His morality is not always perfect, sometimes it sanctions or applauds what cannot be defended. But he never ridicules religion except when the religion in question is in the nature of things ridiculous, and only not so by an accident of time or place. On the other hand, it is a world from which virtue and piety are not absent into which he habitually escapes from scenes in the actual world in which, with most of his generation, he was tempted to linger too long and too agreeably. Sordid and even revolting as some of these scenes are, they are yet to the reader of all that he has written only grotesque openings into a world beyond and above them in which everything fair and good has its own place—love and truth, joy in all that is pure and high, sorrow over all that is weak and low and

sad in the life of man. Hypocrisy superstition fanaticism owe him a heavy grudge. But in Scotland at least and where *The Holy Fair* is remembered and *Holy Willie* is not unknown spiritual religion owes him little but thanks.

On this subject only a word more need be said. Burns lives above all and is destined to live in his songs. In them at any rate he lives for an infinitely larger public than knows much of him as the author of *Halloween* or *The Jolly Beggars*. By his songs though they too furnish his more austere censors with complaint the service which he rendered to morality and religion is one the value of which can hardly be over-estimated. It is a remarkable fact that a country the history of which is so much as that of Scotland is a history of religious or at any rate ecclesiastical events especially battles a country too which has not been unprolific in poetical talent should have given birth to almost no religious poetry worth the name. Yet hardly is religious poetry a more prolific crop in the country of Dunbar and Burns and Scott than figs or peaches or brambles. It may be after all that other passions than those spiritual ones which find expression for themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs have been chiefly concerned in those religious movements of which Scottish history is a tedious record. But be that as it may Burns inherited from his poetical ancestry a wealth not of hymns but of songs and ballads chiefly of course amatory. They inspired him with harmonies compared with which they are themselves harsh and out of tune—the inimitable airs to which they were sung were reverberated from his mind in words in which there is the very soul of melody. In this process of transmitting what he received from the past to the future to which he looked forward as a better day for all mankind he changed as regards morality silver into gold dirt into the fragrance of lilies and violets foul dirt into the breath of meadows and of shady paths through woods and by the banks of murmuring streams. As a reformer of one branch of literature when centuries that are centuries still have dwindled into years he may perhaps be named along with John Knox and Walter Scott in the history of the Scottish Reformation. Anyhow judged by his songs Burns fame has little to fear from any question being raised as to whether the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the instance of his poetry is really what it seems—a tree that is good for food and pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise.

JOHN SERVICE.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—'Bide ye yet'

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour¹
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor,
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure¹,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw,
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown¹
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison

MY NANIE, O

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O

¹ worry, trouble

The westlin wind blows loud an shill
 The night's brith mirk and runy O'
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal
 An' owre the hill to Nanie O

My Nanie's charming sweet an' young
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O
 May ill bef' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O

Her face is fair her heart is true
 As spotless as she's bonie O
 The opening gowan wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie O

A country lad is my degree
 An' few there be that ken me O
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie O

My riches as my penny fee
 An' I maun guide it cannie O
 But warls gear neer troubles me
 My thoughts are a' my Nanie O

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie O
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie O

Come weal come woe I care na by
 I'll tak' what Heaven will sen me O
 Nae ither care in life have I
 But live an' love my Nanie O

GREEN GROW THE RASHES A FRAGMENT

Chorus

Green grow the rashes O
 Green grow the rashes O
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ,
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly¹ race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ,
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O ,
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie², O !

For you sae douce³, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ,
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE, THE
 AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE⁴.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her clood⁵ she coost⁶ a hitch⁷,
 An' owre she warsl'd⁸ in the ditch.
 There groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoc⁹ he cam doytin by.
 Wi' glowin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's ,
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart¹ he could na mend it

¹ worldly ² topsy turvy ³ sober, serious ⁴ ewe
⁵ hoof ⁶ cast ⁷ loop ⁸ tumbled
⁹ A neibor herd-callan about thiee-fourths as wise as other folk.

He gap'd wide but naething spak.
At length poor Maillie silence brak.

'O thou whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu case!
My dying words attentive hear
An bear them to my Master dear

Tell him if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep
O bid him never tie them mair
Wi wicked strings o hemp or hair!
But ca them out to park or hill
An let them wander at their will
So may his flock increase an grow
To scores o lambs an packs o woo¹!

Tell him he was a Master kin,
An ay was guid to me an mine
An now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi him

O bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs an tods² an butchers knives!
But gie them guid cow milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend³ themsel

An tent⁴ them duly een an morn
Wi taets⁵ o hay an ripp⁶ o corn

'An may they never learn the gaets⁷
Of ither vile wanrestfu pets!
To slink thro slaps⁸ an reave¹⁰ an steal
At stacks o pease or stocks o kail.
So may they like their great forbears¹¹
For monie a year come thro the sheers
So wives will gie them bits o bread
An bairns greet¹² for them when they re dead

My poor toop¹³ lamb my son an heir,
O bid him breed him up wi care!
An if he live to be a beast
To pit some havins¹⁴ in his breast!

wool f xes make sh ft ⁴ tend ⁶ small quant ties
handfuls ways restless gap n fences rob
¹¹ forefathe s ¹ weep ¹ tup good manners

An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes¹ at hame,
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like other menseless², graceless brutes

'An' niest my yowie³, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string⁴
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
 But ay keep mind to moop⁵ an' mell⁶
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kind to me anither

'Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
 To tell my Master a' my tale,
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather⁶

This said, poor Maillie turned her head,
 An' closed her een amang the dead¹

FROM 'AN EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK, AN OLD
 SCOTTISH BARD'

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
 But just a Rhymer like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?'²

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang

ewes

² mannerless³ ewe⁴ fondle⁵ meddle⁶ bladder

What's a' your jargon o' your schools
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools
 If honest nature made you fools,
 What sairs¹ your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoals²,
 Or knappin³ hammers

A set o' dull, conceited hishes⁴
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks⁵, and come out asses
 Plain truth to speak
 An' syne⁶ they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub⁷ an' mire
 At pleugh or cart
 My Muse, though hamely in attire
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk⁸ o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and sree,
 Or bright Lapraik's my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lea⁹ enough for me,
 If I could get it

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST,
 WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

Wee sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin' brattle¹⁰!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle¹¹!

erves ¹ shovels. ² stone breaking ³ louts ⁴ year old cow
 bullock then pond ⁵ spark. ⁶ learning ⁷ hurry
 and stick for clearing the plough.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal¹

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve,
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker¹ in a thrave
 'S a sma' request
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave²,
 And never miss't¹

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big³ a new one,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell⁴ an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But⁵ house or hald⁶,
 To thole⁷ the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch⁸ could!

¹ An ear of corn now and then, a thrave is twenty-four sheaves ² rest
³ build ⁴ bitter ⁵ without. ⁶ holding ⁷ endure
⁸ hoar-frost.

But, Mousie thou art no thy lane¹,
 In proving foresight may be vain
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft agley,²
 An' leae us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy

Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee
 But och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

THE COTTERS SATURDAY NIGHT

Inscribed to R. Aiken Esq

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the Poor—*Gray*

My loved my honoured much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise
 To you I sing in simple Scottish lays
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh³
 The shortning winter day is near a close
 The mairy beasts retreating frae the plough
 The blackning trains o' craws to their repose

¹ alone

awry

³ whistling sound

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,—
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher¹ thro',
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin² noise an' glee
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil

Belyve³, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun'⁴,
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie⁵ rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be

Wi' joy unfæigned brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers⁶
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncos⁷ that he sees or hears,
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,

¹ stagger² fluttering³ by and by

⁴ Although the 'Cotter,' in the Saturday Night, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us ever were 'At service out amang the neebors roun'' Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny fee' with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home — *Gilbert Burns to Dr Currie*, Oct 24, 1800

⁵ attentively⁶ enquires⁷ news

Anticipation forward points the view
 The mother, wi' her needle in her sheers,
 Gars¹ auld ches look amrist as weel s the new
 The father mixes a wi admonition due.

Their master's in their mistress's command,
 The youngers a are warn'd to obey
 And mind their labours wi an eydent² hand,
 And ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jaulk³ or ply
 'And, oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 And mind your duty, dully, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord ight!

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door
 Jenny wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neighbor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her home.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek
 Wi heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins⁴ is afraid to speik
 Weel-pleased the mother hears it s nae wild worthless rake.

Wi kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben⁵
 A strippan youth he takes the mother's eye—
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit s no ill taen
 The father cracks⁶ o' horses' pleughs and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart overflows wi joy
 But, blate⁷ and laithfu⁸, scarce can weel behave
 The mother, wi a woman's wiles can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu⁹ in s're grave
 Weel-pleased to think her bairn s respected like the lave¹⁰

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've pric'd much this weary mortal round
 And sage experience bids me this declare—

¹ makes ² diligent. ³ dally ⁴ half ⁵ into the room
⁶ talks ⁷ bashful ⁸ sheepish ⁹ the rest

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale !'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all eviled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food
 The sowpe their only hawkie¹ does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan² snugly chows her cood ,
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained³ kebbuck⁴ fell⁵,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ,
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond⁶ auld, sin' lint was i' the bell⁷.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible⁸, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets⁹ wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales¹⁰ a portion with judicious care ,
 And 'Let us worship God !' he says, with solemn air.

¹ cow ² partition wall ³ well-served ⁴ cheese ⁵ pungent

⁶ a twelvemonth

⁷ Since the flax was in flower

⁸ hall-Bible

⁹ grey side locks

¹⁰ chooses

They chant their artless notes in simple guise
 They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise
 Or plaintive Martyrs worthy of the name
 Or noble Elgin beats¹ the heavenward flame
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays
 Compared with these Italian trills are tame
 The tickled ears no heart felt raptures raise
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise
 The priest like father reads the sacred page
 How Abram was the friend of God on high
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire
 Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre
 Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed
 How He who bore in Heaven the second name
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head
 How His first followers and servants sped
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
 The saint the father and the husband prays
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing²
 That thus they all shall meet in future days
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society yet still more dear
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere

¹ feeds² Pope's *Windsor Forest* — R B

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ,
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll

Then homeward all take off their several way ,
The youngling cottagers retire to rest
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide ,
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God ' !
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ,
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed thro Wallace's undaunted heart
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die the second glorious part,
 (The patriots God peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward !)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince ! O Chief of many throned Powers
 That led th' embattled Seraphim to war — *Milton*

O thou ! whatever title suit thee
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an sootie
 Closed under hatches
 Spairges¹ about the brunstane cootie²,
 To scaud poor wretches

Hear me auld Hangie for a wee
 An let poor damned bodies be
 I m sure sma pleasure it can gie,
 Evn to a deil,
 To skelp³ an scaud poor dogs like me
 An hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an great thy fame
 Far kenn'd an noted is thy name
 An, tho yon lowin heugh s⁴ thy hame
 Thou travels far
 An, faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur⁵

¹ splashes² pail³ slap⁴ flaming pit⁵ Neither bashful nor apt to be scared

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
 For prey a' holes an' corners tryin ,
 Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin,
 Tirlin¹ the kirks ,
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ,
 Or where auld ruined castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon².

When twilight did my grannie summon,
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman ¹
 Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 W' eerie drone ,
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees³ comin,
 Wi' heavy groan

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentim⁴ light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ,
 Ye, like a rash-buss⁵, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sough

The cudgel in my nieve⁶ did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor⁷, 'quaick, quaick,'
 Among the springs,
 Awa ye squattered⁸ like a drake,
 On whistling wings

¹ unroofing² frightful moan³ elder trees⁴ slanting⁵ a bush of rushes⁶ fist⁷ hoarse⁸ fluttered

Let warlocks¹ grim, an withered hags
 Tell how wi you on ragweed² nags
 They skim the muirs, an dizzy crags
 Wi wicked speed
 And in kirk yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit³ dead.

Thence countra wives wi toil an pain,
 May plunge an plunge the kirk⁴ in vain
 For oh! the yellow treasure's tress
 By witching skill
 An dawtit⁵, twal pint⁶ Hawkies gaen
 As yell s⁷ the bill⁸

When thowes⁹ dissolve the snawy hoord¹⁰,
 An float the jinglin icy boord,
 Then Water kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction
 An nighted Trav'lers are allured
 To their destruction

An aft your moss traversing Spunkies¹¹
 Decoy the wight that late an drunk is
 The bleezin, curst mischievous monies
 Delude his eyes
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Neer mair to rise.

When masons mystic word an grip,
 In storms an tempests raise you up
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest 'brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell

¹ wizards
 fondled
 thaws.

² ragwort
⁶ twelve-pint.
¹ hoard

³ dugged up
⁷ milkless
¹ Will o the-wisp

⁴ churn
 bull

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
 An' all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptured hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawn¹ dog!
 Ye came to Paradise incog,
 An' played on man a cursed brogue²,
 (Black be your fa'³!)
 An' gied the infant warld a shog⁴,
 'Maist ruined a'

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz⁵,
 Wi' reekit duds⁶, an' reestit gizz⁷,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz⁸
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented⁹ on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lowsed¹⁰ his ill-tongued wicked scaul¹¹,
 Was warst ava¹²?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares and fechtin¹³ fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael¹⁴ did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding¹⁵ a' Lallan¹⁶ tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme

¹ Who draws stealthily the door-bolt ² trick ³ lot ⁴ shock
⁵ bustle ⁶ smoky rags ⁷ singed perwig
⁸ blackened face ⁹ slanted ¹⁰ loosed ¹¹ scold ¹² of all
¹³ fighting ¹⁴ Vide Milton, Book vi — R B ¹⁵ exhaust ¹⁶ Lowland

An now auld Cloots I ken ye re thinkin,
 A certain Bardie s rantin, drinkin
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin¹
 To your black pit
 But, faith! he 'll turn a corner jinkin²,
 An cheat you yet.

But fare you weel auld Nickie ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought an men!
 Ye aiblins³ might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake—
 I m wae to think upo yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

FROM 'THE HOLY FAIR.

Now, butt an ben⁴, the change house fills
 Wi yill-caup⁵ commentators
 Here s crying out for bakes⁶ an' gills
 An there the pint stowp clatters
 While thick an thrang an loud an lang
 Wi logic, an wi Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O wrath that day

Leeze me⁷ on drink⁸ it gies us mair
 Than either school or college
 It kindles wit, it waukens lear⁹
 It pangs¹⁰ us fou o knowledge
 Be t whisky gill or penny wheep¹⁰,
 Or ony stronger potion
 It never fails on drinking deep
 To kittle¹¹ up our notion
 By night or day

¹ tripping
² ale-cup
³ small beer

⁴ dodging
 biscuits

perhaps
⁷ a blessing
¹¹ tickle

kitchen and parlour
⁹ learning
 crams

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer¹ about the toddy
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk.
 They're makin observations,
 While some are cozie i' the neuk²,
 An' formin' assignations

To meet some day

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts³,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts,
 Black Russel⁴ is na spairin
 His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow,
 His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera 'sauls does harrow'⁵

Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fu' o' lowin⁶ brunstane,
 Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane⁷!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neibor snorin

Asleep that day

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How mony stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill⁸,
 When they were a' dismiss
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups⁹,
 Among the furms and benches;
 An' cheese an' bread frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches¹⁰

An' dawds¹¹ that day.

¹ stir

² nook

³ blows

⁴ Minister of Kilmarno

⁵ Shakspeare's Hamlet—R B

⁶ flaming.

⁷ whinstone

⁸ 2

⁹ wooden vessels

¹⁰ slices

¹¹ lumps

In comes a gaucie¹ gash Guidwife
 An sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck² an her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer
 The auld guidmen about the grace
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays
 An gies them t like a tether
 Fu lang that day

Waesucks³ for him that gets nae lass
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Dma need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie⁴ his braw clathing!
 O wives be mindfu ance yoursel
 How bonie lads ye wanted
 An dinna for a kebbuck heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell⁵ wi' rattling tow,
 Begins to jow⁶ an croon
 Some swagger hame the best they dow
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps⁷ the billies⁸ halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon
 Wi faith an hope an love an drink,
 They re a in famous tune
 For crack¹⁰ that day

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND¹¹

May 1786

I lang hae thought my youthfu friend,
 A something to have sent you
 Tho it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind memento

¹ jolly ² cheese waes me! soil ³ the bell ringer
⁴ to peal or roar ⁵ they can gaps in fences ⁶ lads
 talk. Andrew Aiken

But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine,
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And Andrew dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained,
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained

I'll no say, men are villains a',
 The real, hardened wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricket,
 But, och! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted,
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa'¹ in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we shouldna censure,
 For still the important end of life
 They equally may answer,
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith² hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neibor's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
 When wi a bosom crony,
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection,
 But keek³ thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection

¹ fall² poverty³ peep

The sacred lowe¹ o weel placed love
 Luxuriantly indulge it
 But never tempt th illicit rove,
 Tho naething should divulge it
 I waive the quantum o the sin,
 The hazard o concealing
 But, och ! it hardens a within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
 Assiduous wait upon her
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honour
 Not for to hide it in a hedge
 Nor for a train attendant
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent

The fear o hell s a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order
 But where ye feel your honour grip
 Let that aye be your border
 Its slightest touches instant pause—
 Debar a side pretences
 And resolutely keep its laws
 Uncaring consequences

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature
 But still the preaching cant forbear
 And ev'n the rigid feature
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended
 An atheist laugh s a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasures rin^o,
 Religion may be blinded
 Or, if she gie a random sting
 It may be little minded

But when on life we're tempest-driv'n—
 A conscience but¹ a canker,
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble anchor¹

Adieu, dear amiable Youth!
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting,¹
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting!
 In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser,
 And may you better reckon the rede,²
 Than ever did th' Adviser!

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate³ to seek, owre proud to snool,⁴
 Let him draw near,
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by!
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
 Wild as the wave,
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

¹ without² heed the counsel³ bashful⁴ submit tamely

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame
 But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stained his name¹

Reader attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or carking grubs this earthly hole
 In low pursuit
 Know, prudent, cautious self control
 Is wisdom's root

FROM THE EPISTLE TO MRS SCOTT OF WAUCHOPE

I mind it weel in early date
 When I was beardless young and blate
 An first could thresh the barn
 Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
 An tho' forfoughten¹ sair eneugh
 Yet unco² proud to learn
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was
 And wi' the lave³ ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing and clearing
 The tither stooked raw⁴
 Wi' clavers⁵ an' haivers⁶,
 Wearing the day awa

Evn then a wish (I mind its power)
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu plan or book could make
 Or sing a sang at least

tired
 the other row of shocks

uncommonly
 gossip

rest
⁶ nonsense

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear¹,
 I turned the weeding-hook aside,
 An' spared the symbol dear
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but² blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise
 But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ,
 'Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She roused the forming strain :
 I see her yet, the sonsie³ quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky⁴ een,
 That gart⁵ my heart-strings tingle ,
 I fired, inspired,
 At ev'ry kindling keek⁶,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared aye to speak.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy?
 Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

¹ barley ² without ³ comely ⁴ sly ⁵ made ⁶ look

The braes ascend like lofty wa's
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'er hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws
 The Birks of Aberfeldy

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linn's the burnie pours
 And rising weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy

OF A THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW

To ne— Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey

Of a the airts¹ the wind can blow
 I d arly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best
 There wild woods grow and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between
 By day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair
 I hear her in the tunefu birds,
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain shaw² or green
 There's not a bonie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean.

quarters

² wood

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak a cup of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne
 For auld, &c

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans¹ fine,
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne
 For auld, &c

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
 From morning sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere²,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught³,
 For auld lang syne
 For auld, &c

¹ daisies² companion³ draught.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo John
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven
 Your bonie brow was brent¹
 But now your brow is beld², John
 Your locks are like the snaw
 But blessings on your frosty pow
 John Anderson my jo

John Anderson my jo John
 We clamb the hill thegither
 And monie a canty³ day John,
 We ve had wi ane anither
 Now we maun totter down, John
 But hand in hand we ll go
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo

TAM GLEN

T — The mucking o Geordie s Byre

My heart is a breaking dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len
 To anger them a is a pity
 But what will I do wi Tam Glen?

I m thinking, wi sic a braw fellow
 In poortith⁴ I might mak a fen⁵
 What care I in riches to wallow
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There s Lowrie the laird o Dumeller,
 Guid day to you —brute! he comes ben
 He brags and he blaws o his siller
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

smooth,

bald

cheerful

poverty

make a shift

My minnie does constantly deave¹ me,
 And bids me beware o' young men,
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten.
 But, if it's ordained I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten²
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen

The last Halloween I was waukin³
 My droukit⁴ sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry,
 I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen

THE HAPPY TRIO.

Tune — 'Willie brew'd a peck o' maut'

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see,
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang⁵ night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie

Chorus

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee,
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree

¹ deafen

² leap

³ watching

⁴ wet

⁵ live long

Here are we met, three merry boys
 Three merry boys, I trow are we
 And mony a night we ve merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou &c.

It is the moon I ken her horn
 That s blinkin in the lift sae hie
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame
 But by my sooth she ll wait a wee!
 We are na fou &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold coward loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa
 He is the King among us three!
 We are na fou &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

To ne— Miss Forbes Farewell to Banff

Thou ling'ring star with less ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past
 Thy image at our last embrace
 Ah! little thought we twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green,
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined am'rous round the raptured scene
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care,
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TAM O' SHANTER A TALE.

Of Brownies and of Bogies full is this Buke
Gavin Douglas

When chapman billies¹ leave the street,
 And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate²,
 While we sit bousing at the nappy³,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps⁴, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm
 This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
 (Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonie lasses),

¹ pedlar fellows.² road³ ale.⁴ gaps in fences.

O Tam¹ hadst thou but been sae wise
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum²
 A blethering blustering drunken blellum³
 That frae November till October
 Ae market day thou wast nae sober
 That ilka melder⁴, wi the miller
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller
 That evry naig was ca'd a shoe on
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on
 That at the Lord's house ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi Kirkton⁵ Jean till Monday
 She prophesied that, late or soon
 Thou wad be found deep drowned in Doon
 Or catch'd wi warlocks⁶ in the mirk⁷
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale Ae market night
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle bleezing finely
 Wi reaming swats⁸, thro' drank divinely
 And at his elbow Souter Johnie
 His ancient, trusty drouthy crony
 Tam loed him like a very brither
 They had been fou for weeks thegither
 The night drave on wi sangs and clatter
 And ay the ale was growing better
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi favours, secret sweet, and precious
 The souter⁹ tauld his queerest stories
 The landlord's lugh was ready chorus
 The storm without might rair and rustle
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

knave idle talker ³ every time he went to get grain ground
 Kirkton is the distinct name of a village in which the parish kirk stands
 wizards dark ⁷ makes me weep. ⁸ frothing ale shoemaker

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himself among the nappy¹
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious¹

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever,
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm
 Nae man can tether time or tide,—
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in,
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast,
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit¹ on thro' dub² and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire,
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets³ nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoored⁴;

¹ hurried² puddle³ owls⁴ was smothered

And past the birks¹ and meikle² stane
 Where drunken Charlie brak s neck bane
 And thro the whins and by the cairn
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn
 And near the thorn, aboon the well
 Where Mungos mither hanged hersel
 Before him Doon pours all his floods
 The doubling storm roars thro the woods
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole
 Near and more near the thunders roll
 When, glimmering thro the groaning trees
 Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze
 Thro ilka bore³ the beams were glancing
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn⁴
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi tippenny we fear nae evil
 Wi usquebae we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle!
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished
 She ventured forward on the light
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France
 But hornpipes jigs strathspeys and reels
 Put life and mettle in their heels
 At winnock bunker⁵ in the east,
 There sat old Nick in shape o' beast
 A towzie⁶ tyke⁷ black grim and large
 To gie them music was his charge
 He screw'd the pipes and gart⁸ them skirl⁹,
 Till roof and rafters a did dirl¹⁰ —
 Coffins stood round like open presses
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses

¹ birches ² big hole in the wall ⁴ doit window seat.
 shaggy ³ dog ⁵ forced scream ⁹ thrill

And by some devilish cantrip¹ slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns²,
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cuttet fiae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape,
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted,
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted,
 A garter, which a babe had strangled,
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious
 The piper loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew,
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies³ tó the wark,
 And linket⁴ at it in her sark¹

Now Tam, O Tam, had thae been queans
 A' plump and strapping in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie⁵ flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linnen⁶!
 Thir⁷ breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies⁸,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies¹

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean⁹ a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock¹⁰,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach

¹ magic² irons³ clothes⁴ linked⁵ greasy⁶ The manufacturing term for a fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions — *Cromek*⁷ these⁸ loins⁹ wean¹⁰ short staff

But Tam kend what was what fu brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on Carriek shore
 For mony a beast to derd she shot,
 And perished mony a bonie boit
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear¹,
 And kept the country side in fear)
 Her cutty² sark o' Iaisley harn³,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best and she was vruntie —
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie
 That sark she cost⁴ for her wee Nannie
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour
 Sic flights are far beyond her power
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang
 (A souple jade she was and string),
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched
 And thought his very een enriched
 Even Satan glowr'd and sidg'd fu' fain
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper, syne⁵ anither,
 Tam tint⁶ his reason a thegither
 And roars out, Weel done Cutty sark!⁷
 And in an instant all was dark
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke⁸,
 When plundering herds assail their byke⁹
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose
 As eager runs the market crowd
 When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud
 So Maggie runs the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow

¹ barley

short

lost.

² Very coarse linen
³ bustle⁴ ought
⁵ hive⁶ then

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane¹ of the brig ,
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient² a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle³ ,
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed ,
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Tune—'The Caledonian Hunt's delight'

Ye banks and bràes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !

¹ It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back —R B

² deuce (fiend)

³ aim

Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird
 That wantons thro the flowering thorn
 Thou minds me o departed joys,
 Departed—never to return

Aft hae I rovd by bonie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine
 And ilka bird sang o its luv
 And fondly sae did I o mine.
 Wi lightsome heart I pud a rose
 Fu sweet upon its thorny tree
 And my fause luv^r staw¹ my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi me.

FAREWELL TO NANCY

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae farewell alas for ever!
 Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee¹
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him?²
 Me nae cheerful twinkle lights me
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll neer blame my partial fancy
 Naething could resist my Nancy
 But to see her was to love her
 Love but her, and love for ever
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted
 We had neer been broken hearted¹

Fare thee weel thou first and fairest¹
 Fare thee weel thou best and dearest¹
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure
 Peace enjoyment love and pleasure

¹ stole

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!¹
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee

HIGHLAND MARY

Tune—'Katharine Ogie'

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!¹
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry,
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!¹
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie,
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary

Wi' mome a vow, and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender,
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder,
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!¹
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

¹ muddy

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly¹
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldring now in silent dust,
 That heart that loed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't
 On blythe yule night when we were fou
 Ha, ha the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost¹ her head fu high
 Looked asklent and unco skeigh²,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh³
 Ha ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech⁴ed and Duncan prayed
 Ha ha &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig
 Ha ha &c.
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat⁵ his een baith bleer t and blin⁶
 Spak o lowpin⁷ o'er a linn⁸
 Ha ha, &c

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha &c
 Slighted love is sair to bide
 Ha, ha &c
 Shall I like a fool quoth he
 For a haughty hizzie dee?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, &c

¹ tossed
⁶ wept

² proud
 bleared and blind

³ At a shy distance
⁷ leaping

⁴ besought
⁸ precipice

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c
 Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, &c
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And O, her een, they spak sic things¹
 Ha, ha, &c

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd¹ his wrath,
 Now they're crouse and cantie² baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD

O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And comena unless the back-yett³ be a-jee⁴;
 Syne⁵ up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye werena comin to me
 And come as ye werena comin to me
 O whistle, &c.

At Kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye caredna a flee
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye werena lookin at me
 Yet look as ye werena lookin at me.
 O whistle, &c

¹ smothered² cheerful and merry³ gate⁴ ajar⁵ then

Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee
 But courtna anither tho jokin ye be
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me
 O whistle &c.

BANNOCKBURN ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

T ne— Hey tuthe tattie

Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led
 Welcome to your gory bed
 Or to victorie

Now s the day and now s the hour
 See the front o battle lower
 See approach proud Edwards power—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw
 Free man stand or free man fa?
 Let him on wi me!

By oppressions woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty s in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

A RLD, RED ROSE.

Tune—' Wishaw's Favourite '

My luvè is like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June.
 My luvè is like the melodie
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonie lass,
 So deep in luvè am I
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
 And fare thee weel awhile !
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Tho it were ten thousand mile

MY NANIE'S AWA

Tune—' There'll never be peace till Jamie comes Hame '

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the bracs,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,
 But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav rock¹ that springs frae the dew's o the lawn
 The shepherd to warn o the grey breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa
 Give over for pity—my Nanie s awa.

Come Autumn sae pensive in yellow and gray
 And soothe me wi tidings o nature's decay
 The dark dreary Winter and wild driving snaw
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie s awa

A MAN S A MAN FOR A THAT

Is there for honest poverty
 That hings his head and a that?
 The coward slave we pass him by
 We dare be poor for a that!
 For a that, and a that
 Our toils obscure and a that
 The rank is but the guinea stamp
 The man s the gowd for a that.

What tho on hamely fare we dine
 Wear hoddin grey and a that
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine
 A man s a man for a that
 For a that and a that
 Their tinsel show and a that
 The honest man tho eer sae poor
 Is king o men for a that

Ye see yon birkie³, ca'd a lord
 Wha struts and stares and a that
 Tho hundreds worship at his word
 He s but a coof⁴ for a that
 For a that an a that
 His riband star and a that
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a that

lark

coarse woollen cloth.

conceited fellow

blockhead

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith, he mauna fa'¹ that '
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that ,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree², and a' that ,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that ,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ,
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdaining

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow joined
 Sic notes o' wae could wauken

¹ manage

² pre-eminence.

Thou tells o never ending care
 O speechless grief, and dark despair
 For pity's sake, sweet bird nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

T ne— This is no my ain House.¹

This is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho the lassie be
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form I see a face
 Ye weel may wi¹ the fairest place
 It wants to me the witching grace
 The kind love that s in her ee
 This is no &c.

She s bonie blooming straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall
 And aye it charms my very saul
 The kind love that s in her ee
 This is no &c

A thief sae pawkie² is my Jeon,
 To steal a blink by a unseen
 But gleg³ as light are lovers een,
 When kind love is in the ee.
 This is no &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks
 It may escape the learned clerks
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that s in her ee
 This is no &c.

¹ win

² cunning

quick.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

Tune—'The Lothian Lassie'

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me,
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
 And vowed for my love he was diem,
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean
 The Lord forgie me for him, for him,
 The Lord forgie me for him

A weel-stocked mailen¹, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers
 I never loot on² that I kenned it, or cared,
 But thought I might hae waur³ offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers

But what wad ye think[?] in a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
 He up the lang loan⁴ to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste⁵ o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
 I glowred as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowred as I'd seen a warlock

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was saucy,
 My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
 And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vowed I was his dear lassie

¹ farm² let out³ worse⁴ green lane, the same word as *loaning*⁵ market.

I spier'd¹ for my cousin fu couthy² and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin
And how her new shoon fit her auld shacht³ feet—
But Heavens! how he fell a swearin a swearin,
But Heavens! how he fell a swearin
He begged for Gudesake I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi sorrow
So een to preserve the poor body in life
I think I maun wed him to morrow to morrow
I think I maun wed him to morrow

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

Tune— The Lass of Livingstone.

O wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea
My plaidie to the angry air⁴
I d shelter thee I d shelter thee
Or did misfortunes bitter storms
Around thee blaw around thee blaw,
Thy bield⁵ should be my bosom,
To share it a, to share it a
Or were I in the wildest waste
Sae black and bare sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o the globe
Wi thee to reign wi thee to reign
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen wad be my queen

¹ asked kind
direction of the wind

³ twisted.
⁴ shelter

CAROLINE OLIPHANT

(BARONESS NAIRN)

[LADY NAIRN was born in 1766. Though she lived to an advanced age, dying in 1845, most of her songs were written early in life, soon after the appearance of Burns's poems in 1787. The first and only collected edition of her works appeared in 1869, but for two generations before, songs of her composing had been sung in every Scotch household and concert room, though the name of the author was unknown. A surprising number of the most familiar Scotch songs, many of them popularly believed to have descended from remote antiquity, were written by Lady Nairn—*The Land o' the Leal, The Laird o' Cockpen, Callie Herrin, The Auld House, Hunting-Tower, John Tod, Wha'll be King but Charlie? Charlie is my darling, Will ye no come back again? He's ower the hills that I loe weel, I will sit in my wee croo house*]

Like another Scotch lady, the authoress of *Auld Robin Gray*, Miss Oliphant was first moved to song-writing by the desire of rescuing fine old tunes from coarse themes. This is her own account of the beginning of her poetic impulse, she saw, she says, with admiration how Burns was fitting popular melodies with worthy words, and longed to help him in the good work. That this object should have mixed with her poetic impulses is characteristic of her training, but no songs written with or without a moral object were ever more spontaneous in their lyric flow, more free from artificiality. Two great motives may be distinguished in her verse—sympathy with the life of the common people among whom she moved with old-fashioned familiarity as a radiant comforter and joy-bringer, and sympathy with the chivalrous spirit of Jacobitism, which was the air she breathed in her own family. Her songs contain all that is best and highest in the Jacobite poetry of Scotland,—the tender regret that never sinks into wailing, the high-tempered gaiety that bends but will not break, the fiery spirit that reaches forward to victory and never thinks of defeat. It was a misfortune for the Pretender that such a poet-

laureate of his cause did not appear till forty years after that cause was hopelessly lost. Lady Nairn's Jacobite songs—she did not receive her title till her husband's attainder was removed in 184—were written for the consolation of an aged kinsman who had followed 'Prince Charlie's' fortunes in 1745. Her grandfather Oliphant of Gask had been 'out' in 1715 as well as 1745 and of her father the Pretender wrote—'He is as worthy a subject as I have, and his family never deroged from their principals. The atmosphere of sincere and chivalrous Jacobitism in which she was nurtured accounts in no small measure for the intense air of reality in her songs.

W. MINTO

WHA 'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE ?

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen

Will soon gar mony ferlie¹,

For ships o' war hae just come in

And landit Royal Charlie

Come through the heather, around him gather,

Ye're a' th' welcomer early,

Around him cling wi' a' your kin,

For wha'll be King but Charlie?

Come through the heather, around him gather,

Come Ronald, come Donald, com a' thegither,

And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,

For wha'll be King but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,

Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,

Hae to a man declared to stand,

Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie,

Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',

Wi mony a lord and laird, hae

Declared for Scotia's King and law,

And spier ye wha but Charlie?

Come through the heather, &c.

There's nae a lass in a' the lan',

But vows faith late an' early,

She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han',

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie

Come through the heather, &c

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,

And be't complete an' early,

His very name our hearts' blood warms,

To arms for Royal Charlie !

Come through the heather, &c.

¹ make many wonder

THE LAND O THE LEAL

I'm wearin awa, John
Like snaw wreaths in thaw John,
I'm wearin awa
 To the land o the leal
There s nae sorrow there John
There s neither could nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o the leal.

Our bonnie bairn s there John
She was baith gude and fair John
And oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o the leal
But sorrow s sel wears past John
And joy s a comin fast John
The joy that s aye to last
 In the land o the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought John
Sae free the battle fought John,
That sinfu man eer brought
 To the land o the leal
Oh! dry your glistening ee John,
My soul langs to be free, John
And angels beckon me,
 To the land o the leal

Oh! haud ye leal and true John,
Your day it s wearin through John,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o the leal
Now fare ye weel my ain John
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and we'll be fain
 In the land o the leal

MRS BARBAULD

[ANNA LETITIA Aikin, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, 1743 Published *Poems*, 1773, *Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose* by J and A L Aikin, 1773 Married Rev Rochemont Barbauld, 1774 Published *Poetical Epistle to Mr Wilberforce*, 1791. *Hymns in Prose for Little Children*, 1811 Died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825]

The poems of Mrs Barbauld are chiefly written in the elegant pseudo classic style of the close of the last century. She expresses herself clearly and with grace, a certain artificiality of manner harmonises with her choice of subject. Her poetry is without deep thought or passion, but it is free from blunders of an avoidable kind. The spirit of self-criticism which prompted her to destroy all her juvenile verses, never permitted her to include with her published works any ill-considered thought or unsuccessful effort. 'I had rather,' she declared, in answer to remonstrance, 'that it should be asked of twenty pieces why they are not here, than of one why it is.' The bulk of Mrs Barbauld's poetry is inspired by the trivial occasions of domestic life, and when she quits the personal vein, it is of Delia and Damon, of Sylvia and Corin, that she sings, pretty shepherdesses and tuneful shepherds, whose delicate pretence of loving claims no relation to the passions of reality. Such fancies move her to an airy playfulness, a charming feminine kind of humour. She is gay, but her gayest mood is without abandonment. Frequent allusions to the classic poets, quoted lines of Virgil, remind us that the poetess is also a learned lady, a school-mistress, and an authority on education.

The fame of Mrs Barbauld's hymns has outlived the rest of her work. Yet with the exception of her charming *Hymns in Prose for Little Children*, they seem, to a modern reader, deficient in fervour and in religious emotion. They are pure in tone and lofty, but often singularly cold. There can be no doubt, however, of their sincerity.

Mrs Barbauld essayed her strength in one or two serious poems and epistles on political subjects. In the treatment of such themes she was not happy. It is only in her lighter moods that she is free from a certain complacent shallowness of sentiment which lessens the value of her work. This fault is less noticeable in her later poems when age and sad experience had overcome her yet even here in only one of her lyrics in the close of the *Ode to Life* do we meet with much real beauty of feeling. Towards the end of her days she composed the longest of her poems *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*. Her subject is the decline of British power the transfer of European prestige to America and it is not surprising that it was received with much disfavour. Nor were the public to be soothed by hearing that the ingenuous youth from the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake, forerunners of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander should making dutious pilgrimage to London's faded glories, enquire

Where all accomplished Jones his race began.

Mrs Barbauld could not forgive the public its ingratitude. She took a mild revenge in publishing no more poems and the step it may be was a wise one. In the heyday of the Georgian revival her academic little verses must have missed their accustomed praise. Her vaunted immortelles had already faded. I fear they will bear no more their golden flowers in any possible future.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

UNIVERSITY
OF
CAMBRIDGE
1877

ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned,

From the green islands of eternal youth,
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever springing shade;
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thine own tender calm

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet, and cull thy earliest sweet,
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh

Unlock thy copious stores,—those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale,
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph approach! while yet the temperate sun
 With bashful forehead through the cool moist air
 Throws his young maiden beams,
 And with chaste kisses wooes

The earth's fair bosom while the streaming veil
 Of lucid clouds with wind and frequent shade
 Protects thy modest blooms
 From his severer blaze

Sweet is thy reign but short —the red dog star
 Shall scorch thy tresses and the mower's scythe
 Thy greens thy flowerets all
 Remorseless shall destroy

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell
 For O not all that Autumn's lap contains,
 Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits
 Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
 Than all their largest wealth and through the heart
 Each joy and new born hope
 With softest influence breathes.

LIFE.

Animula vacula blandula

Life! I know not what thou art
 But know that thou and I must part
 And when or how or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet
 But this I know, when thou art fled
 Where'er they lay these limbs this head,
 No clod so valueless shall be
 As all that then remains of me
 O whither whither dost thou fly
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
 And in this strange divorce
 Ah tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee?

Life ' we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear,
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good morning

GEORGE CRABBE

[GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough in Suffolk of poor parents on the 24th of December 1754. He was apprenticed in his fourteenth year to a surgeon at Wickham Brook near Bury St Edmunds and after completing his term actually practised at Aldborough. He was not however successful in his profession and being reduced to great extremities he determined to go to London and to devote himself to literature for which he had at an early age discovered a strong bent. For a long time he sought in vain for patronage but was at length fortunate enough to attract the attention of Burke through whose kindly influence *The Library* (1781) was favourably received by the public. In the same year he took orders and two years later published *The Village* after first submitting it to the revision of Johnson. This work at once established his reputation but instead of following up his success for the period of twenty four years he published but one poem *The Newspaper* (1785) and devoted himself almost entirely to parish work. In 1807 appeared *The Parish Register* which was succeeded in 1810 by *The Borough* in 1812 by *Tales in Verse* and in 1819 by *Tales of the Hall*. This was his last poetical work though his death did not take place till February 3 1831 thirteen years later.]

Crabbe's poems form a very distinct landmark in the course of English literature. Nothing is more noticeable in the latter part of the eighteenth century than the apparent exhaustion of poetical material. Poetry thrives in an agitated atmosphere it languishes in a state of settled repose. For more than a century before the appearance of Crabbe the prevailing tone of English poetry had been political. The interest of the people had been absorbed in the establishment of their constitutional liberties which they had secured at the price of civil war and a disputed succession and what was felt in society was reflected in verse. The political passions of the period show themselves in different forms in the controversial satires of Dryden in the personal satires of Pope in the dramatic declamation of Addison and at last in the more composed moralising of Johnson and Goldsmith. But by degrees under a settled dynasty, the air is cleared of serious

political storms And as the times become more quiet, we observe a rapid ebb in the inspiration of the poets who carried on the traditions peculiar to the eighteenth century Churchill is but a poor third in satire to Dryden and Pope, *The Traveller* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* are ill replaced in the didactic class of poetry by Erasmus Darwin's frigid *Loves of the Plants*, or Payne Knight's *Progress of Society* In another direction the strong centrifugal tendency of poetry, afterwards so fully developed by the Lake School, first discovers itself in the solitary and meditative muse of Cowper, and in the Doric provincialism of Burns

Another feature equally observable in late eighteenth-century poetry is the decline of the Romantic pastoralism of the classical Renaissance From *The Shepherds Calender* down to the *Pastorals* of Pope this literary fashion of thought had continued to afford materials to the English poet It was derived from the fiction of a Golden Age of virtue and innocence, traces of which were supposed still to linger in the simplicity of country life A belief so artificial could only thrive in an artificial atmosphere, it was congenial to Courts For a long period 'every flowery courtier writ romance,' and in all that portion of society which pretended to good breeding, each lover thought of himself as a shepherd, and sighed for his mistress as a nymph. Slight indications of the fashion are to be found even in poets so plain and unaffected as Cowper and Burns But as wealth accumulated, and the democratic influence of cities extended, it was gradually felt that for a rich and refined society to be always emulating the manners of shepherds was somewhat absurd This feeling found a vigorous exponent in Johnson, whose *Lives of the Poets* abound in expressions of contempt for the insipidity and unreality of pastoral poetry

Of these conditions of taste Crabbe dexterously availed himself He saw that the questions which were becoming of paramount interest in men's minds were no longer political but social Himself born and bred among the poor, he knew that there was a vast range of human interest in the actions, passions, and manners of common life, of which the general reader, though they lay immediately under his eyes, was completely ignorant At the same time his knowledge of English literature enabled him to perceive how effective a contrast might be drawn between rural life as it was conventionally described by poets, and as it existed in reality On this principle he designed and executed *The Village* Beginning with a brief but telling allusion to the fiction of the Golden

Age he proceeded to draw with a stern fidelity the picture of the actual village with its sterile soil its half starved inhabitants and its smuggling surroundings he described the sufferings of the peasant concealed by pride or suppressed by necessity the hopelessness of his prospect in the workhouse which awaited his old age and where he could look for no relief for his material and spiritual wants except such as might be afforded by the quack doctor or the fox hunting parson His apology for such a representation of reality was he said the necessity of showing how small was the difference between the different ranks of men when measured by the standard of their common nature. The plea was felt to be just many whose imaginations had before been satisfied with the dreamland of conventional fancy were induced to extend their sympathies to the drama of actual life *The Village* speedily became popular

Yet though Crabbe had thus established for himself a permanent place among the English poets he seemed in no haste to work further the vein of poetry which he had discovered. After the publication of *The Newspaper*—a somewhat uninteresting composition—he seemed almost to lay aside literary ambition and twenty two years elapsed before the appearance of *The Parish Register*. This poem is an extension of the subject treated in *The Village* he takes up again the old text Auburn and Eden can be found no more but experience of the world had enlarged his views and his descriptions of life and character in the *Register* are not so unvaryingly dark as in the earlier poem To his view of country tempers manners, morals customs arts he now joined some highly finished episodes of individual life one of which, the story of Phœbe Dawson is specially memorable as having given pleasure to Fox in his last illness In his next poem *The Borough* together with many admirable pictures of that Suffolk coast life and scenery which always exercised a strong spell on his imaginations, he inserted several connected tales illustrative of the peculiar temptations and passions to which the poor are exposed and having now discovered his extraordinary power of tracing the working of the human mind he soon afterwards published twenty one *Tales* of various kinds tragic pathetic and humorous These were entirely wanting in connection and it was probably a fear that the appearance of a new set of separate stories might expose him to the charge of repeating himself which caused him to attempt a kind of unity in his last work, *Tales of the Hall*

In this the stories, though in every other respect resembling the first series, were connected with each other by the persons of the narrators, two brothers, who having been parted since their youth, meet when middle-aged in the house of the elder, and amuse each other with their different experiences

Though Crabbe occupies so marked a place in the history of English poetry, he has not met in our own generation with all the attention which he deserves. Something of this comparative neglect is to be attributed to changes in society, the altered position of the poor has fortunately deprived his poems of much of the reality they once possessed. Something too must be ascribed to the revolutions of taste. We have been long accustomed to look at Nature and peasant life through the philosophic medium created for us by Wordsworth and his followers. From the poetical standpoint of this school Crabbe is as far removed as he is from the conventional pastoralism of his predecessors. His intention is simply to paint things as they are, and modern ideology therefore finds in his poetry an uncongenial atmosphere. But beyond this it must be allowed that of all standard English writers Crabbe makes the largest demands on the patience of his readers. His great defect is an incurable want of taste. Like Rembrandt, to whose work his poetical chiaroscuro has a striking analogy, he seems, while impressing the imagination with powerful effects of light and shade, to delight at the same time in the exhibition of the most vulgar details. These he introduces into his poetry without the slightest attempt at generalisation or selection. In the midst of a passage of sustained tragic pathos he shocks us by the appearance of some incredibly mean thought or word, his shrewd humour runs without restraint into coarseness, and he frequently oversteps the line that divides the horrible from the terrible.

Yet after making full deduction for these defects we have still left a body of powerful and original poetry, and indeed the defects themselves arise from that strong bent of genius which makes Crabbe's verse such an admirable foil to the insincerity of the fashionable pastoral. The extraordinary minuteness of his descriptions of actual nature becomes excusable when we take into consideration the deep moral truth which he seeks to convey in them. As an observer and painter of the individual truths of nature no poet has ever approached him. He had a scientific interest and curiosity about all living objects, and this, though it impaired his sense of beauty, gave him an unrivalled power

in placing the scenes and persons he described before the mind of the reader. Whether he paints a storm on the East Coast or exhibits the succession of images passing through the imagination of the condemned felon or shows the mental stages by which the enthusiast of virtue proceeds to crime everything is represented with an appearance of scientific precision which in an ordinary poet would be offensive, but which from Crabbe's point of view is just and necessary. At the same time, with all this Dutch minuteness he possessed as we see in *The Lover's Journey* and *Delry has Danger* exceptional skill in describing Nature in the aspect which she presents to minds labouring under strong emotions. His powers of pathos are extraordinary and his faculty of giving pain is often put to an illegitimate use. When his humour is under his control it is admirable and of all the poets who have used the heroic couplet Pope himself not excepted, he is the best writer of easy dialogue. As a painter of character he evidently modelled himself on Pope but the style of the two poets is as different as their genius. Pope an unequalled observer within a limited compass is most careful to choose rare types and to embody their prominent features in the most select and pregnant words. Crabbe on the other hand trusts to the largeness of his experience and to the general human interest of his descriptions and though preserving the antithetical form of Pope's verse, makes comparatively little attempt at epigrammatic expression. It is noticeable that as his subjects become more numerous and extended his care in composition seems to diminish there is far more literary finish in *The Village* than in *Tales of the Hall*.

W J COURTHOPE.

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS

[From *The Village*, Book I]

Fled are those times, when in harmonious strains,
 The rustic poet praised his native plains
 No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
 Their country's beauty, or their nymph's rehearse,
 Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
 Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
 And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
 The only pains, alas ! they never feel

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
 If Tityrus found the golden age again,
 Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
 Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song ?
 From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
 Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way ?

* * * * *

No, cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
 Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast ;
 Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
 And other shepherds dwell with other mates,
 By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
 As Truth will paint it and as bards will not .
 Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain ;
 O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme ?
 Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
 By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed ?—
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ?
 Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor,
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears ,

Rank weeds that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war
There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil
Hardy and high above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

[From *The Borough* Letter xxiii.]

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain
He sees the judge and jury—when he shakes
And loudly cries Not guilty! and awakes
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep

Now comes the dream again it shows each scene
With each small circumstance that comes between
The call to suffering and the very deed—
There crowds go with him follow, and precede
Some heartless shout, some pity all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them
He seems the place for that sad act to see
And dreams the very thirst which then will be
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days beneath whose care he grew

At this his terrors take a sudden flight,
He sees his native village with delight
The home the chamber where he once arrayed
His youthful person where he knelt and prayed

Then too the comfort he enjoyed at home,
 The days of joy, the joys themselves are come,—
 The hours of innocence, the timid look
 Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,
 And told his hope, her trembling joy appears,
 Her forced reserve and his retreating fears

All now is present; 'tis a moment's gleam,
 Of former sunshine—stray delightful dream!
 Let them within his pleasant garden wall,
 Give him her arm, of blessing let them call.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
 Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile
 Then come his sister and his village friend,
 And he will now the sweetest moments spend
 Life has to yield,—No! never will he find
 Again on earth such pleasure in his mind
 He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
 Love in their looks and honour on the tongue
 Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
 The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows
 Pierced by no crime and urged by no desire
 For more than true and honest hearts require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
 Through the green lane—then linger in the mead,
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
 And pluck the blossoms where the wild bees hum,
 Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheep-wall's slender grass,
 Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed,
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
 O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay!
 The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
 The waves that faintly fall and slowly run—
 The ships at distance and the boats at hand,
 And now they walk upon the seaside sand,
 Counting the number and what kind they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea,
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold

The glittering waters on the shingles rolled
 The timid girls half dreading their design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine
 And search for crimson weeds which spreading flow
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below
 With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly shines upon.
 And those live lucid jellies which the eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glittering by
 Pearl shells and rubied star fish they admire,
 And will arrange above the parlour fire—
 Tokens of bliss! Oh! horrible! a wave
 Roars as it rises—Save me Edward save!
 She cries —Alas! the watchman on his way
 Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

STROLLING PLAYERS.

[From *The Borough* Letter xii.]

Sad happy race! Soon raised and soon depressed,
 Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest
 Poor without prudence with afflictions vain,
 Not warned by misery not enriched by gain
 Whom justice pitying chides from place to place,
 A wandering, careless wretched, merry race,
 Who cheerful looks assume and play the parts
 Of happy rovers with repining hearts
 Then cast off care and, in the mimic pain
 Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,
 Distress and hope—the minds, the bodys, wear,
 The man's affliction and the actor's tear
 Alternate times of fasting and excess
 Are yours ye smiling children of distress

Slaves though ye be your wandering freedom seems
 And with your varying views and restless schemes
 Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams

THE FOUNDER OF THE ALMSHOUSE.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xiii.]

Leave now our streets, and in yon plain behold
 Those pleasant seats for the reduced and old,
 A merchant's gift, whose wife and children died;
 When he to saving all his powers applied,
 He wore his coat till bare was every thread,
 And with the meanest fare his body fed
 He had a female cousin, who with care
 Walked in his steps, and learned of him to spare;
 With emulation and success they strove,
 Improving still, still seeking to improve,
 As if that useful knowledge they would gain—
 How little food would human life sustain
 No pauper came their table's crumbs to crave;
 Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they gave:
 When beggars saw the frugal merchant pass,
 It moved their pity and they said 'Alas!
 Hard is thy fate, my brother,' and they felt
 A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt
 The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the poor,
 Barked him away from every decent door,
 While they who saw him bare but thought him rich,
 To show respect or scorn they knew not which

But while our merchant seemed so base and mean,
 He had his wanderings, sometimes not unseen;
 To scenes of various woe he nightly went,
 And serious sums in healing misery spent;
 Oft has he cheered the wretched at a rate
 For which he daily might have dined on plate;
 He has been seen—his hair all silver white,
 Shaking and shivering—as he stole by night,
 To feed unenvied on his still delight
 A twofold taste he had, to give and spare,
 Both were his duties, and had equal care.

It was his joy to sit at home and fast,
 Then send a widow and her boys repast
 Tears in his eyes would spite of him appear,
 But he from other eyes has kept the tear
 All in a wintry night from far he came
 To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame,
 Whose husband robbd him and to whom he meant
 A lingering but reforming punishment
 Home then he walked and found his anger rise
 When fire and rushlight met his troubled eyes
 But these extinguished and his prayer addressed
 To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to rest.

A STORM ON THE EAST COAST

[From *The Borough Letter* :]

View now the winter storm! above one cloud
 Black and unbroken all the skies oershroud
 The unwieldy porpoise through the day before
 Had rolled in view of boding men on shore
 And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form,
 Dark as the cloud and furious as the storm
 All where the eye delights yet dreads to roam,
 The breaking billows cast the flying foam
 Upon the billows rising—all the deep
 Is restless change the waves so swelled and steep
 Breaking and sinking and the sunken swells
 Nor one one moment, in its station dwells
 But nearer land you may the billows trace,
 As if contending in their watery chase
 May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
 Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch
 Curled as they come they strike with furious force,
 And then, reflowing take their grating course,
 Raking the rounded flints which ages past
 Rolled by their rage and shall to ages last.
 Far off the petrel in the troubled way
 Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray,

She rises often, often drops again,
 And sports at ease on the tempestuous main
 High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
 Of gunners' hope, vast flocks of wild-duck stretch,
 Far as the eye can glance on either side,
 In a broad space and level line they glide;
 All in their wedge-like figures from the north
 Day after day, flight after flight, go forth
 In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
 And drop for prey within the sweeping surge,
 Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
 Far back, then turn and all their force apply,
 While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry,
 Or clap the sleek white pinion on the breast,
 And in the restless ocean dip for rest
 Darkness begins to reign, the louder wind
 Appals the weak, and awes the firmer mind,
 But frights not him whom evening and the spray
 In part conceal—yon prowler on his way,
 Lo, he has something seen, he runs apace,
 As if he fear'd companion in the chase;
 He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
 Slowly and sorrowing—'Was your search in vain?'
 Gruffly he answers, 'Tis a sorry sight!
 A seaman's body there'll be more to-night!"

AN ENTANGLEMENT

[From *Tales of the Hall*]

[The following is an extract from one of the *Tales of the Hall*, entitled
 'Delay has Danger' A young man, who is happily engaged to be married,
 finds himself, during a visit in a friend's house, partly through his own
 weakness and folly, partly through the cunning designs of others, com-
 promised in his relations with a girl of inferior station and insignificant
 attractions The dialogue that ensues is between the unwilling lover and
 the girl's adopted parents, who are upper servants in his host's house, and
 who, having brought about the entanglement, now affect to encourage the
 lover in his timid advances]

'An orphan maid—your patience! you shall have
 Your time to speak, I now attention crave—

Fanny dear girl ! has in my spouse and me
 Friends of a kind we wish our friends to be
 None of the poorest—nay sir, no reply
 You shall not need—and we are born to die
 And one yet crawls on earth of whom, I say,
 That what he has he cannot take away
 Her mother's father one who has a store
 Of this world's goods and always looks for more
 But next his money, loves the girl at heart
 And she will have it when they come to part

'Sir' said the youth his terrors all awake
 'Hear me I pray I beg—for mercys sake !
 Sir were the secrets of my soul confessed
 Would you admit the truths that I protest
 Are such—your pardon—

'Pardon' good my friend

I not alone will pardon I commend
 Think you that I have no remembrance left
 Of youthful love and Cupid's cunning theft?
 How nymphs will listen when their swains persuade
 How hearts are gained and how exchange is made?
 Come, sir your hand—

'In mercy hear me now !'

I cannot hear you time will not allow
 You know my station what on me depends
 For ever needed—but we part as friends
 And here comes one who will the whole explain,
 My better self—and we shall meet again
 'Sir I entreat—

'Then be entreaty made

To her, a woman one you may persuade
 A little teasing, but she will comply
 And loves her niece too fondly to deny'
 'O' he is mad and miserable I'

Exclaimed the youth 'but let me now collect
 My scatter'd thoughts I something must effect
 Hurrying she came—'Now what has he confessed
 Ere I could come to set your heart at rest?

What' he has grieved you! Yet he too approves

The thing ' but man will tease you, if he loves
 But now for business tell me, did you think
 That we should always at your meetings wink ?
 Think you, you walked unseen ? There are who bring
 To me all secrets—O you wicked thing !
 Poor Fanny ! now I think I see her blush,
 All red and rosy, when I beat the bush ,
 And " Hide your secret,"—said I, " if you dare !"
 So out it came like an affrightened hare
 " Miss !" said I, gravely and the trembling maid
 Pleased me at heart to see her so afraid ,
 And then she wept,—now, do remember this,
 Never to chide her when she does amiss ,
 For she is tender as the callow bird,
 And cannot bear to have her temper stirred ,—
 " Fanny," I said, then whispered her the name,
 And caused such looks—yes, yours are just the same ,
 But hear my story—When your love was known
 For this our child—she is in fact our own—
 Then, -first debating, we agreed at last
 To seek my Lord and tell him what had passed '
 ' To tell the Earl ?'

' Yes truly, and why not ?'
 And then together we contrived our plot '
 ' Eternal God !'

' Nay be not so surprised,—
 In all the matter we were well advised ,
 We saw my Lord, and Lady Jane was there,
 And said to Johnson—' Johnson, take a chair '
 True we are servants in a certain way,
 But in the higher places so are they ,
 We are obeyed in ours and they in theirs obey—
 So Johnson bowed, for that was right and fit,
 And had no scruple with the Earl to sit—
 Why look you so impatient while I tell
 What they debated ? You must like it well '

* * * * *

That evening all in fond discourse was spent
 When the sad lover to his chamber went,

To think on what had passed to grieve and to repent
Early he rose and looked with many a sigh
On the red light that filled the eastern sky
Oft had he stood before alert and gay
To hail the glories of the new born day
But now dejected, languid listless low,
He saw the wind upon the water blow
And the cold stream curled onward as the gale
From the pine hill blew harshly down the dale
On the right side the youth a wood surveyed
With all its dark intensity of shade
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move
In this the pause of nature and of love,
When now the young are reared, and when the old,
Lost to the tie grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen
Before him swallows gathering for the sea
Took their short flights and twittered on the lea
And near the bean sheaf stood the harvest done
And slowly blackened in the sickly sun
All these were sad in nature or they took
Sadness from time the likeness of his look,
And of his mind—he pondered for a while
Then met his Fanny with a borrowed smile

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[WILLIAM BLAKE was born in London, at No 28, Broad Street, Golden Square, on the 28th November 1757, he died in Fountain Court, Strand, on the 12th of August, 1827 His *Poetical Sketches* were published in 1783, and the *Songs of Innocence* in 1787 In 1787 was also published *The Book of Thel*, and this was followed in 1790 by *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in 1791 by *The French Revolution*, and in 1793 by *The Gates of Paradise*, the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, and the *America* The *Songs of Experience*, designed as a companion series to the earlier *Songs of Innocence*, were issued in 1794 Of the later productions of the poet nearly all belonged to the class of prophetic books To the year 1794 belong the *Europe* and *The Book of Urizen*, in 1795 appeared *The Song of Los* and *The Book of Ahania*, and in 1804 the *Jerusalem* and the *Milton*]

The poetry of Blake holds a unique position in the history of English literature Its extraordinary independence of contemporary fashion in verse, and its intuitive sympathy with the taste of a later generation, would alone suffice to give a peculiar interest to the study of the poet's career Nor is this interest in any way diminished by a knowledge of Blake's singular and strongly marked individuality Indeed, it is scarcely possible to do justice to the great qualities of his imagination, or to make due allowance for its startling defects, unless the exercise of the poetic gift is considered in relation to the other faculties of his mind He appealed to the world in the double capacity of poet and painter, and such was the peculiar nature of his endowment and the particular method of his work, that it is difficult to measure the value of his literary genius without some reference to his achievements in design For it is not merely that he practised the two arts simultaneously, but that he chose to combine them after a fashion of his own An engraver by profession and training, he began at a very early age to employ his technical knowledge in the invention of a wholly original system of literary publication With the exception of the *Poetical Sketches*, issued in the ordinary form through the kindly help of friends, nearly all of Blake's poems

were given to the world in a fantastic dress of his own devising. He became in a special sense his own printer and his own publisher. The typography of his poems and the pictorial illustration by which they were accompanied were blended in a single scheme of ornamental design and from the engraved plate upon which this design was executed by the artist's own hand copies were struck off in numbers more than sufficient to satisfy the modest demands of his admirers.

This peculiar process of publication cannot of course be held to affect Blake's claims as a poet. It bears a more obvious relation to those powers of a purely artistic kind which are not here in question but its employment by him is nevertheless well deserving of remark in this place because it indicates a certain quality of mind that deeply affected his poetic individuality. That happy mingling and confusion of text and ornament which gave such a charm to *Songs of Innocence* was the symbol of a strongly marked intellectual tendency that afterwards received a morbid development. Blake has been called mad and within certain well defined limits the charge must we think, be admitted. He possessed only in the most imperfect and rudimentary form the faculty which distinguishes the functions of art and literature and when his imagination was exercised upon any but the simplest material his logical powers became altogether unequal to the labour of logical and consequent expression. That this failure arose rather from morbid excess and excitement of visionary power than from any abnormal defect of intellectual energy is sufficiently indicated by the facts of his career. For while his hold over the abstract symbols of language grew gradually feeble, his powers of pictorial imagery became correspondingly vigorous and intense. The artistic faculty in Blake strengthened and developed with advancing life and he produced no surer or more satisfying example of his powers than the series of illustrations to the Book of Job executed when he was already an old man.

Indeed if Blake had never committed himself to literature we should scarcely be aware of the morbid tendency of his mind. It is only in turning from his design to his verse that we are forced to recognise the imperfect balance of his faculties nor could we rightly understand the strange limitation of his poetical powers without constant reference to this dispersed activity of the artistic sense. For there is a large portion of Blake's verse which is not infected at all with the suspicion of insanity, and it seems at first

sight almost inexplicable that a writer who has produced some of the simplest and sweetest lyrics in the language should also have left behind him a confused mass of writings such as no man can hope to decipher. All that can be done for these so-called *Prophetic Books* has been accomplished by Mr Swinburne, in his sympathetic study of the poet's work, but although Mr Swinburne rightly asserts the power that is displayed in them, his eloquent commentary does not substantially change the ordinary judgment of their confused and inconsequent character. The defects of such work are too grave for any kind of serious vindication to be really possible, and if Blake had produced nothing more or nothing better, his claims to rank among English poets could not be successfully maintained. But these defects, although they are in their nature incurable, are not altogether incapable of explanation. For it cannot be questioned by any one who has seriously attempted to decipher these 'prophetic' writings, that to Blake himself the ordinary modes of intellectual expression had become charged with something of mysterious and special meaning. Words were no longer mere abstract symbols: they had assumed to his imagination the force of individual images. As they passed into his work they lost the stamp of ordinary currency and became impressed with a device of his own coinage, vivid and eloquent to him, but strange to all the world beside. To Blake's mind, in short, these prophetic writings doubtless formed a series of distinct and coherent pictures, but without the key that he alone possessed, they must ever remain a chaos through which not even the most wary guide can hope to find a path.

Putting aside the prophetic books, the quantity of verse which Blake has left behind him is by no means large. His lyrical poems have been collected in a small volume edited by Mr W. M. Rossetti, and the contents of this volume are found to be mainly derived from the *Poetical Sketches* and the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. It is to these essays of his youth and early manhood that we must look for the true sources of his fame. The *Poetical Sketches*, begun when the author was only twelve years of age, and finished when he was no more than twenty, must assuredly be reckoned among the most extraordinary examples of youthful production, and it is profoundly characteristic of the man and his particular cast of mind that many of these boyish poems are among the best that Blake at any time produced. For his was a nature that owed little to development or experience. The perfect

innocence of his spirit as it kept him safe from the taint of the world also rendered him incapable of receiving that enlargement of sympathy and deepening of emotion which others differently constituted may gain from contact with actual life. His imagination was not of the kind that could deal with the complex problems of human passion. He retained to the end of his days the happy ignorance as well as the freshness of childhood. And it is therefore perhaps less wonderful in his case than it would be in the case of a poet of richer and more varied humanity that he should be able to display at once and in early youth the full measure of his powers.

But this acknowledgment of the inherent limitation of Blake's poetic gift leads us by a natural process to a clearer recognition of its great qualities. His detachment from the ordinary currents of practical thought left to his mind an unspoiled and delightful simplicity which has perhaps never been matched in English poetry. The childlike beauty of his poems is entirely free from the awkward hip of wisdom that condescends. It is always unconscious and always unstrained and even the simplicity of a poet like Wordsworth must often seem by comparison to be tainted with a didactic spirit. Blake's verse has indeed both as regards intellectual invention and executive skill a kind of unpremeditated charm that forces comparison with the things of inanimate life. Where he is successful his work has the fresh perfume and perfect grace of a flower and at all times there is the air of careless growth that belongs to the shapes of our world nature. And yet this quality of simplicity is constantly associated with an unusual power of rendering the most subtle effects of beauty. In the actual processes of his art Blake could command the utmost refinement and delicacy of style. He possessed in a rare degree the secret by which the loveliness of a scene can be arrested and registered in a line of verse and he often displays a faultless choice of language and the finest sense of poetic melody.

We have said already that he worked in absolute independence of the accepted models of his time. This is strictly true but it would be absurd therefore to assume that he laboured without any models at all. Blake's isolation if we look to the character of the man, is indeed less extraordinary than it would otherwise appear. He did not mingle in the concerns of life in such a way as to expose him to the dangers of being unduly swayed by the caprices of fashion. His was a world of his own creating and to his vivid

imagination the poets of an earlier generation would seem as near as the versifiers of his own day. That he should have chosen from the past those models whose example was most needed in order to infuse a new life into English poetry proves of course the justice of his poetic instinct. In fixing upon the great writers of the Elizabethan age he anticipated, as we have already observed, the taste of a succeeding generation, and it is only to be regretted that he did not absolutely confine himself to these nobler models of style. Unfortunately however his own intellectual tendency towards mysticism, found only too ready encouragement in the prophetic vagueness of the Ossianic verse, and we may fairly trace a part at least of Blake's obscurer manner to this source.

J COMYNS CARR

[From *Poetical Sketches*]

TO THE LARK STAR

Thou fur haired Angel of the Evening
 Now whilst the sun rests on the mountain hill
 Thy bright torch of love—thy radiant crown
 Put on and smile upon our evening bed
 Smile on our loves and while thou drawest the
 Blue curtains of the sky scatter thy silver dew
 On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
 In timely sleep—Let thy West Wind sleep on
 The lake—speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
 And wash the dusk with silver—Soon full soon
 Dost thou withdraw—then the wolf raves wide
 And the lion pines through the cane forest
 The flocks of our flocks are covered with
 Thy sacred dew—protect them with thine influence!

SONG

How sweet I roamed from field to field
 And tasted all the summer's pride
 Till I the Prince of Love beheld
 Who in the sunny beams did glide
 He showed me lilies for my hair
 And blushing roses for my brow
 And led me through his gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow
 With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
 And I hæbus fired my vocal race
 He caught me in his silken net
 And shut me in his golden cage
 He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then laughing sports and plays with me
 Then stretches out my golden wing
 And mocks my loss of liberty

SONG

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave :
Such end true lovers have

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold ;
Oh, why to him was't given
Whose heart is wintry cold ?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet,
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempest beat,
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away'

SONG

Memory, hither come
And tune your merry notes ;
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass

I ll drink of the clear stream
And hear the linnet's song
And there I ll lie and dream
The day along
And when night comes I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley,
With silent Melancholy

MAD SONG

The wild winds weep
And the night is a cold
Come hither, Sleep
And my griefs enfold
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling beds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of pavèd heaven
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven
They strike the ear of night
Make weak the eyes of day
They make mad the roaring winds
And with tempests play

Like a fiend in a cloud
With howling woe
After night I do crowd
And with night will go
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increased
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain

TO THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
 Or in the chambers of the East,
 The chambers of the Sun that now
 From ancient melody have ceased ,
 Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
 Or the green corners of the Earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air,
 Where the melodious winds have birth ,
 Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,
 Wandering in many a coral grove ,
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry
 How have you left your ancient love
 That bards of old enjoyed in you !
 The languid strings do scarcely move,
 The sound is forced, the notes are few

[From *Songs of Innocence*]

INTRODUCTION

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me —
 'Pipe a song about a lamb '
 So I piped with merry cheer
 'Piper, pipe that song again '
 So I piped , he wept to hear
 'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer '
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear

Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read —
So he vanished from my sight
And I plucked a hollow reed

And I made a rural pen
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead
Gave thee clothing of delight
Softest clothing, woolly bright
Gave thee such a tender voice
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb I'll tell thee
Little lamb I'll tell thee
He is called by thy name
For He calls himself a Lamb
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb
We are called by His name
Little lamb God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine
The birds are silent in their nest
And I must seek for mine

The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight,
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
On each sleeping bosom

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm,
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed

When wolves and tigers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep
But if they rush dreadful
The angels most heedful
Receive each mild spirit
New worlds to inherit

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying ' Wrath by His meekness,
And by His health sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day

And now beside thee, bleating lamb
I can lie down and sleep
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep
For washed in life's river
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

[From *Songs of Experience*]

AH SUNFLOWER.

Ah Sunflower weary of time
Who countest the steps of the sun
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done—
Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go!

THE TIGER.

Tiger tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb, make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE ANGEL

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I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?
And that I was a maiden queen,
Guarded by an angel mild,
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled

And I wept both night and day,
And he wiped my tears away,
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled,
Then the morn blushed rosy red,
I dried my tears and armed my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears

Soon my angel came again
I was armed, he came in vain,
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

